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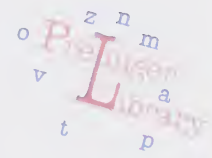

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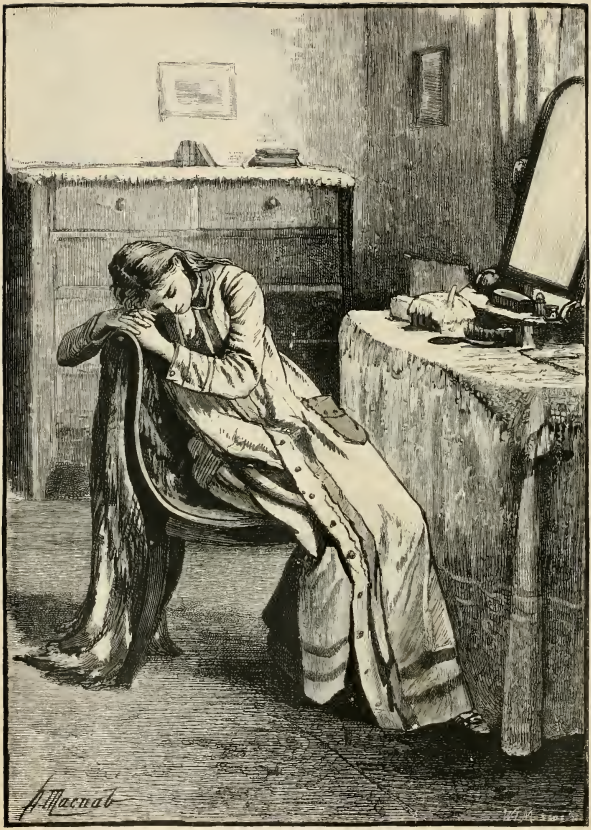

"It's no use trying," sobbed Ellie, as if she quite abandoned hope.

"Good Words are Worth much and cost little."—Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1882

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

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INDEX.

PAGE

Adventures on the Roruma. Letters in course of an African Exploration. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. 240, 378

Alexandria and the Bible. By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester 667

Almagiving, Some Sins of. By the Rev. Brooke Lambert, M.A. . 188

Anchor of the Soul, The. By Isaac Sharp 331

Artist, A Young (the late James C. Henderson). By Robert Walker. 779

Atheistic Scientists. By Professor John Stuart Blackie . . . 630

Autumn Leaves. By Francis George Heath 607

Baader, Franz Xavier Von. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. . 746

Bairns a' at Rest, The. By James M. Neilson 533

Balfochmyle. By Alexander Anderson 11

Bee Life. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 655, 742

Between Two Waters. An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees. By C. Blatherwick 534, 647

Bible Truths and Eastern Ways. By W. Fleming Stevenson, D.D.
I. The Palm-Tree 213
II. Streams in the South . Roads and Paths . The Lodge in the Garden } 388
III. Wells of Water . . . The Sheep and the Goats . The Threshing Floor . Grinding at the Mill . } 729
IV. The Wedding Feast . 819

Birthdays, The Two. By M. Betham-Edwards 621

Brown, Dr. John. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 446

Called Out! By T. Dykes . . 535

Campbell, Francis Joseph. A Biographical Study. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" 48, 138

Carlyle and Leigh Hunt, Reminiscences of. From the Diary of the late John Hunter, of Craigcrook. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 96

Centenary of a Great Catastrophe, The. By the Rev. W. Benham, B.D. 641

Cheerful Christianity. By Mrs. L. B. Walford 238

Chopin, Frederick. By E. J. Whately 406

Childhood's Valley. By James Hendry 781

Christ an Socialists. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A.
I. Lamennais 576
II. Charles Kingsley . 673
III. Baader and Ketteler . 746
IV. Victor Aimé Huber . 780

Christian Worldliness. By R. W. Dale, M.A. 299

Christmas Day and Family Life. By R. W. Dale, M.A. . . 780

Cloud-Dreams. By James Hendry 320

Coal, The Story of a Block of. By Professor A. H. Green . . 161

Concerning Troubles to Come. By A. K. H. B. 17

Concerning Storms. By A. K. H. B. 306

Correspondence Classes. By J. S. MacArthur 599

Correspondents. By Professor Nichol, LL.D. 477

Dales, In and Out the. By Francis Francis 601

Deserted. By Sarah Doudney . 481

Devil's Lyric, A. By A. Matheson 120

Eaglet and the Child, The. By W. Freeland 305

Eddystone Rocks, Lighthouses on. By E. Price Edwards . . . 248

Egypt, Some Notes on Ancient. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. 315, 527

Every-day Business a Divine Calling. By R. W. Dale, M.A. . 43

Fashions and Physiology. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. . . 136

February, Out of Doors in. By Richard Jefferies 104

Fireside Sundays.
I. By the Editor . . . 93
II. By the late Charles Kingsley 331
III. By the Rev. A. Goodrich 411
IV. By the late Archibald Watson, D.D. . 589
V. By the Editor . . 653

Forest, In the. By S. Reid . . 576

Friend, A. By Adeline Sergeant 268

Fairy, Farewell to. By the Editor 546

Garibaldi. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. 518

"God is Love." By J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough 451

Golden Shaft, The. A Story in Fifty-one Chapters. By Charles Gibbon 20, 33, 145, 225, 318, 419, 433, 497, 612, 684, 756, 827

Grace of Christ a Law of Conduct, The. By R. W. Dale, M.A. . 707

Henderson, the late James C. By Robert Walker 779

Her Last Posy. By Frederick Langbridge 333

Herring Fishery, The Scottish. By J. G. Bertram 510, 583

Holland, Winter Life in. By R. T. Pritchett 13

How Christians Wait By Mrs. L. B. Walford 482

Huber, Victor Aimé. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. . . . 785

Hunter, of Craigcrook, The late John. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 96, 714

Huss, the Death of. By Alfred Austin 176

July, Out of Doors in. By E. S. Walker 456

Kept in the Dark. A Story in Twenty-four Chapters. By Anthony Trollope 289, 361, 480, 550, 561, 625, 697, 769

Ketteler, Bishop. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. 748

Kingsley, Charles. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. 673

Kitty's Prayer. By the Author of "John Jerningham's Journal" 734

Lady Jane. A Story in Fifteen Chapters. By Mrs. Oliphant 57, 121, 197, 275, 322, 391

Lamennais. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A. 576

Lancashire Operatives, Home Life amongst the. By a Lancashire Parson 804

Libermitte, Léon. By Robert Walker 592

Light in Darkness. A Biographical Study. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" 48, 138

Longfellow. By Bret Harte . . 385

Look, A. By Jane C. Simpson . 207

Love's Riddle. By Augusta Webster 376

Mackenzie, General Colin, C.B. By George Smith, LL.D. . . 207

Malvern Priory, The Kneeling Figure in. By Charles Grindrod 672

Man and the Gospel. By the Bishop of Peterborough . 5, 115, 269

Marriage Hymn, A. By the Author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family 96

Mind Trouble, A Very Common. By J. Mortimer Granville, M.D. 340

Moon and I, The. By A. Matheson 347

Museums, Local. By John Gray . 823

My Little Sailor Boy. By Charles J. Corkran 792

My Own Familiar Hills. By Professor Veitch, LL.D. . . . 400

My Own Girl. By Frederick Langbridge 509

Nevis, Watching the Weather on Ben. By Clement I. Wragge, F.R.G.S. 343, 377

New Year's Day. By J. Allanson Picton, M.A 52

Old Testament in the Christian Church, The Place of the. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A., LL.D. 371, 525

PAGE

Orphan Homes of Scotland, The. By James Hendry 414
Our Blue Patient. By a Lady Superintendent 254
Out of Doors in February. By Richard Jefferies 104
Out of Doors in July. By E. S. Walker 456

PARIS, An Incident in. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 666
Peace, A Time of. By Sarah Doudney 28
Photography, Recent Advances in. By A. A. Campbell Swinton . 475
Plants without Earth. By R. Heath 310
Plants without Earth, More about. By Alfred Dumesnil . . . 484
Poems on Pictures: Millais's Huguenot. By the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A. 398
Poison in Common Things. By Professor Simpson, M.D.
I. In the Air we Breathe . 635
II. In our Food . . . 807
III. In the Water we Drink . 810
Property, The Sacredness of. By R. W. Dale, M.A. . . . 170, 261
Pyrenees, An Artist's Holiday in the. By C. Blatherwick . 534, 647

QUEBEC. Pictures from my Portfolio, with Notes. By H.R.H. Princess Louise 217

PAGE

Quebec. A Poem. By the Marquis of Lorne 220

RAINDROPS, Hailstones, Snowflakes. By Professor Osborne Reynolds 461
Romany, Rambles with the. By Irving Montagu . . . 720, 816

ST. GOTHARD Railway, The. By S. G. Barnett 661
Salmon Run, My First. By Francis Francis 23
Sicilian Days. By Augustus J. C. Hare.
I. The Eastern Coast . . 87
II. Syracuse 180
III. The Southern Coast . 334
IV. Palermo and Neighbourhood 467
Sickness and Recovery. By Professor John Stuart Blackie . 446
Sleep, The Wooing of. By J. Mortimer Granville, M.D. . . 70
Social Plagues: Correspondeuts. By Professor Nichol, LL.D. . 477
Soldier's March, A. By Augusta Webster 254
Song of Old Age, A. By Professor John Stuart Blackie . . . 712
Sowing and Reaping. By R. W. Dale, M.A. 539
Spring, The Bugle Notes of. By James Rigg 265
Stanley, Dean. By the Archbishop of Canterbury 1

PAGE

Stersing in the Tyrol. By Charlotte J. Weeks 727

THINKING of Michael. By Alexander Anderson 544
Training. By the Bishop of Rochester 738
Treacle and Lamp-posts. The Evening's Work of a Young Naturalist. By Theodore Wood 505
Tricycling in Relation to Health. By B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. 177, 670, 734
Tyrol, A Quaint Old Town in the. By Charlotte J. Weeks . . 727

VAUDOIS, The Mountain Homes of the. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 108, 159
Vaudois Emigrants in Algeria, The. By Mrs. Charles Garnett . . 812

WALWORTH Fair on Sunday Morning. By E. H. Bramley . . 752
Ward, Artemus. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. . . 174, 266
Water Lilies, The. By S. Reid . 104
Weather on Ben Nevis, Watching the. By Clement L. Wragge, F.R.G.S. 313, 377
Wife, yet not a Wife, A. A Story of the French Marriage Laws. By Ada M. Leigh 658
Work and Overwork. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. 571

CLASSIFIED INDEX.

SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES.

Golden Shaft, The. A Story in Fifty-one Chapters. By Charles Gibbon 20, 73, 145, 225, 348, 419, 433, 497, 612, 684, 756, 827
Kept in the Dark. A Story in Twenty-four Chapters. By Anthony Trollope 280, 361, 486, 550, 561, 625, 697, 769
Lady Jane. A Story in Fifteen Chapters. By Mrs. Oliphant 57, 121, 193, 275, 342, 391
My Little Sailor Boy. By Charles J. Corkran 702
Our Blue Patient. By a Lady Superintendent 254

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL PAPERS.

Artist, A Young (The late James C. Hinderson). By Robert Walker 779
Brown, Dr. John. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 446
Carlyle and Leigh Hunt, Reminiscences of. From the Diary of the late John Hunter, of Craigcrook. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 96
Centenary of a Great Catastrophe, The. By the Rev. W. Benham, B.D. 641
Chopin, Frederick. By E. J. Whately 406
Christian Socialists. By the Rev. M. Kaufmann, M.A.
I. Lamennais . . . 576
II. Charles Kingsley . 673
III. Baader and Ketteler . 746
IV. Victor Aimé Huber . 786

Egypt, Some Notes on Ancient. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A. 315, 527
Fuinary, Farewell to. By the Editor 546
Garibaldi. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. 518
Hunter, of Craigcrook, The late John. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 96, 714
Lhermitte, Léon. By Robert Walker 592
Light in Darkness (Francis Joseph Campbell). By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman" 48, 138
Longfellow. By Bret Harte . 385
Mackenzie, General Colin, C.B. By George Smith, LL.D. . . . 200
Stanley, Dean. By the Archbishop of Canterbury 1
Ward, Artemus. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. . . . 174, 266

ESSAYS.

Concerning Troubles to Come. By A. K. H. B. 19
Concerning Storms. By A. K. H. B. 306
New Year's Day. By J. Allanson Picton, M.A. 52
Social Plagues: Correspondents. By Professor Nichol, LL.D. . 477

HEALTH PAPERS.

Fashions and Physiology. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. . . 136
Mind Trouble, A Very Common. By J. Mortimer Granville, M.D. 340
Poison in Common Things. By Professor Simpson, M.D.
I. In the Air we Breathe . 635
II. In our Food . . . 807
III. In the Water we Drink 810
Sleep, The Wooing of. By J. Mortimer Granville, M.D. . . 70
Tricycling in Relation to Health. By B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. 177, 670, 734
Work and Overwork. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. 571

OUT OF DOOR PAPERS.

Autumn Leaves. By Francis George Heath 607
Dales, In and Out the. By Francis Francis 601
February, Out of Doors in. By Richard Jefferies 104
July, Out of Doors in. By E. S. Walker 456
Salmon Run, My First. By Francis Francis 23
Treacle and Lamp-posts. The Evening's Work of a Young Naturalist. By Theodore Wood 595

RELIGIOUS PAPERS—BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND PRACTICAL.

Alexandria and the Bible. By J. S. Howson, D.D., Dean of Chester 667

PAGE
Truths and Eastern Ways. By W. Fleming Stevenson, D. 213
II. The Palm-Tree . . . 213
II. Streams in the South Roads and Paths . . . 388
The Lodge in the Garden
III. Wells of Water . . . 724
The Sheepand the Goats
The Threshing Floor . . . 724
Grinding at the Mill
IV. The Wedding Feast . . . 819
erful Christianity. By Mrs. L. Walford 238
istian Worldliness. By R. W. ale, M.A. 299
stmas Day and Family Life. By R. W. Dale, M.A. 780
ry-day Business a Divine Call-ge. By R. W. Dale, M.A. . . 43
aide Sundays. I. By the Editor 93
II. By the late Charles Kingsley 331
III. By the Rev. A. Goodrich . 411
IV. By the late Archibald Watson, D.D. 589
V. By the Editor 653
od is Love." By J. J. Stewart owrone, D.D., Dean of Peterrough 451
e of Christ a Law of Conduct. he. By R. W. Dale, M.A. . 707
e Christians Wait. By Mrs. L. Walford 483
and the Gospel. By the Bishop Peterborough . . 5, 145, 269
estament in the Christian hurch, The place of the. By Robertson Smith, M.A., LL.D. 321, 515
perty, The Sacredness of. By W. Dale, M.A. . . . 170, 261
ring and Reaping. By R. W. ale, M.A. 539
nning. By the Bishop of Rochester 738

SCIENCE.

Life, By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. 655, 742
l, The Story of a Block of. By Professor A. H. Green . . 164
tography, Recent Advances in. By A. A. Campbell Swinton . 475
ts without Earth. By R. Meldola 484
eath 310
ts without Earth, More about. By Alfred Tuimeen 484
ndrops, Hailstones, Snowflakes. By Professor Osborne Reynolds . 461

PAGE
Weather Watching on Ben Nevis. By Clement L. Wragge, F.R.G.S. 343, 377

SOCIAL AND PHILANTHROPIC.

Almsgiving, Some Sins of. By the Rev. Brooke Lambert, M.A. . . 188
Lancashire Operatives, Home Life amongst the. By A Lancashire Parson 804
Orphan Homes of Scotland, The. By James Hendry 414
Walworth Fair on Sunday Morning, By E. H. Hamley . . . 752
Wife, yet not a Wife, A. A Story of the French Marriage Laws. By Ada M. Leigh 658

TRAVEL.

Adventures on the Rovuma. Letters in course of an African Exploration. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. 220, 398
Between Two Waters. An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees. By C. Blatherwick 534, 647
Holland, Winter Life in. By R. F. Pritchett 13
Quebec, Pictures from my Portfolio, with Notes. By H.R.H. Princess Louise 217
St. Gothard Railway, The. By S. G. Barnett 661
Sicilian Days. By Augustus J. C. Hare.
I. The Eastern Coast . . 87
II. Syracuse 180
III. The Southern Coast . . 334
IV. Palermo and Neighbourhood 467
Tyrol, A Quaint old Town in the, (Sterzing). By Charlotte J. Weeks 727
Vaudois. The Mountain Homes of the. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 108, 159
Vaudois Emigrants in Algeria, The. By Mrs. Charles Garnett 812

MISCELLANEOUS.

Correspondence Classes. By J. S. MacArthur 599
Eddystone Rocks, Lighthouses on the. By E. Price Edwards . 248
Herring Fishery, The Scottish. By J. G. Bertram 510, 583
Museums, Local. By John Gray . 823
Romany, Rambles among the. By Irving Montagu 720, 816

POETRY.

Anchor of the Soul, The. By Isaac Sharp 331
Atheistic Scientists. By Professor John Stuart Blackie . . 640
Barns at Rest, The. By James M. Neilson 511
Ballochmyle, By Alexander Anderson 11
Birthdays, The Two. By M Betham Edwards 624
Caller Oot. By T. Dykes . . . 115
Childhood's Valley. By James Hendry 784
Cloud Dreams. By James Hendry 320
Deserted. By Sarah Doudney . 481
Devil's Lyric, A. By A. Matheson 120
Eaglet and the Child, The. By W. Freeland 305
Forest, In the. By S. Reid . . 576
Friend, A. By Adeline Sergeant 168
Her Last Posy. By Frederick Langbridge 331
Hush, The Death of. By Alfred Austin 176
Kitty's Prayer. By the Author of "John Jermingham's Journal" 734
Look, A. By Jane C. Simpson . 207
Love's Riddle. By Augusta Webster 376
Malvern Priory, The Kneeling Figure in. By Charles Grindrod 672
Marriage Hymn, A. By the Author of "The Schönberg Cotta Family" 16
Moon and Tide, The. By A. Matheson 384
My Own Familiar Hills. By Professor Veitch, LL.D. . . . 460
My Own Girl. By Frederick Langbridge 303
Paris, An Incident in. By Walter C. Smith, D.D. 666
Peace, A Time of. By Sarah Doudney 28
Poems on Pictures: Millais's Huguenot. By the Rev. S. J. Stone, M.A. 304
Quebec. By the Marquis of Lorne 220
Sickness and Recovery. By Professor John Stuart Blackie . . 44
Soldier's March, A. By Augusta Webster 251
Song of Old Age, A. By Professor John Stuart Blackie . . . 712
Spring. The Bugle Notes of. By James Rigg 260
Thinking of Michael. By Alexander Anderson 544
Water Lilies, The. By S. Reid 104

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE
Broken Jug . *Jas. C. Henderson* . *Frontispiece*
ter Life in Holland, Ten Illustrations } *R. T. Pritchett* . . 13–18
First Salmon } *A. W. Cooper* . . 25
ne of Peace . *G. Monthard* . . 28
Golden Shaft. } *P. Macnab* {30, 86, 154, 227, 357, 432, 442, 499, 615, 688, 708
reen Illustrations }
ncis Joseph Campbell } *From a Photograph* 49
y Jane. Nine Illustrations } *W. J. Hennessy* {57, 64, 121, 120, 193, 201, 281, 281, 393
an Days. From Eastern Coast. Five Illustrations 88–92
acuse. Five Illustrations 184–187
o Southern } *A. J. C. Hare* . . .
Coast. Five Illustrations 336–338
ermo and Neighbourhood. Six Illustrations 470–475
John Hunter, of Craigcrook } *From a Photograph.* . . . 0
The Water Lilies . *S. Reid* 104
The Mountain Homes of the Vaudois, Six Illustrations } *Skelton, Fleming, &c.* {112–113, 159–160
A Friend. Four Illustrations } *Irving Montagu* . . 168–173
The Death of Huss . *A. S. Boyd* . . 176
General Colin Mackenzie } *From a Photograph* . . 208
Quebec. Six Illustrations } *H.R.H. Princess Louise* . 217–224
Adventures in the Rovuma. Five Illustrations } *From Photographs* . {241, 243, 401, 402, 404
Lighthouses on the Eddystone Rocks. Five Illustrations } *T. A. Owen* . . 248–251
Our Blue Patient . *Davidson Knowles* . . 272
The Bugle Notes of Spring } *W. D. Mackay, A.R.S.A.* . 304
The Home of the Eagle } *T. A. Asthen* . . 304

		PAGE
The Eaglet and the Child	*S. Reid*	305
Vascœuil	*R. Heath*	312
M. Dumesnil at Vascœuil	*From a Photograph*	313
Water Mill at Vascœuil	*R. Heath*	315
Cloud-Dreams. Two Illustrations	*W. Bothams*	320–321
The Ben Nevis Observatory. Six Illustrations	*W. H. J. Boot, &c.*	344, 345, 377, 384, 385
Kept in the Dark	*F. E. Millais, R.A.*	365
Frederick Chopin	*From a Photograph*	409
The Orphan Homes of Scotland. Two Illustrations	*A. S. Boyd*	416, 417
Dr. John Brown	*From a Photograph*	449
Out of Doors in July. Three Illustrations	*W. Bothams*	456, 457, 460
Raindrops, Hailstones, Snowflakes. Seven Illustrations	*Osborne Reynolds*	463, 465, 466
Deserted	*A. R. Quinton*	481
The Scottish Herring Fishery. Eleven Illustrations	*Davidson Knowles*	510–514, 583–588
Garibaldi	*From a Photograph*	521
August. An Autumn Picture	*G. Montbard*	526
Between Two Waters. An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees. Thirteen Illustrations	*C. Blatherwick*	534–539, 648–652
Thinking of Michael	*J. Henderson*	545
In the Forest	*S. Reid*	576
The Flower Market of St. Sulpice	*L. Ihermitte*	594
In and Out the Dales	*A. W. Cooper*	601
An English Lane	*F. G. Short*	608
Autumn from Bramble Hill	*F. G. Short*	609
Pond at Bramshaw	*F. G. Short*	611
A Forest Bridge	*F. G. Short*	612
The Royal George. Two Illustrations	*From Engravings*	641, 644, 666, 667
Bee Life. Twelve Illustrations		642–745
The St. Gothard Tunnel at Göschenen	*Weber*	662
The Devil's Bridge	*Weber*	663
The Urner See	*Weber*	664
The Outlook at Schwytz	*Weber*	665
The Kneeling Figure at Malvern Priory	*From a Photograph*	672
Song of Old Age	*G. A. Laundy*	712
Rambles among the Romany. Seven Illustrations	*Irving Montagu*	720–723, 816–818
A Quaint Old Town in the Tyrol. Five Illustrations	*Charlotte J. Weeks*	728–733
Kirby's Revenge	*A. Davidson*	734
Childhood's Valley	*J. A. Aitken*	784
My Little Sailor Boy. Two Illustrations	*A. F. Imlach*	800, 801

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
H.H. Princess Louise	217
A. K. H. B.	19, 306
Anderson, Alexander	11, 544
Austin, Alfred	176
Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"	48, 138
Author of "John Jerningham's Journal"	734
Author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family"	96
Barnett, S. G.	661
Benham, Rev. W., B.D.	641
Bertram, J. G.	519, 583
Betham-Edwards, M.	624
Blackie, Professor John Stuart	416, 640, 712
Blatherwick, C.	534, 648
Bramley, E. H.	752
Canterbury, The Archbishop of	1
Corkran, Charles J.	792
Daue, K. W.	43, 170, 261, 299, 539, 707, 780
Doudney, Sarah	28, 481
Dunmill, Alfred	481
Dykes, T.	515
Edwards, E. Price	248
Fothergill, J. Milner, M.D.	136, 571
Francis, Francis	29, 601
Freeland, W.	305
Gaskell, Mrs. Charles	108, 359, 812
Gibbon, Charles, 29, 73, 145, 225, 348, 419, 433, 497, 612, 684, 756, 820
Goodrich, Rev. A.	411
Granville, J. Mortimer, M.D.	70, 340
Gray, John	823
Green, Professor A. H.	164
Grindrod, Charles	672
Hare, Augustus J. C.	87, 182, 334, 467
Harte, Bret	385
Haweis, Rev. H. R.	174, 266, 518
Heath, Francis George	607
Heath, R.	310
Hendley, James	320, 414, 784
Howson, J. S., D.D., Dean of Chester	667
Jefferies, Richard	104
Jones, Rev. Harry	315, 527
Kaufmann, Rev. M.	576, 673, 746, 786
Kingsley, The late Charles	331
Lady Superintendent, A.	254
Langbridge, Frederick	333, 509
Lambert, Rev. Brooke	188
Leigh, Ada M.	658
Lorne, The Marquis of	250
MacArthur, J. S.	509
Macleod, Donald, D.D.	93, 546, 653
Matheson, A.	120, 317
Montagu, Irving	720, 816
Neilson, James M.	533
Nicholl, Professor, LL.D.	777
Oliphant, Mrs.	57, 121, 192, 275, 322, 391
Perowne, J. J. S., D.D., Dean of Peterborough	451
Peterborough, The Bishop of	5, 115, 269
Picton, J. Allanson	52
Pritchett, R. T.	13
Reid, S.	104, 305
Reynolds, Professor Osborne	461
Richardson, B. W., M.D., F.R.S.	177, 679, 734
Riggs, James	205
Rochester, The Bishop of	738
Sergeant, Adeline	168
Sharp, Isaac	231
Simpson, Jane C.	207
Simpson, Professor, M.D.	635, 807
Smith, George, LL.D.	297
Smith, Walter C., D.D.	96, 446, 666, 714
Smith, W. Robertson, M.A., LL.D.	371, 515
Stevenson, W. Fleming, D.D.	213, 388, 724, 819
Stone, Rev. S. J.	308
Swinton, A. A. Campbell	473
Thomson, Joseph, F.R.G.S.	248, 298
Trollope, Anthony	289, 361, 486, 550, 561, 625, 697, 769
Veitch, Professor, LL.D.	460
Walford, Mrs. L. B.	238, 482
Walker, E. S.	456
Walker, K.	598, 719
Watson, The late Archibald, D.D.	589
Webster, Augusta	254, 376
Weeks, Charlotte J.	737
Whately, E. J.	466
Wood, Rev. J. G.	655, 742
Wood, Theodore	595
Wragge, Clement L., F.R.G.S.	343, 377

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MANŒUVRING.

THE minister conducted the stately dame to her carriage, and she was particularly gracious as she chatted about the weather. "Did Mr. Moffat think it would rain to-day?" "The evenings are becoming very cold now, are they not?" "We shall soon be into winter again. Dear me, what a short summer this seems to have been." Then she reiterated her thanks effusively and drove away, leaving the minister standing at his gate looking after her with an amused yet puzzled expression.

There was the long yellow-grey road stretching down to the village through its channel of larch, and hawthorn hedges, and loose stone dykes, through the houses and winding over the billowy fields beyond, now disappearing altogether behind some dark plantation and again flashing out like a streak of sunshine across the deep green pastures.

The picture was familiar to him; but he was always discovering new graces in it—new combinations of light and shade, when the trees were bare, waving skeleton arms and fingers over the white ground or over the fields bespeckled with flowers of snow and diamonds of frost; through the periods of bud and blossom to the full foliage; or when, as now, the fallen leaves danced and trembled like narrow brown streamlets along the roadsides with many splutterings across the open way, whilst overhead was a glory of many colours in the sunlight.

But at this moment the minister's vision was fixed upon that one object now fast disappearing: the carriage conveying Mrs. Musgrave straight to Armour's mill—from the tall chimney of which the smoke rose darkly in the clear air, swaying towards the approaching visitor one moment as if to welcome her, and the next swirling back as if shrinking from her.

"Now is that silly woman going to make mischief between two sensible young folk? She is a giddy old body; but nevertheless it is one of the most wonderful mysteries of human life how it comes about that wee things have been endowed with such great powers of doing harm."

"Am I to yoke Dawnie the-noo, or are you gaun to wait till after dinner?"

Matthey Kirkpatrick was the speaker and Dawnie was the minister's pony.

"Meat and mass hinder no man, Matthey, as you are well aware, and therefore I think we'll bide till after dinner. The more readily as, if my nostrils do not deceive me, there is a sweet sheep's head in Jean Morrison's pot. Meanwhile I want you to read me a riddle."

"Hoots, I hae nae time for bairns' play. I want to get a heap o' thae plants potted afore nicht."

"Ay, but bide a wee, Matthey, bide a wee. This is no bairns' play, but matter for most serious consideration. It is a subject which has occupied the mind of the wisest and the simplest since the days of Adam; and it still remains like the philosopher's stone—an unsettled problem, still attracting all men to the endeavour to solve it, and still compelling wise men in their age to own that their endeavours have been vain. Firstly, Solomon was——"

"Oh, skip the heads, minister, and come to lastly, an' in conclusion first, or I'll never get through my wark."

"Just so, just so," continued the minister placidly and smiling at his hearer's impatience; "you are like the rest: in everything except life we all want the lastly first. In our fortunes, which we always expect to increase, we strive for the lastly, and in our misfortunes we cry for it. But in this particular matter, as we e'en must end where we began, I will unfold to you at once the trouble of my mind—I am vastly exercised to comprehend what a woman means."

Matthey looked at his master with a slight frown as if suspecting that he was trying to make fun of him; but seeing that the minister was perfectly serious, his expression became one of lofty wonderment and pity.

"Eh, minister, has it come to that! You wantin' to ken what a woman means! Eh, minister, minister, wi a' your learnin' hae you come to that?"

"It's true, Matthey, with humiliation be it spoken."

"To think that you would fash your head seeking to ken what a woman means! She never kens hersel' and how can onybody else ken. You might as weel try to find out what airt the wind will be blawin' this time a hunner years hence."

"I believe that would be the easier task of the two. Thank you, Matthey. I daily learn to appreciate your wisdom more and more, and will not waste time in the futile

pursuit of the psychological key to the female intellect, but will presently convey your words of comfort to one who will be as much puzzled as myself and a great deal more bothered by the question which I propounded to you."

Matthey took up his barrow and wheeled it away towards the other end of the garden, whilst the minister with hands clasped behind him sauntered in the same direction. Notwithstanding his acceptance of Matthey's theory of the utter inutility of trying to find out what a woman means, Mr. Moffat could not help repeating to himself—

"What is it she is going to do? Does she think that flyting will make John Armour give up his dearie? or does she think she can frighten him with her dignity, or reason him into the belief that he is no fit mate for her daughter? . . . No, no, Mrs. Musgrave, you will never do that, and why you canna let them be, passes my understanding."

Why she could not let them be was because she wanted the arrangements to be otherwise. That was substantial enough reason for her.

She had accepted promptly the minister's suggestion that she should speak to Armour herself because she had previously thought of it and was at that moment inspired by one of her clever ideas—as clever an idea as that of the visit to her friends the Dinwuddies. True, she was obliged to acknowledge that in some respects the visit had failed in its main design to keep Ellie away from Armour. But it had been successful in this: it had brought about an understanding between Fenwick and herself, and that was something accomplished. True, also, she had expected to accomplish much more before the return to Torthorl: there had been a momentary fancy that she might have succeeded in taking some definite step towards the breaking off of the match; but she did not feel that she had yet done so.

She could no longer affect to treat the idea as one of the Fiscal's preposterous jokes, for Ellie had said to her almost as soon as they got into the house—

"Mamma, when you have had a rest, I want to speak to you about something very particular."

"What is it, child?" Mrs. Musgrave had inquired, although she knew quite well what it was.

And then Ellie blushed a little as she made answer—

"It is about Mr. Armour. I want you to understand our position. I thought my father would have explained everything to you——"

"I wish you would not speak to me about him to-day. Do give me this one day of rest—the subject agitates and vexes me so much," the mother had pleaded.

"Very well, mamma—to-morrow."

Mrs. Musgrave saw that there was no longer any escape from a full understanding of the position; and if that were brought about, of course Fenwick would be obliged to cease all pretensions to Ellie's hand. That would never do. Somehow the public announcement of the engagement must be delayed: and in the delay she might find the coveted opportunity to break off the match altogether. The Fiscal had declared he would not take back his word unless one of the lovers asked him; and such a thing might happen, unlikely as it seemed now.

The obstinacy of her weak nature imparted unusual energy to her actions; and she started off immediately to take counsel with the minister. But he was as resolute an advocate for the paper-maker as the others. Mrs. Musgrave could not understand it. What was it they all found in this man that she could not find? She was irritated, and became the more obstinately opposed to him the more they praised him.

Then had flashed upon her the clever idea with which she drove off to Armour's mill, and she smiled with much approval of her own genius and prospect of success.

"At any rate it will be a proof whether he is the noble, generous person they all wish me to believe him. Should he refuse to do what I want, then I can speak my mind, and they will not have the power to contradict me. If he consents—well, we will have time, and there is no saying what may happen."

She was charmed with the idea. She was not going to "flyte," or to try to frighten Armour. She was about to adopt with him the same tactics which had always hitherto proved so effective with Ellie.

She was not going to the house: she was going to the mill; there she fancied he could not help being more considerate to her than he would be even in his own house, for he would be surrounded by all the coarse machinery of his trade. Not that she expected him to fail in courtesy anywhere: he had proved at the Dinwuddies that he could be agreeable. But she fancied that her appeal would be the more effective when he felt the contrast between her own dignified, refined person and the things which surrounded him.

Armour was busy in his private office over
ne papers of a portentous and disagree-
e business character. They were large
ets of figures ranged in long orderly
umns and squares with straight and dia-
al red lines, like uncovered veins leading
to the great heart of every man's business
he balance. As he turned over sheet
r sheet his countenance expressed increas-
dissatisfaction.
He was surprised by the announcement
de by a clerk that Mrs. Musgrave desired
favour of a few moments' conversation.
laid aside the sheets of accounts and
tantly went out himself.
Mrs. Musgrave was stepping out of her
riage.
'I hope you will not think it is too great
intrusion, Mr. Armour, but I would prefer
aking to you here, thank you, rather than
uble to take you away from your office.
now you must be very busy at this hour
l your time is so much more valuable
n mine."
He led her through the busy, but quiet
er office into his own room. There was
oud hum of machinery about the place
ich to her sensitive ears was quite deafen-
; but there was nothing coarse or un-
anly in his office any more than in that of
late Lord of Session—indeed, she was
iged to own with secret chagrin that it
ked much smarter than the great lawyer's
l ever done. She felt spiteful at this dis-
pointment. He had no business to be
ter in any respect than her people—at
st he had no business to have things so
anged that he should for a moment make
think that he thought himself as good as
people had been, for presently she de-
ted vulgarity in the very neatness of the
ce. A man of intellectual occupation
ld not afford time for such details as the
noval of dust. That was the province of
lesmen who wished to attract customers.
e discovery of this distinction restored her
-possession, and she regarded with what
would herself have called a pitying
pect, the efforts of this poor tradesman to
p his place tidy. A gentleman did not
uire such adventitious aids.
So, she was again gracious and dignified
en she took the chair Armour offered

'I see you are surprised, Mr. Armour,
l indeed you could not help being so at
presence here. I assure you I would not
e disturbed you for any less reason than
one which brings me here."

She used her smelling bottle ostentatiously
as if she would indicate that the smell of the
place would have been enough to keep her
away under ordinary circumstances.

Armour, sitting on his high stool, his
elbow resting on the high desk, looked at
her, smiling with a respectful but amused
curiosity.

"I am pleased to see you, Mrs. Musgrave,
and thank whatever may have been the
motive-power of your coming here for the
pleasure of seeing you. If you have any
interest in the process of the manufacture of
paper I shall be delighted to go over the
works with you."

"Motive-power"—"process of manufac
ture"—how truly vulgar the man was! As
if a lady could take any interest in motive-
power or process of manufacture!

She smiled with condescending forgiveness
for his ignorance.

"No, thank you, Mr. Armour, it was no
sudden interest in manufactures which brought
me here. It is an affair of quite another
kind."

"I shall be happy to attend to you," said
Armour, beginning to surmise what was
coming.

"Happy to attend to you!" the very
words of a butcher or baker or any other
shopkeeper. What could Ellie see in such a
man to give him an instant's precedence
over such a gentleman as Hugh Fenwick of
Cluden Peel? Mrs. Musgrave was aware
that there was no accounting for tastes, but
she intended her daughter to learn what was
correct taste in the judgment and selection
of a husband.

Still she was a little awkward in the pre-
sence of this good-natured, self-possessed
man, who seemed to be eager to do anything
to please her and yet was so very frankly
independent.

"The subject is an embarrassing one and
I imagine you can guess something of its
nature," she said with a smile, as if inviting
him to come to her assistance.

Of course he knew that it was about Ellie
she wanted to speak, and for a moment there
was a malicious inclination to leave her en-
tirely to herself and enjoy her throes of awk-
wardness, of assumed meekness and of vain
diplomacy. But he cast that idea aside, the
subject was too serious to him to permit of
any playing with it.

"I understand what you refer to, Mrs.
Musgrave: you desire to speak to me about
your daughter Ellie."

"Yes," she said a little nervously, the man

was so clear and resolute. Most certainly the day of serfs was over. "And about the sort of understanding there was between you."

"The understanding is perfectly clear, Mrs. Musgrave, to the Fiscal, Ellie, and myself. I intended to speak to you to-day or to-morrow. Your visit has forestalled me only by a few hours. The understanding is this—that as soon as arrangements can be properly made, Ellie and I are going to be married."

And he stood there and told her that to her face and there was not an earthquake! That horrid machinery went on with its dull din as if nothing implying a social revolution had been spoken. It was incomprehensible how the world could go on in such a state of things.

"That is the subject, Mr. Armour; and I regret to say that you cannot have *my* consent to any such foolish step."

"I don't see anything foolish about it and neither does she," exclaimed the lover, contentedly.

"But, Mr. Armour, it cannot be," she said with piteous earnestness.

"Why not, Mrs. Musgrave?"

The man's obtuseness was dreadful.

"I have told you that you cannot have my consent, and Ellie will not marry anyone without it."

Thereat Armour was silent; for he could well understand that Ellie's sense of duty might even carry her so far as to submit to the unreasonable command of her mother that she should not marry him—he knew that nothing would induce her to accept another. Then he had somehow imbibed a little of the old-world superstitious respect for parental authority, and he did not like to enter into single combat with her on this subject. If he had to defend himself, he would rather do it in the presence of the whole family.

Mrs. Musgrave misunderstood his silence and took courage.

"I know, Mr. Armour, that it must be difficult—perhaps impossible for you to comprehend why I should refuse to consent; and I can quite fancy you may even doubt my word when I tell you that I refuse because I love my child and because I believe that her future happiness would be marred by the union you propose."

She rose and there were tears in her eyes. There was no mistaking that sign of genuine feeling, however stiff her words might be, and Armour was troubled.

"Are you quite sure that you are a better judge than herself and her father as to her prospect of happiness with me?" he asked huskily and looking down.

"I am perfectly sure of it. I am a woman and have had experience of the world. I have had more time than you or my husband can have had to think of these matters, and to observe their progress in the case of others; and I am satisfied that, cruel as it may seem to you both now, I am acting with the truest kindness towards you in doing all in my power to prevent your marriage with my daughter."

"But, why, Mrs. Musgrave, why?" he asked, a little bewildered.

"There are so many . . . . so many delicate points in all such matters that I cannot easily explain myself. But there is no disrespect to you, Mr. Armour. Far from it. I prove my high respect for you in coming to you to ask you to help me to secure the happiness of my child."

He looked up astounded by this extraordinary appeal. But for her tears and her earnestness he would have laughed at the absurdity of it.

"But, Mrs. Musgrave, how can you expect me to help you to do what would make me miserable and what I believe to be wrong?"

"I do not expect you to take my view of it at once—that would be more than any one could expect. What I ask is very simple, and if you are the gentleman I take you to be you will not refuse to grant it."

"I will gladly do anything except give up Ellie."

"No, you cannot do that at my request—I never thought you could. All I ask is, that you will make no public announcement of an engagement for a little while, until you have had time to study her character more intimately and she has had time to—time to—in fact time to make up her mind."

"We can wait," he exclaimed, with intense relief, "if that is all you require and it will give you any satisfaction."

"Ah, that is so kind of you—so very good of you, Mr. Armour; but it is not the waiting which is of importance. The *very* important point is to leave her quite free to alter her mind."

"She is always free to do that," he ejaculated cheerfully. He could afford to smile at the idea of Ellie changing her mind.

"That is as it should be, and you would not blame her if she should discover that in what has passed between you she had made a mistake?"

"If any such thing should occur I would e the first to cry off."

"That is sensible—so very kind. You on't know how much good it has done me have this chat with you—how I wish at I had come to you at the first. But ow, Mr. Armour, you understand that the ost important thing of all is to prevent folk lking. Should the least hint of an engage- ent be given, it would become the talk of e town in a few hours. You know how eople *will* talk, and if you could only think ow many well-meaning couples are forced to miserable marriages because they are raid of the scandal a breach would make! is wrong—it is wicked."

"You may be quite sure Ellie and I will ot commit that wickedness."

"Yes, but we must avoid gossip, we must void scandal. And if you would—oh, Mr. rmour, if you only would tell the Fiscal that ou do not want the matter to be made ublic yet awhile, you would make me so appy."

"I will mention your wish and tell him at I can see no objection to it. Ellie would ke everything to be arranged as privately s possible. We have both a dislike to have atters which are sacred to us turned into e gossip and foolish jest of the place. It is nteful, and yet I dare say some folk like it. 'e don't, however."

How persistently he would speak of "we" "Ellie and I." And here was a dreadful isapprehension of Mrs. Musgrave's mean- g! The man was talking as if she were scussing the arrangements for his marriage ith her daughter, not how the possibility of ch an event was to be kept out of sight together.

"But, Mr. Armour, you must not tell Mr. usgrave that it is my wish: you must tell m as if it was your own, that there should e no public declaration until everything is *ite* settled. I am anxious not to say any- ing that might cause you the least pain, but ou can understand that there are reasons circumstances—which make me desire, very uch desire, that for the present at least my aughter's name and yours should not be oken of together."

She was a little awkward, but he understood r, and the blood tingled in his cheeks.

"Whatever I do, Mrs. Musgrave," he plied manfully, "will be done for the ason that I want to make her happy. You ay command me to do anything with that bject in view."

"No one could expect or wish more," she said with a gracious smile as she held out her hand. "We have precisely the same object in view, and that is enough to make us good friends. I tell you it will tend very much to Ellie's happiness if we can avoid fuss and gossip at present; I depend entirely upon your skill and judgment to protect us from them."

"I will do my best."

Mrs. Musgrave was delighted: her clever idea was so far a complete success.

"Thank you again, and so many times. I cannot tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. Ah, Mr. Armour, men can never understand the anxieties which beset a mother who has a due sense of her responsibility in fostering and guarding the happiness of a daughter."

He accompanied her to the carriage, and as she was driven away she gave him a more gracious bow than she had ever given him before.

Armour was delighted too; for it seemed that he had completely won the good graces of Ellie's mother by simply agreeing to do what he would have done in any case—try to avoid gossip! She was a singular woman.

CHAPTER XXIX.—IN SAFE HANDS.

He could not get into the humour of those figures again immediately after the departure of his unexpected visitor. He was to see Ellie that evening, and it would be such pleasant news for her that the fear which had oppressed them both of the difficulty they would have in dealing with her mother need no longer have a place in their thoughts.

Mrs. Musgrave was satisfied. She only preferred a reasonable request—amounting to no more than that before they shouted their joy from the housetops they should be assured of its constancy. What a laughing reel those figures danced; and how entirely their plain business purport was changed for the moment into that of symbols of mirth to the eyes of this confident lover. How unjust they had been to Mrs. Musgrave in their doubt of her readiness to sacrifice her own prejudices as soon as she should be convinced that in doing so she would be promoting her daughter's welfare.

He felt disposed to throw aside these papers and run away at once with the good news to Ellie. But that would never do; he could not afford to shirk the unpleasant task he had before him. They would find time somehow to talk it all over in the evening.

So he made another effort to pursue with clear vision the intricacies of those important

figures, and to decipher the proofs of past and prospective success or failure which lurk in every balance-sheet, although visible only to the eyes of the initiated. Somehow the items which had been suggestive of possible disasters did not appear to be half so threatening now as they did before Mrs. Musgrave called.

The result of his labour was not satisfactory and he was glad at length to pass the papers into the hands of his cashier.

"It will take me a couple of days to make a thorough examination," he said. "I don't like the look of some of the items."

"There are a lot of them that do not please me," said Mr. Oswald, taking a pinch of snuff after elaborate preparations with his snuff-box and silk handkerchief.

He was a white-haired man of sixty, thin, sharp-featured, and solemn. He had been cashier for the last thirty years to each successive tenant of the Thornichowe Paper Mills. As one after the other had failed he had retired, only to take his place again as if he were an immovable part of the building itself. He had suffered a kind of stolid distress at each bankruptcy, and the one hope of his life now was to die whilst the mill was in full work and his master solvent. He believed that his hope was to be realised.

Armour went homeward by the Green. He had not for weeks experienced such a sense of peace as he did that afternoon; he was even indifferent to the east wind.

The aspect of two subjects of troublous thought had materially changed for the better. In the first place he was now able to see the way to overcome the dreaded opposition of Ellie's mother more rapidly than he had hoped. In the second place, he knew that Thorburn was under the care of trustworthy hands; and that had comforted Grannie as well as afforded another proof of the Fiscal's friendship—for it was he who had found him.

He came to the house on the Saturday night, and was pleased although surprised to find Armour just returned from Kirkcudbright.

The latter could not help observing that the Fiscal looked pale and fatigued. There was the same curious expression on his face as on the night when he arrived late at Torthorl, where Armour had been awaiting him to seek his aid in discovering Thorburn.

"I have found him," he said, "but he is not well. He got his head hurt, and may die."

The voice was low, steady, and cold as he gave this information.

"Let me gang to him this minute," said Grannie calmly, as she rose to her feet.

"No, Mrs. Armour, you cannot go yet. There is as much to fear from the state of his mind as from that of his body—probably more: he so dreads being found by any of us that the doctor bids me say he is convinced that the shock of seeing you, or Armour or myself would be instantly fatal."

"Puir bairn, puir bairn, to turn that way against his best frien's," murmured Grannie resignedly, as if she were speaking of a hopelessly refractory child.

"Now, I want you to trust me with the management of him for a few days."

"He canna be in better hands since he winna let us do anything for him," said Grannie. "It's something to ken he's in safe keeping."

Ellie had asked him to trust her father, and Armour simply added to Grannie's words—

"We will act in every way as you may direct us, Mr. Musgrave. Perhaps afterwards when he recovers and hears of your kindness to him at this time, he may be able to tell you himself that he is grateful."

The Fiscal went on as if he had not heard the latter speech.

"I have done what I could for his comfort at present and I hope to-morrow to get him removed to more suitable quarters than those he has been hiding in until now. I shall see that he wants for nothing. Daily reports will be brought to us of his progress, and as soon as it can be brought about, with as little danger to him as may be, you will be allowed to see him. But make your mind easy regarding him, Mrs. Armour. Nothing more can be done for him."

That was all the information he had to give; but the relief of knowing that the man was still alive and under proper care was enough.

Armour knew Campbell's farm, and thought it a good resting place for Thorburn. As it was rest that was chiefly required for him, and as the place was of his own choosing, there could be no doubt that the course pointed out by their friend was the right one, namely, to leave him for the present to his own whims, care being taken that he should not lack any of the comforts essential to his recovery. Since arrangements with that view had been made the kindest thing they could do for him was to remain quiet.

The only reference the Fiscal made to Kirkcudbright was to express his satisfaction that Armour had come home at the moment

hen he was able to give him news of the
gitive. He did not mention Elhe or Mrs.
lusgrave. This Armour attributed to his
t gue and did not thrust the subject upon
m. On the following days brief messages
ere brought for Grannie's comfort to the
fect that all was going well and there was
o additional cause for uneasiness.

Grannie was satisfied, and Armour could
ot be otherwise. He made no attempt to
nalyze his own feelings, but he knew that
hat feeling he had was still for the man
horburn, not for the parent.

He did not like that subject, but it forced
s way into his mind at intervals. And always he seemed to see as in a faintly remembered dream the shadowy form of a woman. e never could see the form distinctly, but ere were two sad pitiful eyes shining clearly pon him through the white mist as if pleading that he should think of her tenderly. nd he did give gentle and kindly thoughts o that mother he had never known whose ory, whatever might be the rights of it, must ave been a sorrowful one. Sometimes, oking in Ellie's face, the shadow would flit cross his mind, leaving a wondering question ehind—was there any possible combination f circumstances which could make him oubt her truth! Could she by any inenuity of blundering make him turn from er in mad rage and hate as his father had rned from that sad woman in the mist?

The answer was passionately prompt—No —No—his whole nature cried out against the ossibility of such a monstrous inversion of s love.

Then he kissed her with such sudden vehemence that he almost frightened the blushng and smiling girl by his fervour.

The sunshine which she made in his life as too pure, too bright ever to be darkened y any cloud from within themselves. Worres and troubles they were already experiencg, and there would be more to come no oubt, but they would be borne calmly on he Atlas shoulders of their love.

With Grannie he had held scarcely any onversation on the subject. The instinctive rinking from it which had kept him silent hen he knew nothing had become intenified by what he had learned from his father. He did not wish to hear more about that iserable past unless it might be that he ould learn his mother had been innocent nd that there had been some extenuating ircumstances in his father's conduct.

This latter possibility had been suggested o him by the strange ravings of poor Miss Graham. She had said that she could take the curse off his shoulders; and vague as the words were, Armour timidly admitted to himself—timidly, because it seemed such folly to attach the slightest importance to them—that they set him thinking of how it might be that Thorburn was less guilty than any one believed him to be.

But he did not question Grannie. He knew that if there had been anything to clear his mother of blame she would have told it in spite of any prejudices she might have in her son's favour. But the most she had ever said was—

"Puir lass, he was aye ill to do wi', and she didna tak' the right way wi' him. Puir lass, she was sair fashed."

There was comfort in thinking that his mother had been much tried, and he did not wish to know more. And so he could answer with kindly thoughts those appealing eyes which shone on him through the mist.

He believed that it was best not to inquire too curiously into the past, since he could do no more than he was doing to redeem it.

"I think it is not selfish fear which makes me wish to let these matters be," he said to Mr. Moffat. "At any rate I have put my motives on trial again and again, and believe that I am honest to myself."

"Ay, most folk think that—every rogue thinks it," rejoined the minister; "and it's a great blessing. We would be miserable creatures if it were not for our unconscious self-conceit. Vanity is in our blood, and just as the blood may be spoiled by an excess of adipose tissue, so it may be spoiled by adipose vanity. The most vain often think themselves the most modest in accordance with their own estimate."

"When we are really trying in our secret thoughts to be honest to ourselves, surely we may be."

"It's clean impossible to be perfectly honest even to one's self about one's self. With every possible desire to grasp Self and comprehend him, there is always a shadowy Ego prompting us to tell a lie about the other fellow. When we have caught hold of this shadow the mere effort projects another shadowy Ego claiming honours for the endeavour and blinding us to our faults of judgment. And so we may go on without ever reaching the last atom of Self that we wish to find. The atomic theory in physics would be the equivalent of this in morals. That brings us back to the old saw which cuts so many Gordian knots—we must e'en do the best we can according to our lights."

He was doing the best according to his lights, and as with him muscle held nerve well in control he was not visited by any morbid nightmares of doubt and hesitation, although he would sometimes pause to question the wisdom of his course. So, he waited in readiness for the moment when he might be called to action on Thorburn's account; and he trusted to the Fiscal for the call to be made at the first sign that he could be of use.

Meanwhile he could be happy thinking about Ellie and rejoicing in the relief afforded by the visit of Mrs. Musgrave.

Grannie did not rejoice over that visit as he thought she ought to have done. He could not get her to see that what he had been requested to do was only what he wished to do—to avoid gossip; and to understand that there was an immense deal gained in having arrived at a thorough understanding with Ellie's mother. That would enable him to speak freely to her about the future, and would in any case enable him to understand her and she him. They could not expect her to be pleased with the match at the first. Ellie and he had known that and had been greatly troubled to discover how they were to act in regard to her. Even the Fiscal had been a little anxious on the subject, and now she came forward herself to relieve them of all trouble and to ask only a little consideration for her view of things. She was entitled to that and he thought it was exceedingly kind of her to deal with him in this straightforward way.

"I daresay it's a' right," said Grannie, shaking her head and smiling at his enthusiasm; "and I hope it may be."

The minister called expecting to find Armour in need of condolence and was amazed to hear his report of Mrs. Musgrave's friendliness.

"You know that she does not want Ellie to marry you," said Mr. Moffat, much perplexed.

"Of course. I knew that all along, and that is why I admire her frankness in coming straight to me and explaining the conditions which would enable her to set aside her prejudices. She only wants to be sure of Ellie's happiness; and as I want to be sure of the same thing I will do anything in reason that she may require."

"She is a curious woman," said the minister, thoughtfully. "Matthey is right, it's nonsense to seek her meaning. I must have misunderstood her, for my notion was that she would do anything rather than let you have her daughter."

Then when Armour was about to start for Torthorl, this note came from his future mother-in-law,—

"*Dear Mr. Armour,*

"*I am obliged to ask you to postpone the visit you intended to pay us this evening. Family affairs render it most desirable for us to be alone.*

"*Remember, I quite look upon our conversation to-day as forming a compact between us for Ellie's happiness, and I count upon your kind assistance.*

"*Ever yours most faithfully,*

"E. MUSGRAVE."

Armour was greatly puzzled and disappointed, but of course he obeyed.

CHAPTER XXX.—ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

SUCH a thing had never been heard of before. Indeed it used to be one of Mrs. Musgrave's principles of marital duty that she would never disturb her husband at his office except on a matter of life or death. And she had never done so.

But there was Mrs. Musgrave's carriage at the door of the Fiscal's office, and there was Mrs. Musgrave herself stepping out of it.

This was her second visit in one day to a place of business, and she marched in with an air of proprietorship in the whole establishment.

Although she had never before honoured the office with a visit she was known to the clerks, and they looked as if they thought that a matter of life or death were involved in the event of her coming. One hastened to inform the Fiscal of the strange arrival, and another, advancing, timidly inquired if he might offer her a chair—he dare not go through the usual formula of saying with supercilious indifference—

"Have you an appointment? What is your business?"

There were six clerks in this outer office, two of them apprentices. The six were unanimous in treating ordinary visitors with that discourtesy which by some mental twist the underlings in office imagine enhances their own importance and upholds the greatness of their master. They were equally unanimous in subservience to an extraordinary visitor.

The second clerk had scarcely accomplished his feeble proffer of a chair and received the stately bow declining it, when the first returned, and Mrs. Musgrave was shown the way into her husband's private office.

The Fiscal also treated her as an extra-
rdinary visitor. If she had been the Lord
resident of the Court of Session himself who
ıd unexpectedly appeared in the office he
ould not have received her with more pro-
und courtesy.

He rose from his place, took her hand and
onducted her to a seat, bowed, and stood
: if waiting for the commands of some high
gnitary. But she was used to his ways,
ıd all this only made her feel nervous and
ritable in the presence of the confidential
erk, who sat like a piece of the furniture.

"Praise undeserved, is satire in disguise,"
as her feeling, and if she had only had the
)rase handy she would have used it. As it
as she said sweetly—she was still full of the
ory of her complete victory over Armour—

"You know that only a matter of the very
avest importance would have brought me
ere. I shall not detain you many minutes,
ıt we must be alone, if you please."

"Adamson."

The confidential clerk glided silently out
the room, as a shadow moves away when
ıe position of a lamp is changed.

"I trust you do not come to consult me
my professional capacity, madam," con-
nued the Fiscal, maintaining the attitude
ıd manner of one who is addressing some
stinguished personage.

"I come to speak to you in your position
s a father and a husband, and I beg of you
) be serious," she said earnestly.

"The position is a very serious one," he
pplied gravely, but there was a glimmer of
s wicked smile in the corners of the eyes
dicative of his enjoyment of the surprise
hich her reception excited. "I heard that
ou had both reached home safely or I
ight have thought that something had
efallen Ellie when I saw you here."

Mrs. Musgrave got up and laid her hand
n his arm. There were tears in her eyes—
al tears, for she was very much in earnest.
e felt that they were real and he became
ghtly uneasy.

"You know that something has happened
Ellie, and it is not too much to ask that
y views may be considered in the matter.
ou cannot desire her happiness more than
do, and it is impossible for you to know
er ways so well as I do—I who am con-
ntly with her."

The Fiscal was not prepared for either the
ars or the simple earnestness with which
ıe spoke.

"You had better tell me at once what all
is is leading up to," he said good-naturedly.

"It leads to this, Richard—that you and
I are almost separated because we seek to
secure her future in different ways: you
think it will be safest in Mr. Armour's
keeping; I think it will be safest in Mr.
Fenwick's. Can we not join hands as we
ought to do in this matter and try between us
to find out what is best for her?"

"We ought to do so, and I will try," he
said. "But, you see, Armour has proposed
and I have accepted him, subject to her
approval."

"Mr. Fenwick has proposed and I have
accepted him, subject to her approval. You
may differ with me regarding him, but you
cannot deny that he has family and position."

"Both very excellent things in their way,
I am bound to admit; but they do not over-
come the important fact that Ellie prefers
Armour, and so do I."

"I do not intend to question your pre-
ference or your grounds for it—although I
do not believe her preference to be so firmly
established as yours. Let us take all reason-
able measures to prevent her making a mis-
take—that cannot be more than it is right
for me to desire."

"Of course not, guidwife," he said, re-
suming his customary easy manner; "but
you puzzle me to make out what you want.
They have my consent; you know the only
conditions on which I will withdraw it—one
of them must ask me."

"Perhaps they may both ask you; but,
whether or not, there can be no harm in a
little delay. Will you agree not to hasten
the marriage?"

"I am not likely to do that."

"And not to speak of it out of doors?"

"I am not likely to do that either."

"Then that is all I want. I do not be-
lieve this will ever be a match, and I am
anxious that Ellie should not be talked
about. Mr. Armour himself does not wish
to have the subject talked about more than
can be helped. He is indeed as anxious as
myself that it should be kept quiet."

"Eh?"

Conviction inspires the feeblest declara-
tion with a degree of force, and so Mrs.
Musgrave's reference to Armour elicited that
long-drawn, questioning exclamation. She
had touched unwittingly a hidden spring of
his thought, and for an instant the heavy
eyebrows were lowered.

Could Armour suspect anything, and was
he shying?

"How do you know what Armour wishes?"
he inquired calmly.

"I have just come from him."

"And it is his wish that the engagement should not be spoken about?"

"He said so."

"Well, it is easy to gratify him and you too, for I had no intention of sending the bellman round with the news. It is better for other reasons than you are aware of that we should all be silent regarding this matter for the present."

"I am glad, Richard, that we both see it in the same light at last—I have been so miserable. You must speak to Ellie this evening, and try to convince her that we are all studying her happiness and nothing else."

Mrs. Musgrave was a proud woman as she drove home that afternoon. She had made a triumphal progress and laurels seemed to be sprouting all over her bonnet. To Ellie she did not speak a great deal, but she gave her the impression that something of vital importance had occurred.

"Mr. Armour will not be here this evening," she said with much significance; "but your father will speak to you when he comes home. You need not be alarmed, Ellie. We are only thinking of your welfare."

The well-meaning counsel—"don't be alarmed," generally produces the opposite effect to that intended, and it always suggests the presence of danger even when there is no suspicion of any impending.

Ellie could not help being alarmed and perplexed. To begin with, it was a disappointment not to be permitted to see Armour that evening, and there was no clear reason why he should be kept away. Then her mother's conduct was so mysterious, and the intimation that her father was to speak to her when he came home combined to suggest that something very unusual had occurred.

And, above all, there was that announcement which from her earliest recollection had been always associated with disagreeable affairs—that was the announcement that something or other was being specially done "for her good." Anything resembling that phrase used to frighten her in childhood, and this evening somehow she experienced the same feeling she remembered so well. She was frightened and did not know why.

She wearied for her father's coming so that she might learn what it all meant; but, as things will happen contrariwise as if to distress the more those who are already troubled enough, he was unexpectedly detained until a late hour.

In her own room there was a cheerful fire, and for a little while she sat before it, a book in her hand which she did not open. She was seeing strange phantoms in the sparkling coal; and by-and-by, as she slowly undressed, those phantoms haunted her.

She had not been able to make anything of her mother's strange ways that day; but now, piecing her fragmentary observations together, she found in them such bewildering indications of determined opposition to her lover, that she could see no way of pleasing her. Yet she was a kind mother and she wanted to please her, but——

"It's no use trying," sobbed Ellie, as if she abandoned hope.

For it seemed plain enough that the only way to please her was to sacrifice her love. Surely that was more than a mother ought to expect.

A hand touched her head softly.

"What are you so downcast for, Ellie?" said her father.

With a little hysterical cry of pleasure she sprang into his arms and clung to him, as one drowning clings to a rescuer. They remained so for a few moments. Then he—

"Come and sit down and let us see what all this coil is about."

He took an easy-chair by the fire, she drew a hassock close to him, clasped her hands over his knee, and looked up anxiously in his face, whilst he passed his hand gently over her head and through the long fair hair which fell like a cape about her.

"You ought to have been fast asleep by this time, and not spoiling your face with greetin'. What do you mean by it?"

"Mamma——"

She stopped, and he completed the sentence.

"Has been worrying you and has kept Armour away. Ah, well, never heed; your mother means kindly, and maybe it is better that he should not come here at present."

"But she wants me to give him up altogether, and I can never do that. You do not want me to do that?"

"No, and I hope there will be no need to think of it. But you have the hard lesson to learn like other folk, my lass, that the things we most want are often the very things we cannot have."

There was a note of hesitation in his voice which startled her.

"But you are not going to draw back, papa—you are satisfied with him!"

"Oo ay, perfectly satisfied with him; but wonderful as it may sound to you and to your mother, it *is* possible that he might not be perfectly satisfied with me."

At this absurdity the smile came back to her face, and it was like the first flash of sunlight after a shower.

"I will be his surety on that score, so long as you do not take me from him," she rejoined archly.

He held up his finger in jocose admonition.

"Never be caution for any man: the best may fail."

Although this was spoken in the old pleasant manner, she had a vague feeling that there was something more serious in it than she could understand or he cared to explain. But she became somewhat reassured as he continued, and explained to her how they were to be very secretive about her engagement, as it would please the mither and do them no harm.

But as he was going away there was that note of hesitation in his voice again.

"You see we never can tell what queer things may happen."

Her hands were now clasped round his neck and she was looking earnestly in his face—he gazing down fondly into hers. Under the reassuring smile with which he regarded her there was apparent an expression of sorrow.

He kissed her as he said "Good night," and this was the second time since these troubles began that he had thus manifested his affection. Her distress had brought the underlying gentleness of his nature to the surface. As a rule he "couldna be fashed wi' thae palavers"—but it was because he covered what was really shyness by a pretence of indifference.

Ellie was comforted, she was not going to abandon hope yet; but she was haunted by that strange look of sadness on her father's face.

CHAPTER XXXI.—"A SENTENCE; COME, PREPARE."

As the door of her room closed behind him the smile faded from his countenance altogether. Every step he took away from her door became heavier; and when he entered the library his head was bowed, his shoulders bent, and there was an expression as of settled gloom upon his face.

Here as at his office there was an atmosphere of scrupulous order: it was a cold and uncomfortable atmosphere. Every straight-backed chair occupied its fixed place with a self-assertive air of rectitude; the clean grey and yellow backs of the law-books which lined the walls were like the keen faces of lawyers watching a case, the gold letterings being their glittering eyes. On the top of each book-case and exactly in the centre was a full-sized bust of some eminent judge or advocate.

As he moved slowly to the table and sat down, he was like a man taking his place at the bar for trial. His heavy brows were knit, and for some time he sat staring hard at an unopened letter which he had placed on the table before him. Then when he lifted his eyes, the lawyers and judges seemed to be looking down upon him frowning.

"Ay," he muttered, as if addressing them, "it would be hard for her to give him up. *Must* she do it? . . . My poor bairn."

There was a sound in the room as of a heavy sigh, and the gloom on his face seemed to deepen. With mechanical precision of movement he opened the letter which he had placed on the desk, cutting the envelope with a paper-knife so that the large official seal was left unbroken. He held the letter in his hand without seeing a word of its contents, and speculated upon what they might be. He looked up again at those cold-faced judges and advocates and they were still frowning.

Then with lips closed tightly he read:

"The case you submit to me is rendered peculiar rather by your way of putting it than by anything I see in the case itself.

"You ask me to decide upon it as I should do 'in the ordinary course as Lord Advocate,' and at the same time to speak as one friend to another. Business and friendship never mix well; but I will see what can be done for you.

"You do not say whether or not the case is purely hypothetical; but the impression your letter gives me is that you have some poor fellow in your mind's eye whom you want to help out of a difficulty. You must, however, in advising him—and I am surprised to be obliged to give *you* this warning—be careful not to forget that what may be a crime according to moral law might be none at all in the eyes of the Court of Session.

"As I understand it from your statement A. meets B. accidentally. There is an old grudge between them. A. frankly admits that he so thoroughly hates B. that he would feel no compunction whatever in murdering him. They quarrel. A. has a momentary impulse to throttle B., but instantly regains his wits and simply flings him from him and runs away.

"B., however, has fallen upon a sharp instrument and is so injured that he dies from the effects.

"Supposing it could be proved that A. had committed the assault *with intent* to murder, and the result—death—followed, although A. in the course of the assault altered his mind and wished to avoid the crime, it would be difficult for a jury to bring in any other verdict than guilty. Granting the intent and the result, it would be impossible for any one except the man himself to decide where the element of accident came in to clear the incident of crime.

"It would be a pretty point for an advocate.

"You tell me there were no witnesses whatever. In that case I do not see how you could bring any charge home to the man except on his own confession and the statement of the person assailed. If B. denounced him you are bound to put the man on his trial.

"But the case is altogether a delicate one, and a most disagreeable one, if, as you say, A. is a man who has led a reputable life. I hope it is wholly hypothetical. If it is not you must give me a more detailed statement of all the circumstances involved in it."

The Fiscal leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

A mist gradually filled the room, and through the mist he saw a court of justice. There were the judges in their ermine and portentous wigs; here were the rows of eager-faced advocates, and behind them a crowd of spectators. He himself was the panel on trial.

There was great sensation in the court; for the panel was a man who had been widely respected for his probity; who had long held a responsible legal position; and who had been regarded by many who believed they knew him intimately as one of such calm and even-balanced temperament that he was above the common passions of ordinary natures. His judgment was so cool and clear that functionaries of high position had often said that he might have been one of the most distinguished judges of his time.

Yet here was this man now standing in the position of a common criminal—shown to be one subject to the commonest passions of uncultivated nature, whose outward bearing had been nothing more than a mask of exceptionally cunning manufacture.

This big, strong man had assailed and murdered a poor, weak, half-witted creature for an offence committed so many years ago that only themselves remembered it.

The whole crowd seemed to rise in horror at the crime, and a low murmur of execration filled the court.

The respect which he had received in the course of his career rendered his guilt the more shameful and unpardonable. The panel stood there so calm that, to the crowd, he seemed insensible to the horror of his position; but the Fiscal could see into his heart and could feel its agony. He knew that the man was looking through the mists of the court at the stricken child whose whole life was destroyed by his act. It was the spectacle of her misery which made the position terrible to him.

Then in his anguish he pleaded for himself.

"He has said nothing yet—I need not speak and condemn myself. Why should I speak and murder her as well as him? For it would kill her. Is it punishment for my guilt that is required? No sentence that the court can pronounce can inflict upon me the thousandth part of the torture I am enduring."

"Be silent, then," said the advocate who was at his elbow. "There is no one to accuse you, except yourself. Without your own confession it would be impossible to convict you. Be silent—live—they will marry and be happy."

"Ay," said the principal judge, looking down blackly, "they will be happy; they will have children; they will gather around them many friends; and one day the truth will become known and their added shame will make your guilt the deeper. It will not be one crime you have committed, but many. Speak at once, and let the court decide the question—guilty or not guilty."

He could not answer that, but the advocate spoke again—

"You know that you are not guilty. You are allowing the sentiment of the past to prey upon your mind and induce it to take a morbid view of the case. You know that if it were not so, and if it were another man who stood on his trial before you, you would at once acquit him. Come, take a plain practical view of the affair. Your meeting with the man was accidental; you avoided him for months; you did try to control your passion—the result was a pure accident. Think of Ellie—you can see that the dearest hopes of her life are grafted on the lover from whom your confession must separate her. Why should you bring this unnecessary misery upon her, and upon her lover too, because of this mischance between you and the man who has been a curse to everybody

connected with him? He was in such a condition that he was not likely to live long, at any rate. Come, be practical Richard Musgrave, whose judgment has never yet been questioned in the case of other men, and acquit yourself."

Then there was a long silence, and the figures which surrounded him melted in the mist; but that of the frowning judge above him had not yet gone, and to him the culprit made answer—

"Ay. I would have acquitted another man. I cannot acquit myself. . . . . I am guilty."

As that verdict was pronounced there fell a great silence on the place. The man's heart missed a beat, and that halt of the machinery of life, which was only a breath's space, seemed to represent a long lapse of time.

Then the strange, cold silence was succeeded by a loud murmuring of voices which rapidly swelled into the loud roaring of an angry sea that was rushing in upon him to overwhelm him and all that was his with its resistless fury.

Again there was a pause—such a pause as that before a mighty whirlwind swoops like a destroying angel over the earth. Then he seemed to be walking a long distance through the midst of ruin, his footsteps faltering, his heart heavy with despair, and not a living creature to make a sign of comfort to him, or even of pity.

Out of that desolation voices spoke—and he knew that they were those of his advocate and the judge, although he could not see them now.

One said—

"Wake, man, wake out of this trance—the happiness of your child is more than life, is more than honour to you; you alone can mar her happiness. Be dumb, then, and let her be happy; you alone will suffer."

But the other voice—the stern, unseen judge's—called:

"Be dumb, and he will speak before he dies. He will denounce you to the people as his assassin, and the period of grace will have passed—even those who love you will be unable to pity you. Speak at once and save yourself from the disgrace of falsehood."

The first voice, with a scornful laugh—

"Let him denounce you, if he will! You and he alone on earth know the truth. Answer you that he is a liar. Appeal you to your past against his wasted life, and the people will scorn him as one who, with his dying breath, would have wrought evil. All that you have done will plead for you: all that he has done will condemn him."

"And the curse that has marred his life will fall upon you—the curse of a lie," said the solemn voice of the judge.

The place cleared again.

The Fiscal arranged paper before him and took pen in hand. His brows were knit, and there was a stern resolve in his expression.

"I know that he will speak as soon as he has strength—maybe it will be some satisfaction to him to denounce me. I will arrange everything for him. His people will be there and I shall be ready to meet my fate."

Then he began to write with his usual calm deliberation of manner. His pen continued to move steadily over the paper until early morning.

When he finished, he placed two documents in separate official envelopes. The one was his statement regarding the accident at Campbell's farm. The other was his resignation of his office of Procurator Fiscal.

SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

By Professor J. S. BLACKIE.

I.—SICKNESS.

AS when a sea-gull, customed long to sweep
With breezy range from shimmering sea to sea,
In revelry of wafture fair and free,
O'er the broad bosom of the boundless deep;
Him now an idle boy, after a storm,
Hath caught, and pruned his wing, and closely barred
All outlet from the farmer's narrow yard,
Where he must hop about from worm to worm,
A sorry sight to see. So me, once king
Of thoughts far-stretching, and far-wandering ways,
Mischance hath caught, and clipt my venturous wing,
And chained me to a round of deedless days,
With all life's organ-hymns of high desire
Sunk to the creakings of a broken lyre!

II.—RECOVERY.

THERE now, thou faithless heart, learn once again
To doubt thyself, and put thy trust in GOD,
Whose virtue breathes live breath into the clod,
And with a touch lures forth a golden vein
Of joy from sadness! When one dismal blot
Mars the blue sky, and wraps the day in night,
Is the sun dead, for that thy little spot
Glooms for an hour, uncheered by kindly light?
O fool! fool! fool! as soon may craft of man
Dry up the swelling founts that richly pour
From the broad flanks of Nevis Ben, as span
The breadth of blessing GOD doth keep in store
For whom He loves. His nature is to give,
Thine to receive; this truth believe, and live!

DR. JOHN BROWN.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

A FINE stock of Scottish preachers, beginning with a Perthshire shepherd-boy, found its perfect flower in the dainty and delicate humorist who, on the 11th of May last, passed into the world where their sun goes no more down. The first of the race, John Brown of Haddington, taught himself Latin and Greek when watching his flock among the green hills that look down on the Firth of Tay, and afterwards fought his way—first as a packman, then a village schoolmaster—to be at last a minister and professor of theology. He was never exactly a popular preacher, yet his earnestness was such that it impressed even so cool a sceptic as David Hume. In him, too, we seem to find a trace of the quiet humour which distinguished his great-grandson, if the story be true, that he used to tell the students in his parting counsels to them, "If ye want grace,

ye may get it by praying for it; and if ye want learning, ye may get that, too, by working for it; but if ye want common sense, I dinna ken where ye are to get it." His son, John Brown, of Whitburn, was a divine highly esteemed in his day, author of several books of theology, but without the fresh pith which marked the writer of "The Self-Interpreting Bible." Still continuing the tradition of John Browns, the Whitburn John was followed by another who was first minister at Biggar in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and afterwards in Edinburgh, where he attracted many of the more thoughtful and educated classes by his honest efforts rather to explain the Scriptures than to preach dogmas. A comparatively liberal-minded man, as liberal as, in those years, it was possible for a "secession minister" to be, and still retain his pulpit, he did a good deal to break down hard doctrines of "limited atonement," and such-like extreme outworks of Calvinism, and was altogether a man of some mark in his day.

It was while he was minister of sleepy little Biggar that to him was born another John, our John, on the 22nd of September, 1810, by his first wife, Jane Nimmo. She died early, and his father married again, yet not till many years after, and his experience of stepmothers led him to have a kindly feeling for those who had to fill that delicate post. His father's second wife, a Miss Crum of Thornliebank, shared her love equally between him and her own children, and they, in their turn, were not less fond of their wise and witty elder brother. I remember, one day last summer, that some girls were talking to him in a girlish way against stepmothers, when he gently stopped them, saying, "You must not speak so, my dears. For if I had not had a stepmother, I should never have had Alexander" (his brother), "and what would I have done without *him*?" It was in Edinburgh, whither he went when he was ten years old, that he received all his education. Dr. Carson, then at the head of the High School, was something of a pedant, hardly a fit successor for Dr. Adam, yet a good Latin scholar, and no bad Grecian for a Scotchman of those years. John Brown learned there, at least, to have a real love for classical literature, and a sufficient perception of its excellence, if he was not familiar with its niceties. There, too, he had for companions such men as Lords Inglis and Moncrieff, besides that "Bob Ainslie" of whom he speaks in "Rab and his Friends," and Sir Theodore Martin, who was somewhat younger, and to the last looked up to him with a kind of reverent affection "as an upper-form boy." Departing from the clerical tradition of the family, this fourth John Brown took to medicine, and was apprenticed to Syme, of whom, alike as teacher and friend, he has given so pleasant a notice in his last published volume. When he was some eighteen years old—for in those days university education began with boys of twelve or thirteen—he went up to Chatham as assistant to a surgeon or physician there, and remained a year, brightening, I daresay, many a sick-bed by his sweet boyish face and his gaiety and sympathy, and, it is to be hoped, without avenging Flodden by much administration of "calomy and lodamy." In 1833 he graduated M.D., and at once began to practise in Edinburgh, where his father's name and connection ere long secured him a fair practice. It was never large, for after all, his heart was not exactly in it. He was too sensitive for the surgical branch of the profession, and, like most thoughtful physicians, had not much faith in medicine, though he was recognised in the profession to be a great doctor too. Indeed, we have heard such accounts of his professional skill, and especially of his fine "diagnosis," that we can only explain his very moderate success on the assumption that his heart lay more to art and literature than to feeling pulses and drawing fees. Certain it is that at its best his practice did no more than provide him with a very modest living. But with that he was quite content, caring chiefly to lay up the better riches of thought and wisdom and the love of all men.

Among his earlier literary efforts were some papers on art, notices of the Academy's annual exhibition in the *Witness* newspaper. John Brown had a fine feeling for art, and, like Norman MacLeod too, was fond of making rapid pen-and-ink sketches which hit off a character almost as nicely as his words could. When he was in good trim, one hardly got a hasty note from him without some scratch of this kind, brimming over with fun. His reviews at once showed that a new kind of art-criticism was rising among us, and that Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was already bearing fruit. One noted that there was an eye here able to see the artist's thought, if he had one, and to discover the genius of a Noel Paton or a David Scott, even when it was still only struggling for expression which, alas! in the latter case it never fully attained. Brown soon became an authority among

painters, for he had a rare insight into what is true both in form and colour, and I doubt not that his influence helped not a little the progress which our Scottish art has made of late years. Harvey and Paton, and Duncan and D. O. Hill and Scott were close friends of his, and profited, all of them, by his appreciative criticism.

But, after all, this was not the field where his real honours were to be won. He was essentially an essayist of the type of Addison and Charles Lamb, blending humour and pathos and quiet thoughtfulness, not inferior to theirs, with a power of picturesque description which neither of them had. For though city-bred, like Lamb, his delight was not "in the habitable parts of the earth," but in its lonely glens and by its quiet lakes, on Minchmoor, or in the Enterkin, or where Queen Mary's "baby garden" shows its box-wood border grown into trees among the grand Spanish chestnuts in the Lake of Menteith. How it was that he came to find his right vein, I cannot tell; but its first "lode" produced the touching story of Rab and Ailie and Bob Ainslie, which at once gave him a foremost rank among our English humorists. One can hardly say whether it is more pathetic or humorous, for the smiles and the tears fight with each other all through; only in the end the cheerful feeling comes uppermost. Having opened such a vein, and opened so many hearts by means of it, whose purses also would have cheerfully opened for as much more of the same article as he chose to give them, one is rather astonished, in these days, to find that he did not work it to death. But Brown was afflicted with a profound self-distrust. He could not be persuaded that he was, in any sense, a great writer, or that he could do anything people would care to read. No amount of favourable reviews could change his idea permanently on that head. It might be pleasant for a moment to read them; it was kind, of course, in people to write them; but they gave him no encouragement to try his hand again. Not even Thackeray's letter, which he has published, or that of Wendell Holmes which appeared lately in the *Scotsman*, could make him at all believe that it was his clear duty to go on. Therefore his friends had very hard work to get him to take up his pen again. He would talk, and tell the most delightful stories, and make the gayest-hearted fun at pleasant social gatherings; and one longed to have a short-hand writer hid in some cupboard near by to take down the wise, quaint, odd, and tender words which then so naturally flowed from him. But to sit down and write, and still more to correct proofs, the very thought of it seemed to freeze him.

When Dr. Hanna* became editor of the *North British Review*, he managed to get from his friend the article on Locke and Sydenham. The late Norman MacLeod also obtained for GOOD WORDS some popular lectures on Health, for he had more faith in hygiene than in medicine. But had not his publisher, Mr. David Douglas, kept most lovingly "pestering him," we should never have had even the very imperfect fragments that remain to tell what a rich and beautiful nature his was.

In a brief notice like this, we cannot, of course, attempt to do anything like critical justice to his work. That, we trust, will yet be done by some more fitting hand with ample time to do it. But "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie" and "Mystifications," "Jeemes" and "Our Dogs," "John Leech," and "William Makepeace Thackeray," "The Child Garden," and the "Enterkin," will never cease to delight and to profit those who read them, whether they understand, or do not understand, the subtle cause of the pleasure they feel. Jeemes the Beadle's family worship, when he himself was all the family, with its fixed tune for each day of the week, whatever the psalm happened to be; Pet Marjorie's struggling thoughts, wrestling with limited ideas of spelling, and of what was proper language for a little miss to use, and the tender hand that touches her weaknesses so lovingly; the various dogs who become almost human as this most human spirit draws out their several characters; the old Aberdeenshire Jacobite family, and Miss Grahame of Duntrune, and indeed every bright picture he has painted for us, will they not all hang in our mind's gallery among our choicest treasures of art, which the more familiar they are, the more we shall love to look on? There is one spirit in them all, and yet there is no sameness. Everywhere we find the same pathetic humour and humorous pathos, whether he is dealing with man or dog, and he seems to enter into the mind of both alike, with tender sympathy that gives him clear understanding. For he had that fine reverence which looks with a kind of awe both up to the Creator and down to all his creatures.

Religious he was in the truest sense of the word. If a good many of the formulas of the four pious John Browns who preceded him had

* Since this paper was written he also has followed his friend to the world of spirits. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided."

From a photograph by T. Fergus, Largs.

DR. JOHN BROWN.

fallen away from, or, at least, sat loosely on him, yet was he the true heir of all their faith and virtues. A more beautiful soul never looked out from a more beautiful face, and saw God, and lived in the light of his countenance. Of course, his piety was the reverse of sour—was as sweet, and gentle, and loving as a pure spirit could be. It was not exactly the old Scottish piety, but it was still less the English kind; and, indeed, I know not that it belonged to any age, or to any Church, but just to John Brown; and to him it was perfectly natural and real. Always serious, he was often even sad; and yet what an amount of playful, tricksy, wayward nonsense he would perpetrate, and even carry on for whole weeks on end! Some odd fancy would strike him, and being with those he could trust, it was uttered with the utmost gravity, and the fun was kept up as long as they could toss the light shuttlecock back. Nor did it stop there. Little notes would come for days after—daily little notes, with illustrations of the joke, pen-and-ink illustrations of the quaint absurdity, enlarging and unfolding the original germ, till it grew to be really a part of one's life, which one talked of at breakfast, wondering what its next development would be. The fancy seemed to take hold of him, and grow from day to day, with fresh outcomes of fun and fresh lights of humour, almost as if he studied it, and yet it was only the veriest play of a spirit that tried to make its world as merry-hearted as it could. For underneath that crisp froth of gaiety there lay a great deep of solemn thought, which he

tried to sound, and often found no bottom to it; and in the midst of his "quips and cranks" there were many wistful sighs to know the hidden mystery. And over all there still rose, and abided steadfast in his faith, laugh and jest as he might, the face of the Crucified, the ever-beloved, ever-trusted Image and Glory of the Father.

Our somewhat formal and commonplace piety, therefore, did not find many points of contact with his mind, and rather held aloof from him, as he did also from it, not because he doubted its reality, but because it was narrow and strait-laced, which he could not be. Strait-laced folk never could comprehend him; thought him strangely loose, irreverent, unprofitable, though nothing would have profited them so much as to get really for once close to his mind. It would have done them no end of good to learn how much true divine reverence could be under forms of speech quite alien to theirs, and how much yearning Christian love could express itself in ways wildly foreign to their lips. I wish I could remember half the quaint touching stories I have heard from him in illustration of this. He was an exquisite storyteller, quiet, simple, with a look in his face half-pawky, half-pathetic, which never failed to catch and keep the interest of the hearer. Other *raconteurs*, like Sir Daniel Macnee, had no particular point in their stories, or rather they were prickly all over with points, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," which in the end is all one as if they had no point at all. But John Brown's stories never failed to come to a distinct point, and leave a definite impression, so that, minus a great deal that belonged to him personally, they could still be tolerably well told by another. Those who could not pierce beneath the surface, and get at the deeper thought which they often oddly draped, were apt to be staggered by them, or, at any rate, they lost their real meaning. But most of his stories would bear twice thinking over; and the more you thought, the more you found in them, wondrous things often being wrapped up in their quaint dress. Consider, for instance, how much this implies. I forget now, for it is many years since I heard him tell it at Craigcrook, what exactly were the circumstances giving rise to it—peril of a boat in a storm, or danger of a gig whose horse had madly run off, and become unmanageable: but whatever the risk was, it was enough to make one of the parties suggest to his neighbour that, if he had a prayer he could pray, it was high time to say it. And the answer was, "I don't remember anything but the Lord's Prayer, *and what is the good of that?*" Was it that there was no express petition there suitable for their circumstances; or that he had been from childhood so accustomed to it that he had got to think of it as only a "bairn's prayer," of no use to grown men; or that our Scotch habits of thought have tended to evacuate that prayer of its meaning and power? You may ponder over it for a long while, and fail to get to the bottom of it; but rest assured there was strange deep import to John Brown in that question, "What's the good of that?" I remember, not many months ago now, and yet what has happened since makes it look to me like years, for I have to gaze across "the valley of the shadow of death," and its bleak silence feels ever so vast—I remember, as he paid me one of his frequent morning visits which broke with such a bright gleam of natural sunshine on the daily task of sermon-writing, that something led me to speak of the various motives which brought people to church, which were not always so noble as a desire to hear of the way of salvation, nor always so flattering to the preacher as he might fancy. And I adduced as an illustration a circumstance that had come under my notice long ago. One country clown was heard calling to his fellow on the Sunday morning: "Are ye gaun to the kirk to-day, Jock?" To which the reply was, "Na, I dinna think it. I hae naething to tak' me. I hev tobacco." He had been wont to get his weekly supply of that weed at "the kirk town" on Sunday, and as he was now provided for, he saw no occasion to go up to the house of the Lord. Brown enjoyed the story very much, but seemed to be set amusing by it on yet deeper matters, for after a little he said: "There is no connection exactly between them, but yet it reminds me of a story my old friend Coventry used to tell me. The minister was catechizing, one day, over in Kinross; and asked a raw ploughman lad, 'Who made you?' which he answered correctly enough. Then another question was put, 'How do you know that God made you?' to which, after some pause and head-scratching, the reply was, 'Weel, sir, it's the common clash o' the country.'" "Ay," Brown added, "I am afraid that a deal of our belief is just founded on the good 'common clash o' the country;'" and therewith he wrung my hand and went his way, having thoughts clearly in his head that he could not then utter. Nearly all his stories—and you hardly ever met him at a street-corner but one at least would quietly drop from him

—had this pregnant character. They had a meaning beneath the surface; they were not wit but humour; and they were full of human kindness.

All the more are those who knew him and loved him, and no one knew him but loved him, filled this day with a great sadness that the sweetest, purest, brightest of Scotland's sons has passed away, and will gladden us with his presence no more. A truer, tenderer heart never beat; and now it has ceased to beat for ever, and we are left to mourn. Yet there was and we willingly acknowledge it, not a little in his end to assuage our grief. In his latter years he was often subject to mysterious clouds, overshadowings of great darkness, when his self-depreciation became something almost like despair. It was unspeakably painful to hear him cry, as he did sometimes, out of the depths, and to feel how little even the warmest love could do to comfort him. For no words of good cheer seemed to reach his darkened soul, as he felt like one forsaken, and had the bitter fellowship of his Lord's darkest hours. He understood Cowper and loved him, but I think he did not write about him for that very reason, because he understood him only too well. Happily during the whole of last winter these desponding fits never, almost, visited him, "Towards evening it was light." For the last dozen years, he had not spent on the whole so bright a time. Friends were made glad by frequent visits. He did not shrink from little dinner parties of choice old familiars, and was as happy at them as he made others. Nor were his last days burdened with long suffering or saddened with any disquietude of heart. The end came somewhat suddenly and very sweetly, surrounded by the fondest love, and endured in a patient hope, and perfect peace, and, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible and full of glory.

"GOD IS LOVE."

By the Very Rev. J. J. STEWART PERowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough.

THERE have been two very opposite philosophies of human life. The first is the optimist philosophy of a selfish Epicureanism. It takes life as it finds it, and finds it on the whole very pleasant and very full of enjoyment. Its single aim is to get pleasure, ease, happiness. If it cannot altogether deny ugly facts which clash with its theory—misery and sorrow, and the sense of guilt—it passes them by with averted eyes, as the Priest and the Levite passed by the wounded man in the parable, lest they should disturb its selfish dreams. "Come on," it says, "let us enjoy the good things that are present. Let us fill ourselves with costly wines and with ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered. Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness; for this is our portion and our lot is this." (Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 6—9.) Let us crush down the busy, importunate thoughts which rise within us to trouble our peace; let us bury our dead out of our sight. For this system the world of time and matter is all. It refuses to look beyond; its hopes and its fears are here. It hates and abjures all religion, but most of all the religion of the Cross, because of its associations with pain, and its aspect of gloom and awe. It has found expression in those lines in which a German poet writes of his grave:—

> "Upon my grave place ye no cross
> Of stone, of iron, or of wood,
> My soul hath ever loathed that tree
> Of martyrdom, of pain, and blood.
>
> "It ever pained me, that a world
> Filled by a God with light and joy,
> Should choose as symbol of its faith,
> The rack on which a slave must die
>
> "Let then no cross my head-stone be,
> But plant ye fragrant roses there;
> Of a new manhood's glorious faith,
> Be roses now the symbol fair."

At the opposite extreme is the pessimist theory of life. According to this system whatever is, is wrong. The whole world is like sweet bells jangled out of tune. If the first theory is the theory of irrational hope, this theory is the theory of irrational despair. It fastens on all the facts which make Nature herself awful and human life wretched, and arrays them with pitiless severity before our eyes. It gives us no religion unless it be the religion of a cynical resignation. Its motto and its creed are

> "Thou art to [illegible]
> Were it not better not to be!"

It says with Job's wife, "Curse God (if there be a God) and die."

Of these two philosophies of life there can

be no question which deserves the more respectful consideration. The first will die against the hard facts of the world. The second derives its strength from these facts. The indictment which it brings against the constitution of things has its truth, and its truth makes it formidable. The world feels it, the Bible confesses it. All the great thinkers of the world, all the poets who have touched men's hearts, have had the garland of sadness on their brow. All have felt "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world," and the weight, "heavy as lead and deep almost as life," pressing upon them as they fixed their gaze upon nature and upon life. And the founder of that religious system, which at this moment counts the largest number of adherents on the face of the globe, based his religion on misery, pain, and death; and it may be said with truth that the wretchedness of existence is the creed at this very hour of many millions of the human race.

Quite recently, both in Germany and amongst ourselves, this pessimist argument has been urged with great force against the belief in that sublime and consolatory truth, which St. John declares with such simple majesty, that God is Love.

Look, it is said, at that Nature which you tell us is the handiwork of God, and which manifests His goodness. Is it not terrible with its inexorable law? Is it not one vast laboratory of destruction? Are not its forces cruel? "Everything," says one writer, "which the worst men commit, either against life or property, is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents. Nature has *noyades* more fatal than those of Carrier, her explosions of fire-damp are as destructive as human artillery, her plagues and cholera far surpass the poison cups of the Borgias." And if we turn from the devastation wrought, apparently with complete indifference to the character of the sufferers, by the giant forces of nature and look at the world of man, our hearts find no relief. Labour, want, vexation, disappointment, pain of body, anguish of heart, are the lot of men from the cradle to the grave. "The saying quoted by Herodotus," says the pessimist philosopher, Schopenhauer, "that there never existed a man who did not more than once wish not to outlive the following day, has never yet been refuted. If all the terrible pains and sorrows to which his life is exposed could be brought before the eyes of each, he would be seized with horror; and if the most obstinate of optimists were led through the hospitals, lazarettos, and surgical operation rooms; through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave holds; over the fields of battle and places of execution; if then those dark abodes of misery, where it creeps out of the view of cold curiosity, were opened to him; and finally a sight were afforded him of the starvation of some Ugolino, he would surely at last perceive what kind of *best of all possible worlds* this is." This is the picture painted, no doubt, with a pencil dipped in hell, and yet giving the shadow side of the world with awful truth. And this is God's world! Can you look at the facts and say without doubt and hesitation, knowing what you say, God is Love? You may say it with careless lips as part of a creed that you have been taught, but can you say it knowing what you say? Do you wonder that one of the writers already quoted has come to the deliberate conclusion either that God is not a Being of boundless beneficence, or that He is a Being of limited power.

I confess I do not wonder at it. I do not forget how much may be said on the other side even from the ground of natural theology. Mr. Mill himself has admitted that there are abundant evidences of a provision in nature for the happiness of creatures, and no evidence of any design to make creatures unhappy or to cause pain; and it is impossible for any of us, unless we are wilfully blind, not to see joy in nature. I do not forget how much there is of beauty and glory in heaven and upon earth. I do not forget how much happiness God has shed abroad, how His creation rings with the melody of joy. The Hebrew poet, a true interpreter of nature, hears the cornfields in the golden sunlight sing and shout for joy; the trees of the field clap their hands; the waves of the sea beat high with joy. The bounding of the lamb, the merry laugh of the child, the blessed sweetnesses of love and friendship have made this world luminous with the light of the smile of God. All this is true; the world is not a ghastly charnel-house, or the gloomy fortress of a tyrant. Still the terrible side of the picture remains, the awful facts are there, and our eyes see them. And if a large deduction must be made from the sum-total of suffering on the score of that which man brings upon himself by his own wilfulness and perversity, still innocent suffering remains a stumbling-block in our path. Still we must admit that the logic of the Theist is unanswerable who impales us on the horns of the dilemma, either God is not Almighty or God is not Love.

I confess I have never yet seen the argu-
ent drawn simply from the facts of the
orld which could confute that position. I
elieve John Stuart Mill is right when he
oncludes from his own premisses that all we
ave to do is to make the best of it in joining
ur forces with the God who is at war with
n evil which He cannot wholly master.

But I maintain, nevertheless, that God is
lmighty and that God is Love. I do so
aking my stand upon the Revelation of God
n Christ Jesus. The Bible admits all that
as ever been said by any man as to the
isery and evil of the world. The Bible
asts a light upon the darkness for which you
ill look in vain elsewhere. I do not say it
olves all our difficulties or frees us from all
ur doubts, but I do say it gives us enough
o satisfy the reason and to stay the heart.

Two great words give us the key to the
ystery of sorrow—Sin, and Redemption. Sin
the key to the misery; Redemption tells us
hat God is love. Look first at the fact of
in. I am not going to attempt to explain
hat no thinker has ever yet been able to
xplain, the existence of moral evil. Why it
as permitted I do not know. Why God,
ho kept some of the angels from falling, did
ot shield all by his restraining grace I do
ot know. Why He so created man as to
e liable to temptation, and so ordered the
onstitution of his nature that the whole race
enveloped in the consequences of the first
ransgression, I do not know, except so far
s I can see that freedom is far nobler than
n iron necessity, and that through the very
olidarity of the race the redemption of the
ace is possible. But that having given man
is freedom, his most glorious prerogative,
nd man having so abused it as to turn all
od's gifts to base ends and to rise in base
gratitude against his Maker, that then God
ould manifest His truth and holiness in
is righteous abhorrence of sin, this I can
nderstand. A God who should regard sin
ith indifference is not a God before whom
is creatures can bow in worship; for wor-
ip is reverence done to that which is
orthy of reverence. Bow down before His
otstool, for the Lord our God is holy—that
an appeal which commends itself to every
nprejudiced conscience. Bow down before
ne who forgives sin that He may so touch
nd win back the transgressor, *that* I can
nderstand; but bow down before One to
hom sin is indifferent, that I cannot do.
or what is sin? Sin is the will of the crea-
ure set against the Creator. Sin is moral
isease and corruption and deadly plague.
Sin is disorder in the realm of order, rebel-
lion in the kingdom of God. And you would
make light of this violation of the moral law
of the universe? You would have this dis-
order, this anarchy bring no consequences in
their train?

But how is this possible? "In the day
thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."
Is that merely an arbitrary sentence? Is it
not rather a moral necessity? Is not suffer-
ing inseparable from sin? Either say that
God is not the supreme good, or admit that
the creature cannot break the bond that
unites him to God without cutting himself
off from life and happiness. Either say that
the soul is not made for God, and degrade it
to the level of the beasts that perish, or
admit that it loses its higher life, that it
suffers therefore and dies by its wilful separa-
tion of itself from God. Suffering, immea-
surable suffering is the first-born of sin. You
cannot change or abrogate that eternal law;
and as long as rebellion exists, suffering will
follow sin, as the shadow follows the sub-
stance, or, to speak more correctly, suffering
must be the offspring of sin. To ask God
that it might be otherwise is to ask Him to
cease to be God, it is to ask Him to sacrifice
every moral attribute, it is to ask Him to
cease to be the supreme source of life, hap-
piness, and glory. We pass too lightly over
this awful fact of sin. Its heinousness does
not make us afraid. If there is a disease in
our modern theology and our modern philo-
sophy of life more conspicuous than another,
it is this indifference to sin. We lull it with
anodynes. We call it anything but sin. We
form our schemes of social improvement and
material progress without any conviction of
this deep plague-spot of our nature. We
hide it from ourselves until it breaks out in
some scandalous form and startles us with its
intensity. We will drill men into morality;
we will repress crime by education; we will
empty our gaols by philanthropic legislation,
but the sin that dwelleth in us is too strong
for human remedies, too rampant for the
social reformer's pruning-hook. Far truer is
the novelist's sentiment when he puts into
the mouth of one of his characters the awful
but grand words, "How gladly would I
endure the torments of hell if thereby I might
escape from my sin!"

The easy, indulgent god whom the world
has fashioned for itself is not our God.
We say boldly that we believe in the God
whose name is love, because we believe in
the God who hates sin. A God who can-
not punish, who cares neither for good

nor evil, is a God who does not trouble himself about us, and his goodness is simply a cold indifference. Such a distant and scornful majesty fills me with indescribable fear. It is a terrible thing doubtless to fall into the hands of the living God; but there is something more terrible still, to fall into the hands of a dead God, a phantom God, the gaping and empty void of a soulless universe which you would give me in the place of the person who lives and loves. What can I care for that mean and trivial love which can neither be offended nor wounded? The heart of a God who smiles at evil is of too little worth to be cared about. He who is indignant at sin and smites, He only can love. He does not dwell in an inaccessible region, a cold and dreary heaven, not to be reached by human sin, because it cannot be reached by human prayer. He is a father, and a father does not look calmly upon the degradation of his child. He is love, and love carries the fire of jealousy in its bosom.

But again, granted the moral freedom of man, I say that we have in the fact of this moral law, by which the separation of the creature from the Creator brings with it suffering in its train, a very striking evidence of the love of God. Mark the great blessedness of that first promise in Eden. "*I* will put enmity between thee and the woman." Mark the blessing in the curse pronounced not on man but upon the earth, "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee: in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." There was to be the enmity put by God's own hand between the tempter and the tempted, that man might be armed against his enemy by a natural repulsion; there was to be conflict, and suffering inflicted in the conflict; there was to be the pain of travail for the woman, and labour in the sweat of his brow for man. Was it not merciful thus to set a hedge about the sinner's path and to curb the easiness and laxity of sensual indulgence, and to put a dam to the high tide of selfishness which else had overflowed the world? Was it not love which planted the thorns on the pillow of self-indulgence? Was it not love which gave man the stubbornness of nature to conquer, cheating him thereby of his sorrow? Was it not love which knit and braced his sinews by the life of trial and struggle? There is nothing more puny—do we not all feel it?—than the man of pleasure; nothing more contemptible than the life whose supreme end is selfish happiness. Terrible as has been the wasting and the plague of sin, with all its burden of pain and suffering, what would have been its horror if left to revel in its triumph? If anything has made life beautiful and glorious it has been the contest with evil. If anything has restrained the floods of passion and the march of crime, it has been the effort and the pain of self-sacrifice. Yes, the aching head and the bleeding heart, the pain that makes life an agony, and the bitter sorrow which bows us to the dust, these are not a tyrant's racks and chains, they are the healing discipline and the crowning mercy of the God whose name is Love. Suffering, I say, is the necessary fruit of sin, and suffering is made in the hand of God the instrument not of man's destruction, but of his salvation.

But there is another word which yet more forcibly convinces us that God is love, and that word is REDEMPTION. When the pessimist philosopher of Germany said, with blasphemous audacity, "If God made the world I should not like to be in the place of God: its woes would break my heart," he knew not what he said. ITS WOES HAVE BROKEN THE HEART OF GOD manifest in the flesh. Like Caiaphas he uttered an unconscious prophecy. The woes of the world, I say, have broken the heart of God made man. Here is the explanation; here, rather let me say, is the light cast on the ways of God in His dealings with man. God, we have seen, is by the very fact of His righteousness at war with sin, must punish sin. He cannot be holy and look upon sin and goodness with the same supreme indifference. But how wonderful is that love which takes upon itself the burden and the shame and the suffering of sin that thereby it may take it away! This is the mystery and the greatness of the love of God. And you will observe that when St. John speaks of God as love, he immediately proceeds to remind us of the most convincing proof that this is the nature of God in the fact that He gave His son to die for us. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

No doubt that God is love is true from all eternity. He is so in Himself, in His nature and essence, quite apart from any manifestation of Himself to His creatures. Surely it is an argument against any form of simple monotheism that it does not contain in it this truth that God is love in Himself. God never was solitary. Three persons in one Godhead there were from all eternity, and the relation of these three persons must have been a relation of perfect love before any created being moved along the path of existence. "The loving, the loved, and the

love," to borrow the illustration of St. Augustine, or, as a recent writer expresses himself, "The Everlasting I, and the Everlasting Thou, in the converse of holy love,"—this was God, before the wing of an angel swept the firmament, or a star shone out in the vast expanse. But still, as I have said, St. John is dwelling on the way in which that love has been *manifested* to us, on the wonderful proof which we ourselves have that God is love. And this proof is the gift of His Son. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. But St. John adds a further particular. God gave His Son not only to humiliation, but to death; and He did this not for friends, but for enemies; not for those who loved Him, but for those who had broken His laws and defied his threats and rejected His messengers. This is the record of God's love; this is the tale which we have heard so often that we cease to fix our thoughts on it; this is the proof of God's love which falls upon listless ears and cold and callous hearts. And in truth, as I have said, it is just because here is the greatest proof of God's love, that none but those who believe in Him can estimate it aright. For, if we are to understand this love aright, we must have felt our need of it, we must know something in our own experience of the condemning power and the guilt of sin. When we have felt within ourselves our own darkness and sinfulness and estrangement from God; when we have seen how our very nature is defiled; when we have found how hopeless are all our efforts to discover a remedy for the mortal disease which has fastened upon us; then we know what a gospel of glad tidings is the revelation which tells us that God gave His only begotten Son that He might by His precious blood-shedding put away our sin. Then, beneath the cross of Jesus, we believe with all our hearts that God is love.

We appeal also to those who have a right to speak, to those who have felt the sorrows and trials of life in the largest degree and yet whose confession is God is love. We summon, as our witnesses, a Paul and a John. We read the story of the life of the great missionary to the Gentiles as he sums it up for us in a few pathetic sentences—a life of hardship, of pain, of hunger, of nakedness, of obloquy and persecution, a living martyrdom, a living death. We hear his confession of the deep sorrow and unrest of creation. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." But does he doubt that God is love? More than all earthly ills he felt was the burden of sin. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But does he doubt that God is love? No; from the *De Profundis* of sorrow he rises to the *Te Deum* of victory. "For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." But "What shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." We turn to the record of the Beloved Disciple. St. John could speak in words terrible in their simple severity of the devilish hate and malignity of man. St. John could write deliberately "the whole world lieth in wickedness," and yet St. John could write no less deliberately, and repeat the statement, "God is love." St. John, above all men, might have questioned it. He had seen the face of perfect love and purity buffeted and spit upon by miscreants, and the sacred head of love crowned with thorns, and the hands that were never lifted but to bless, and the feet which went only on errands of mercy, nailed to the tree, and the heart of love pierced by the soldier's spear. He had beheld that most awful tragedy; and for him there might have been some excuse, if he had thought that wrong and injustice sat upon the throne of the universe, or that the power of the Most High was limited. But it is he who, holding fast to the truth that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, tells us also that God is love.

Let these and such as these be heard, for they have a right to speak. Not those who have wrapped themselves in their hard misanthropy, and who, living and dying in peace and prosperity, themselves untroubled by the real calamities of life, look forth upon the world only to criticize it, and arraign in their impotent blasphemy the operation of Him who is loving unto every man, and whose tender mercies are over all His works; but those who have seen sin in the light of God, its deep defiance to the Most High, its awful guilt, its merited chastisement, and who have seen also and believed the love that God hath to them in His Son, they say, and they have a right to say, *God is love.*

OUT OF DOORS IN JULY

A Ramble in Rural By-ways.

NOT a breath of air is stirring, and under the influence of the July heat our little out-of-the-world hamlet—drowsy always—is now absolutely still. Even the cows on the trim little green are too lazily inclined to do more than lie about chewing the cud. Up on the hillside, where the foxgloves make such glorious display, the old donkey has ceased from his prickly repast, and sits calmly looking down upon the scattered cluster of cottages below. The birds have hushed their songs, the lambs refrain from play, and all things seem to be enjoying a siesta. As we pass the little red-tiled school-house, with its garden full of tempting currants and gooseberries, a drowsy hum denies that the children are *quite* asleep; but the only other definite sounds are the long drawn out "caw" of a languid rook floating over us and the crazy tinkle of a sheep-tankard in the meadow below.

Everything seems lazily inclined, and you seem to be no exception to the rule, but your protests against walking beneath such a sun are useless. Come with me over the moor, all dotted with white eyebright and nodding lilac scabious. Now up the hillside by the donkey-path among the gorse and brambles, where luscious raspberries bashfully hide beneath the white downy under-surface of the pinnate leaves. On where the noble willow-herb flaunts its great mass of rosy blossoms, near to the spring that nourishes a colony of healthy lady-ferns protected by the endless clumps of bramble. Little do the hamlet-folk know of the treasures that abound up here upon the sandy platforms and recesses a little higher than their church steeple. Scarce ever does a villager essay these donkey-paths, except in autumn, when the bramble-fruit is ripe and pies and preserves the order of the day. The botanical beauties of this moor are unknown to the natives; bramble, and gorse, and bracken are the only plants that come within their ken.

But here are fragrant bunches of sweet woodbine; here milkwort pink and white, and there the long white-bearded blooms of clematis, the traveller's joy. Come, pluck you flowers of each, and soon we'll sit on springy couch of heather, in grateful shade, and count our spoils. Here, spreading over acres of

high ground, the purple heath plants muffle every footfall, and by the sheepwalks and the gorse clumps, too, the azure harebells ever nod and

"Ring
Their wilder'ng chimes to vagrant butterflies."

You are hot and tired, you say? Well, let us make for yonder clump of firs, where all the ground is covered with yard-long fronds of happily-named "hard-ferns." Do you seek out a soft, dry, shady spot whilst I obtain refreshment for you in the shape of juicy black blaeberries with the delicate bloom upon them.

Well, here is fruit in plenty for you, and, whilst you eat and quench your thirst, let us see what is contained in our vasculum, or "sandwich-box," as the rustic called it. First, here is agrimony with its prettily cut pinnate leaves and its long spike of tiny golden flowers. A floral gem; surely this is a plant would well adorn a garden border, and probably obtain admittance were it not so provokingly common. Here, too, is bugloss, as prickly as an urchin, culled from the stony border of the corn-field by the spinny. Here is the solitary purple head of the dwarf

plume-thistle, nestling down into the heart of its spiny radicle-leaves; black knap-weed and wild hop; the greater celandine and baleful hemlock. Here is the singular two-petalled pinky flower of enchanters' nightshade, a plant that entered, probably, into many mystic ceremonies, if there is anything in its name. This waxen cluster of pale rosy flowers is the centaury, and those much-divided leaves and long, tapering seed-vessels belong to the stork's-bill, a plant we must look out for a little later in the year, when the seeds are ripe, for it has a most remarkable method of burying them.

But here, among rock-rose, St. John's wort, mallow, vetch, and toadflax, and I know not what beside, are heather and harebell and cross-leaved heath, about which you asked me to tell you what I knew. Far more satisfactory will it be to ask these flowers to tell about themselves. You do not understand quite what I mean? Well, here are plants and flowers, and we have but to examine them patiently and carefully to find out most of their history.

First let us take this sprig of common ling or heather, which botanists distinguish by the name of *Calluna*, which signifies to cleanse or to adorn, a term singularly appropriate for it is often made into brooms which cleanse, whilst its beautiful flowers, it must be admitted, adorn spots which would otherwise be barren. This sandy hill, for instance, would support very little vegetation were it not for

the shelter afforded by the heather and the alteration it has effected in the surface soil. Great tracts of moor and mountain in the north are covered by this shrub almost entirely, and well the game-birds and the hares appreciate the cover it affords.

To thousands of persons this plant is the most familiar of all that grow, and yet how many, beyond botanists, have noticed what kind of leaves it has? Look at them through your pocket lens, and you will see that each leaf has two little spurs at its base. But if few persons have taken the trouble to notice the leaves, that is not so with the flowers, for you cannot help seeing them and noting the glorious effects of colour they produce on heath and moor and mountain. And their beauty is distinctly of the hard-wearing kind, like that of the grass, the moss, and the lichen. Men and cattle may trample the heather under foot, but its elasticity causes it to rise as bright and cheerful as before. The fierce sun of the torrid months may make the heathlands dry and dusty, but the heather is bright and fresh throughout the drought, and patiently awaits with smiling face the return of moisture-laden clouds. The equinoctials come and strip deciduous plants of every leaf: frosty nights succeed and rob the hedges and the gardens of their floral beauty, but on the heathlands, and the mountains too, the purple of heather still is seen—a little faded, perhaps, but beautiful still—when the first March snowdrop breaks the frozen earth.

But here are two other larger species I have found—the fine-leaved heath and the cross-leaved heath—plants which are more closely allied to the beautiful waxen Cape-heaths of our hothouses. This specimen of cross-leaved or bottle heath I found below there in the bottom, on the patch of bog where the marsh St. John's wort and crimson sundews grow among the pale green sphagnum. A single sprig of it, with its exquisite softly-tinted cluster of flowers, is one of the most beautiful objects in the British Flora.

Now I want you to look closely at and into these flowers with your glass. Each blossom is bell-shaped, and hangs in the position proper to bells, with its mouth downwards. Look within and you will see that the bell is also provided with a clapper. That is the pistil, and the knob at the end is the stigma. Now I need not tell you the value of this organ. You know already that the most important parts of a flower are the anthers and the stigma; that the anthers produce a yellow powder called "pollen," and that to enable the plant to mature seeds, a portion of this pollen must be placed upon the stigma, which is usually sticky or hairy in order to retain it. You will find an exceedingly interesting study merely examining the organs of every flower you come across, and by noticing the position of them you will be often enabled to make a tolerably shrewd guess as to the method by which any particular flower is fertilised, whether by wind, by moth, bee, or beetle, without any interference from without.

Writers—clever botanists, some of them—used to tell us that this heath-bell hangs down thus that the pollen may fall from the anthers on the stigma. Had they carefully examined the flower, they could not have made that mistake, for they would have seen what I am showing you, that the stigmatic surface is below, and only be reached from below, and so if a perfect shower of pollen were falling around the pistil as it hangs, it could not possibly affect the stigma. As a fact, the flower seems to be so hung in order to *prevent* the pollen falling upon the stigma. The pistil is surrounded by the eight anthers, and these are so peculiarly shaped as to deserve a few words. Here is a single anther I have detached from the flower. It is forked at the end, and each fork is perforated on the outer side. At the base of the anther, where is attached to the stalk, two long curved horns are given off. Now look again at the flower and note the way in which these anthers are arranged. The forked ends are all placed side by side in such a way as to close all the openings, and the curved horns spread out until they almost touch the sides of the bell.

And what is the meaning of this elaborate arrangement?

At the base of the pistil are honey-glands which secrete the sweet fluid, and as a natural consequence the flower is visited by bees. What follows we can easily find out by a little experiment. The bee would alight on the cluster of flowers, just as that one is doing yonder, and pushing its head into the bell would knock against the stigma—that is, the end of the clapper. Then, see, its long tubular tongue is pushed inside—but this as much as we can see actually taking place. Now let us suppose that this thin stem of grass is the bee's trunk. I push it in just as the bee has done, and lo! it touches against one of the long curved horns, which it pushes out of position, and so the whole set of anthers are parted. The openings are uncovered and the pollen falls in a shower on the bee's face—that is, my fingers.

But herein lies the beauty of the arrangement. The bee's face is hairy and a number of the pollen-grains stick to it, so that when she visits another heath-bell, which she will do directly, this pollen will be placed in contact with the sticky stigma and some will be detached by it. It will then exert its natural influence on that organ, and the embryo-seeds will become fertilised and will grow into good ripe seeds capable of giving rise to strong healthy plants.

From the most remote periods man has ever held the bee in high esteem, on account of her habits of exemplary industry, social economy, and good government. But there is at least one other point that we should notice, and that is the beneficial work she is unconsciously performing in her search for honey. Owing to the peculiar structure of many flowers it is impossible for them to become fertilised unless they are visited by bees; and it is thus easy to see that in the event of certain species of bees becoming extinct, the extinction of certain species of flowers would follow as a natural result.

Had we visited this hilltop a little earlier in the year we should have found no ripe blaeberries, but instead a number of small roundish waxy-looking flowers of a greenish colour with a tinge of crimson. Now in this plant the arrangement of the floral organs is very similar, and as I was so fortunate as to come up here at the proper time I will show you the sketch I made of the flower. Here the chief difference lies in the anther. It consists of two tubular cells placed side by side, each with a curved process given off from about the middle. At the extreme end of each cell there is an opening for the discharge of the pollen, and the points of the cells are so pressed against the pistil that all the openings of the anthers are closed. But on a bee pushing one or more of these anthers out of position, or shaking the pistil with her head, the holes are opened and the pollen falls in a shower as in the heath.

But now you have rested long enough. I want to take you through the pine-wood, where the tall straight ruddy shafts are all aglow in the slanting rays. The paths are red with the fallen fir-needles and bordered by tall growths of "hurts," or blaeberries, and our ever-present friend, the despised and common bracken. But does this claim kindred with the coarse-looking dark-green fern so abundant on all the heaths and hillsides? Yea, my friend, and here you can note the effects wrought in a species by the change of its environment. These arching fronds that have unrolled here in the shade and moisture of the wood have taken on a soft and delicate appearance quite foreign to the heath-grown specimens. Here is the singular plant called cow-wheat, so-called on account of its pretty yellow flowers that look like tiny, elongated blooms of snapdragon. Beneath the trees the ground is thickly covered with the long-trailing stems and yellow stars of wood-loosestrife or yellow pimpernel.

And now look around you. We have reached the brow of the hill, and to left and right and away in front the wood drops down; and from this spot we look sheer over the tops of the pines that grow on the steep precipitous flanks. Here is a cool retreat where the sun has small power; but what is engaging your attention? You are astonished that in a place where vegetable life seems to have been uninterfered with for many centuries there should be such strong marks of human handiwork.

From the summit several very regular paths wind round the sides and intersect the terraces below, and all these paths are edged at intervals with the mere bark-skeletons of ancient tree-stumps, now beautifully overgrown with bright fresh mosses and charming groups of polypody fern.

Old Dryasdust, the village antiquary, will tell you tale on tale about this mount; how ancient chroniclers, in musty, yellow-leaved, black-letter tomes, have told of battles dire fought on the common and meadows below. For this terraced wood-crowned height was once a fortress strong of Angle, Saxon, or Dane, perhaps of each in turn, and earlier still of Roman. The ascent or descent is most easy, and yet it must, from its position, have been almost impregnable from this southern side. We descend by the winding path and, passing through a coppice at the foot, are soon out again upon the common.

Hark! what was that? The scream of a harsh-voiced bird? A scream of terror evidently. Stand still, my friend, and wait. The scream continues and grows nearer. A poor terrified rabbit, squealing as you never thought it capable of squealing, rushes frantically from the wood, its long ears pressed flat upon its back and its limbs extended to their utmost length. And see, quickly gaining upon it, is the cause of all its terror and its starting eyeballs. A long, lithe, short-limbed animal, with a cruel-looking, snake-like head, seems absolutely flying after its prey, which rushes right across our feet and sinks, exhausted with fear, a few yards farther on, just as the deadly weasel has seized it by the neck. Another moment and the keen incisors would have pierced the rabbit's skull,

but we are to the rescue. The weasel is off into the wood as quickly as he left it, and the poor quaking puss soon finds sufficient strength and courage to get on her feet and make wistfully for her hole. Such an occurrence is very common, but most frequently the tragedy is completed, and much havoc is made, not only among hares and rabbits, but among game and poultry also, by this deadly fur-coated marauder.

And now let us return. The sun is losing its power and a slight breeze has sprung up from the west which, besides promising rain, will make the return journey bearable to you, who felt so lazily inclined when we set out. The haymakers, too, are expecting rain, for over in the meadow they are making every effort to carry the last load before the shower comes.

But what have we here? Aha! my ovine friends, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all." A black-faced fleecy sestett of marauders have broken the meadow-hedge and are in the wood among the fern, and with them a wee long-tailed lambkin, who has evidently been led into wrong-doing by his elders. What a terrified rush and crowding up together as they hear the sharp, short bark of the sheep-dog, who has just missed them! Look at the comical expression of guilt in their faces as they huddle up close, and each one tries to be in the very centre of the group. They know full well they should not have left the meadow, but the shade of the wood was so cool and inviting, and the crystal pool gleamed so seductively, that one weak ewe broke through, and, as a natural consequence, the rest followed. They couldn't help themselves. They simply conformed to an inviolable law of the genus *ovis*, which enacts that "whatever one may do, that shall the rest do also." There they go, helter-skelter, baaing and bleating with the colly at their heels. And now they are safe in the meadow again and we are out on the road, where the hedge is white with the great snowy masses of hog-weed bloom.

And here are your flowers. Take them, and if the rain should come and prevent an evening walk you may find full occupation in the house by examining them and finding out how they are fertilised . whether it is by bees, by other insects, by the wind or without extraneous help. Study that, and if you should be so constituted as to learn no lesson from it, it will at least have an influence upon your mind as healthy as that obtained by a perusal of the latest novel, which you would have dozed over all the afternoon had I not dragged you out of doors.

E. S. WALKER.

MY OWN FAMILIAR HILLS.

YOUR charm abideth ever,
My own familiar hills;
Let sun or storm enwrap you,
My heart with passion fills.

Though yours no Alpine grandeur
To thrill the sensuous eye,
A hand unseen, slow working,
Through ages long gone by,

In wavy lines hath shaped you,
Far-spreading, silent, free;
O'er an earth-ocean moveless
The eye goes ceaselessly.

Your uplands have a music
In the depth of summer calm;
Your noonday voices fusing
In one low heavenward psalm.

O' night, your broad brows shimmer
In the white and weird moontide;
In your glens far down and awesome,
Dim haunting shapes abide.

Oft on the morn of winter
I've seen your grey crags stand,
White-crowned in snowy radiance,
The joy of all the land.

In June you gracious greet me,
With the rock-rose, meek and still;
The yellow violet smiles to me,
And the fairy tormentil.

In August glows the heather,
And gleams the bracken green;
The milk-wort lifts its gentle face,
The grassy tufts between.

October spreads its spaces,
High o'er the moorland free,
Of lint-white bent in ripples,
A breezy golden sea.

When o'er you clouds are rushing,
I'm borne on fancy's wing;
Pass high in air old riders,
I list their bridles ring.

And then the heavens will open,—
The free fair face of noon;
Awhile I rest in blest dreamland,
As I hear the burnheads croon.

Ye bright and gladsome burnies,
That leap and flash and gleam,
Where the bonnie birk is drooping,
And the rowan shades the stream,—

Ye make the rarest music,
The rocks are earless, grey;
In fulness of your own sweet heart
Aye singing by the way,—

The voice of one that heeds not
Our earthly sympathy;
Still hymning to the Love Unseen,
A lyric true and free.

Ye solitary uplands,
Whom rarely foot hath trod,
Known but to one who loves you,
And the open eye of God,

In saddest mood ye've found me,
Thought dark as of the tomb,
The sun-glints glancing o'er you
Have scattered all my gloom.

I've seen in skyey spaces
Looks not of earth or time,
And forms of shadowy mountains,
In another far-off clime.

And then the mist would wrap me
In many a mazy fold,—
The spectre shapes around me,
From the dim dreamland of old:

They rise, they flit before me,
In silent airy tread;
In the speeding forms and speechless,
I know historic dead.

A strange hushed life deep buried,
Ye keep within your breast,
The stain of ancient story,
The spirit of unrest;

The grace of knightly presence,
The faith of lovers' vow;
A tenderness of hearts long quenched,
Ye bear the memory now.

In that still sheen of moonlight,
I see their track, their tread:
Behind them in the valley
The seven brothers dead.

I see him stoop, drink faintly,
Beside the water wan;
The purple stain; the maiden,
She fears a dying man.

This old life gone for ever,
A void and airy dream;
The forms of all the legends,
But shadows on the stream!

No! not while heart can feel it,
Or bosom heave a sigh;
There is a living presence
For every living eye.

Ye give me thoughts all holy,
Ye knit me to the strong;
Ye nerve the will for duty,
And stir the heart to song.

Let fickle fame go by me,
Mean forms of earthly good,
If God my mountains leave me,
And my mountain solitude.

J. VEITCH.

RAINDROPS, HAILSTONES, AND SNOWFLAKES.

By Professor OSBORNE REYNOLDS.

COMMONPLACE and important as are the small objects which descend from the clouds, it is only within the last few years that the manner of their formation has been made the subject of careful and accurate investigation; imperfect explanations, which were little more than guesses, having been very generally accepted as sufficient.

The purpose of this article is to place before the readers a definite and rational history of the origin and growth of these objects, a scientific history founded upon observations and physical laws and further tested by experiment.

The origin of the author's special interest in the subject was an accidental observation made six years ago as to the very definite and peculiar form of ordinary hailstones. This form, which appears very generally to have escaped observation, afforded the clue which led to what appears to be the true solution of the problem, and hence occupies a prominent position in this article. The order here followed, however, is not that in which the investigation was conducted, but the natural order of the growth of the objects to which it relates.

For the sake of clearness it is necessary to enter shortly upon the consideration of Air and Clouds. It requires no effort of the imagination to apprehend that cloud or fog is constituted of small distinct particles of water

distributed in the air, but when we come to inquire into the size, shape, and number of these particles and as to the manner of their suspension, there are certain difficulties before us.

We start with clear air such as that near the earth's surface on a clear day. In this, strictly speaking, there is no water present, *i.e.* in the form of water, but there is steam, clear steam, a gas as clear as air. The apprehension of this universal presence of steam in the lower strata of the atmosphere is the very foundation of a knowledge of meteorology. The atmosphere at the earth's surface consists of nitrogen, oxygen, and steam; these gases are all mixed, and the mixture is perfectly clear.

Another important point is that the amount of clear steam present depends almost entirely on the temperature. At the temperature of 60° there are about six grains of steam in each cubic foot of air, or one grain to the gallon. Taking a fair-sized room twenty-five feet long and seventeen broad, containing six thousand cubic feet, it would take about half a gallon or five pounds of water to make the steam in this room at 60°. If the temperature were only 40°, the steam would only be half a grain to the gallon of air, just half what it is at 60°. If, then, the air in the room were cooled from 60° to 40°, two pounds and a half of steam would cease to exist, *i.e.* it would cease to be pure steam gas and would become water. Where would this water be? The steam was distributed all through the room, and if the air were suddenly and equally cooled the water must be very nearly in the same position as the steam. It has not time to move far, but it does move a little. The clear steam consists of separate molecules, distributed amongst the molecules of air, and the change from steam to water implies an aggregation of these steam molecules. The molecules collect to centres in their immediate neighbourhood, forming numberless minute masses of water distributed throughout the entire air. The manœuvre is somewhat analogous to that of infantry if suddenly attacked by cavalry when in skirmishing order. There is no time to collect so as to form a single square, so they group themselves in small knots as best they can. The difficulty in such a case with the soldiers is their indecision in initiating groups, each individual seeking to join an existing group; the existence of trees or other objects marking centres is thus a very great assistance. In the case of the molecules of steam there seems to be an analogous hesitation which in the absence of any determining objects prevents the groups forming on the first lowering of the temperature. The presence of particles of dust or smoke, however, entirely prevents this, as has recently been shown, and greatly enhances the rapidity with which the groups are formed. Such particles also influence the character of the groups as they ultimately arrange themselves, for where they exist each particle becomes the nucleus of a mass of water; the number of such masses therefore depends on the number of smoke particles; whereas in the absence of these particles, though the groups hesitate to form, when they do form they appear at more regular and greater intervals; the size of the groups being larger and more regular, so that they present the appearance of cloud or white fog instead of yellow mist. It is important to notice that there is a cause which determines the distance from which the steam molecules can collect to form the particles of water. This is the distance between the molecules as they exist in steam. The steam molecules are in a high state of agitation, moving to and fro, and they collect from as far as this motion carries them. When once collected into masses of water this internal motion ceases, as does all further aggregation except when some stray molecule joins the group.

The groups are extremely small, and they are not all of the same size; the largest group or particles may be visible under a microscope, but by no means can the smaller particles be rendered visible. Such, then, is the history of the water particles in a fog or cloud. They are numerous small masses of water ranging in size up to microscopic objects, and they are caused by the cooling of a mass of air. The production of cloud is thus seen to involve the cooling of a mass of air. This may take place in several ways, but principally in two—the mixing of warm with colder air. This generally occurs at night and in the autumn. The ground is colder than the air above, and the warmer air from above mixing with the air cooled by contact with the ground produces fog near the ground. The other means is by expansion. When air expands it is cooled according to definite laws, and this expansion is the principal origin of clouds. A mass of warm air rises like a column of smoke. As it rises the pressure of the surrounding air becomes less and less, so that it expands, and when it reaches a sufficient height it is so much cooled that it can no longer maintain its

steam as steam, which therefore forms a cloud.

This formation of cloud is very definitely seen on a clear summer evening over a large town. When the wind is in the west, from a position north of the town the smoky air from the town may be seen drifting away to the east, with its irregular outline, rising and falling in mountain-like undulations. And it frequently happens that the highest points of this outline are capped with dense clouds, which, illuminated by the light of the setting sun, are much more conspicuous than the smoky air beneath them, but to the outline of which they strictly conform.

Fig. 1.—The formation of clouds.

The bottoms of the clouds are all struck off at the same level as if by a line, showing that the change from steam to water takes place at a definite elevation.

These clouds generally resemble the detached woolly clouds so common towards mid-day in summer, and the certain inference is that, were the outline rendered visible by smoke, we should see that these summer clouds are but the higher prominences of the lower stratum rolled up by the motion of the air above.

The action, too, is the same in the case of summer storm clouds, particularly thunder clouds. A mass of the lower air ascends in a column, and as it passes a certain elevation it is converted into cloud, which increases in density as it rises. In this way the huge masses, so often seen in summer, are formed. These clouds often acquire a thickness to be measured in miles. In winter the clouds are not in general so thick, being the result of a general disturbance which covers the whole heavens instead of taking the form of a column at one place. But under all circumstances we are apt to take a very poor view of the thickness and size of clouds owing to the great distances at which we see them.

Returning now to the particles which constitute a cloud, it has been said that in size these range from invisible smallness up to the size which may be seen through a microscope, or may be distinguished with the naked eye in a sufficiently strong sunlight. Now the next point to which attention should be directed is, why these particles do not settle down? We know that water will not float in air any more than lead will float in water. The question why these particles of water in the air do not descend is, as will presently appear, absurd; but it is a question which has exercised many minds, and which has led to the invention of at least one hypothesis, which has been very generally accepted. Almost all writers on this subject appear to have adopted the assumption, that because the only known objects which float in air are balloons and bubbles, therefore cloud particles must be hollow vehicles or bubbles full of light gas, like balloons. When looked at from a scientific point of view, this idea is preposterously absurd, as is also the assumption on which it is based, that cloud particles are floating. Careful observation at once shows that they are all descending, although they descend very slowly. The dew on the grass in the morning shows this, for all that water has descended in the form of cloud particles during the night.

The cloud particles do not float, but are all descending through the air; and what we have to explain is not their suspension, but the slowness with which they descend.

The application of known causes is quite sufficient for this. Experience at once tells us that while large solid bodies descend rapidly with but little resistance from the air, small and feathery bodies descend slowly. The mind naturally attaches resistance to the feathery form, but the feathery form is but the result of a number of very small bodies linked together. The true reason for the slowness of descent is smallness of size, and this reason is now well understood. The weight of these particles of water is proportional to the cube of their diameters, or thickness. Thus if we double the thickness, we increase the weight eightfold, whereas the surface exposed to the resistance of the

air is proportional to the square of the diameter, or would be increased four-fold. A small drop falling through the air increases its speed until the resistance encountered just balances its weight. A drop of half the thickness falling at the same speed would encounter one-fourth the resistance; but its weight would be only one-eighth, so that at that speed its resistance would be double its weight. It would therefore diminish its speed until its resistance equalled its weight; and if the drops were very small, this would be the case when the velocity of the smaller drop was one-half that of double its diameter. Although some explanation of this sort had long been surmised, it only became complete when it was shown by Professor Stokes, that at very small velocities the resistance which small bodies encounter on moving through the air is not, as had been supposed, proportional to the square of their velocity, but is simply proportional to the velocity. Thus, as small drops of water fall through the air, their velocities will be proportional to their diameters; and when the drops are very small their velocities are also very small.

Having now explained, not the suspension of the cloud particles, but their extreme slowness of descent, it remains to explain how these minute particles can aggregate together to form the very considerable rain-drops, for as compared with the size of cloud particles rain-drops are considerable.

It may, however, be pointed out that the size of rain-drops is apt to be overestimated. The drops that drip from a flat board, such as an eaves-board on a house, are about an eighth of an inch in diameter; such a drop falling on a sheet of smoked paper will clear a space about an inch across, whereas, after many trials, the largest rain-drops did not clear a space of more than half this extent.

But taking a rain-drop of one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and such drops fall during heavy rain, it would take all the particles in at least a gallon of the densest fog we can conceive to exist to constitute such a drop. How, then, have the particles initially dispersed through the space of a gallon come together to form the drop? for that they have come together is beyond question.

Sometimes one hears it said that the cloud particles are continually jostling one another; but whence comes the motion that is to carry them across the spaces which initially separate them? We have seen how the air resists their motion even against the force of gravity; what lateral forces, then, can we conceive which would bring them together? The answer must be, none at all; the particles do not aggregate laterally. How, then, do they aggregate? The answer to this will be found in the consideration of their vertical motion.

The cloud particles are all descending with velocity proportional to their size; if, then, they were all of the same size they would all move with the same velocity, and would descend like a regiment of soldiers, without collision. But why suppose them all of the same size? As far as examination can show, they are of all sizes up to the largest. In this difference of size lies the key to the whole mystery. The larger particles descend faster than the smaller, and consequently overtake those immediately beneath them; and assuming for the present that when a larger particle overtakes the smaller one beneath it they unite and form a still larger particle, then it follows that, so augmented, the particle will descend with an increased velocity, and, more quickly overtaking the particles beneath it, will add to its size at an increasing rate.

It does not appear to be possible to render the more rapid descent of the larger particles of fog visible; but a reverse phenomenon may be observed in any glass of effervescing liquid. Thus in a glass of fresh soda-water the larger bubbles will be seen to overtake those which are smaller. In this case, however, the bubbles do not generally combine, and it appears probable that the combining or non-combining of the cloud particles when they encounter plays a very important part in meteorological phenomena. Clouds very often exist without giving rise to rain. This fact must have some cause, and a condition of the particles in which they would not combine on encounter would constitute such a cause. That such a condition does sometimes exist there is evidence to show. It is a matter of common observation that while some fogs deposit moisture on all exposed objects, in other fogs quite as dense the trees and other objects will be perfectly dry; and we also know that under certain conditions small spheres may float on the surface of water without combining, while under other conditions this appears to be impossible.

There is another cause why at times there may be clouds overhead, while no rain reaches the earth. The clouds are raining, but the rain is dried up before it reaches the earth. The evidence of our eyes tells us that this is sometimes the case.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.

Admitting that the more rapid descent of
larger particles in a cloud does cause
gregation, it is still a question how far such
gregation may be sufficient to account for
size of the drops. We may arrive at
ne idea of this. About the densest cloud
can conceive is one which would result
m the cooling of air down from 65° to 32°.
h densities may be attained in summer.
agining a particle to commence its de-
nt in such a cloud, and assuming it to
eep up all the moisture before it, it is a
ple mathematical question at what rate it
uld grow as it fell. We find that the
meter of the drop would grow in propor-
n to the distance fallen through. Thus,
er falling through one thousand feet of such
loud, a drop would have a diameter of the
tenth of an inch; after two thousand feet
eighth, and so on. Now, although diffi-
t to realise, it is well known that clouds
often several miles in thickness, particu-
ly the heavy summer clouds which give
to the larger drops. So that it would
pear there is no difficulty in explaining the
e of drops; the difficulty is to explain why
y should not be sometimes larger than
y are.

This raises the very important question as
what holds the drops
gether? what causes the
rticles in the first instance
take the form of spheres?
ese questions have at-
cted much attention, and
now completely an-
red. They are pheno-
na of what is called capil-
ty. And from these and
er phenomena it has been
nd that the force of co-
ion in liquids has the
ct of holding the liquid
a bag; the surface of the liquid being
a tight membrane, which requires a
tain force to stretch it, and always the
ne force for the same liquid.

In the drops which form on trees during a
it will be seen that when the drop reaches
certain size it will break away from its
chments and fall. This is not because
forces holding it are smaller, but because
strength of the skin of the drop, which is
ficient to sustain its weight when small,
comes insufficient as the size increases.
when a drop is moving through the air
streng th of the skin is sufficient to keep
wall drop together, but not where the drop
more than a certain size; such a drop,
owing to the forces it encounters from the resistance of the air as it descends, breaks up into smaller pieces, as would a large ship if made of the same thickness as the small boats.

We are thus able to explain how it is that the drops are not larger than they are, however great may be the thickness of the cloud. And this completes the explanation of the manner in which raindrops are formed.

It is not, however, only on the simple explanation that they afford that the foregoing conclusions are based; there is not wanting direct proof of their truth.

It has already been mentioned that it was the peculiar shape of hailstones which gave the clue to the solution of the problem. Now it will at once be seen that hailstones possess an advantage over raindrops, inasmuch as they retain evidence of the manner in which they have been constructed; such evidence lies in their shape and texture—neither of which appears to have received much notice until about six years ago, when the author was surprised to find that the ordinary hailstones had a very regular shape, and this not a more or less imperfect sphere, but a definite cone with a rounded base, as shown in the annexed figures.

Fig. 2.—Perfect Hailstone.

Broken Hailstone.

The conical surface of the stone is covered with striæ radiating from the vertex. This form when seen the instant a fair-sized stone is caught on some soft substance, is very striking, but at the distance of the eye from the ground the form may well pass for that of a sphere, especially when the vertex is gone, and this is the part first to melt. This may explain why this form has attracted so little notice. It was in the effort to perceive a reason for this shape that the idea of the aggregation of the cloud particles being due to the more rapid descent of the larger particles first occurred. The shape and texture of the stone suggested with the force of certainty that a particle of ice, which ultimately

formed the vertex of the cone, started to descend from some point within a cloud, which cloud consisted of ice particles, that the falling particle in its descent swept up the particles in front of it, which, sticking to its lower face, added to its size and gave it the conical form.

In large hailstones the texture is much more solid than in the smaller ones, while careful examination shows that the same stone is much firmer towards the base than at the top of the cone, at which the texture is quite loose, so that the point is often broken off in the fall, or blown off in the descent. This increase of firmness towards the lower face is exactly what must result from the increased velocity as the stone increases in size; for as its speed increases the force of the collisions, as it overtakes the frozen cloud particles, must increase, and hence that portion of the stone which is last formed will be the firmest.

The question as to the union of the cloud particles when they encounter rises into great consequence in the case of hailstones. Under what circumstances will particles of ice unite when they encounter? Experience derived from the snowball is sufficient to answer this question. We know that squeezing the snow in the hand will cause it to stick together when at a temperature of 32°, but not when it is lower. The reason for this is well understood, but the fact is sufficient here. It is only at the temperature of 32° that the cloud particles can unite on encounter, so that hail is impossible when the temperature of a cloud is below this point; and this is in strict accordance with the circumstances under which hail is formed, for it never falls during a hard frost.

In order further to test the truth of these conclusions, efforts were made to produce hailstones artificially. It being impossible to experiment on a frozen cloud of sufficient thickness to produce a stone of sensible size, a current of frozen fog was forced through a nozzle so that it emerged into open air in a vertical stream. The fog was produced by an instrument similar to the spray distributor, in which a small jet of water and another of ether were introduced in a jet of air, which caught up and divided the water and ether into fine spray; the ether, by its evaporation, cooled the whole fog thus formed, until the water particles were converted into ice. This blast of cold fog was directed upwards in a vertical direction, and then a small splinter of wood, like the end of a match, was held end downwards in the fog. It was then found that when the quantities of water and ether and the strength of the blast were nicely adjusted, the particles of ice would adhere to the end of the wood and accumulate into a mass, which, not only in the general shape, but in all minute particulars, resembled the actual hailstones. Thus they had the conical form, the rounded base, the striated sides.

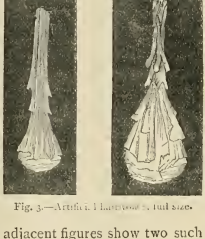


Fig. 3.—Artificial Hailstones, full size.

The adjacent figures show two such stones full size. Hailstones do not usually attain a size of more than a pea or a small nut, but scarcely a year passes but storms occur in which stones as big as a walnut are observed. The occurrence of stones of this size is a proof that but for the want of cohesive strength rain-drops would sometimes also attain a large size.

The difference in the causes which result in hail and snowflakes is also a matter of great interest. The difference between these objects is not only in shape and solidity. The hailstone is an aggregation of small granules without crystalline form, while snow is constituted of beautiful lace-like crystals.

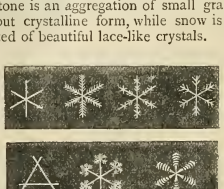


Fig. 4.—Snowflakes.

This difference, which is invariable, at once explains the difference in the shape and texture of the hailstone and snowflake. The snow cloud consisting of individual snow crystals, and the shape of these being such

as to offer the greatest possible resistance to their motion through the air, the descent of these crystals is therefore very slow, and if on encounter they entangle, the subsequent rate of descent is but little accelerated; and even when many crystals have combined to form a single flake their open order is the cause of so much resistance that the descent is very slow. The force of encounter between such flakes is quite a different thing from the encounter between two bodies like the solid particles of ice which constitute the hailstone. There is all the difference between encountering a wicker-basket and a cannon-ball. Nevertheless, although the result is somewhat different, the same process of aggregation goes on, and owing to the comparative slowness of the motion the action may be observed, for in watching a snow-storm the larger flakes may often be seen to overtake and combine with those which are smaller.

A cause may also be assigned for the difference between the solid ice granules which constitute the hailstone and the open lace-like snow crystal. When a cloud of water particles already formed is cooled by subsequent elevation to a temperature below 32°, the fog becomes frozen but the particles retain their spherical shape, and the downfall from such a cloud is hail. But when clear air, at a temperature below 32°, is further cooled, the steam condenses at once into ice, and, as is well known, it is by this mode of condensation that crystals are formed. Both these actions may be seen on a window during a sharp frost. As the window cools its lower portion becomes covered with dew, deposited first in the form of water; as the cooling proceeds this dew becomes frozen into an opaque coating of ice, but without showing any crystalline forms, and thus corresponds to the hail granules. But the dew deposited, particularly on the upper portion of the window, after freezing has commenced, takes the beautiful crystalline shapes so well known, and which correspond in all particulars to the crystals in the snowflake.

This cause for the difference which results in snow and hail fits perfectly to the conditions under which snow and hail are observed to occur. Snow occurs during frosty weather when the general temperature of the air is below 32°. But hail hardly ever falls when the temperature of the lower air is low, and generally when it is high. It is the suddenly formed dense cloud of higher temperature which sends down hail. When a body of heavily saturated air, at a temperature of 60° or 70°, ascends, as it rises it forms into a cloud, three-fourths of its steam being condensed before its temperature falls to 32°. If then no further elevation of the cloud takes place the downfall will be rain; but if the temperature is further lowered, the water particles are frozen into ice particles of the same shape, and it is these frozen spheres which aggregate to constitute hailstones.

SICILIAN DAYS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, Author of "Walks in Rome," etc.

IV.—PALERMO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IT is a most uninteresting railway journey from Girgenti to Palermo, traversing the vast central corn-fields of the sulphur country, where Goethe wished for the winged car of Triptolemus to escape from the uniformity of the scene. From the station of Cerda a diligence runs to Messina, and affords the best means of communication with Cefalu, which is well worth visiting, for the sake of its glorious cathedral, founded (1131) by King Roger, who, when in danger of perishing by shipwreck whilst returning from Calabria to Sicily, vowed that he would build a church wherever he was permitted to land. He came safely to shore at Cefalu, and began the cathedral in the following year. It is a Latin cross of pointed architecture, with a mixture of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Norman details. At the east end are three apses, singularly ornamented with arcades of slender pillars under the cornice. The west front is very plain, with a pillared portico between heavy projecting square towers, and a richly ornamented portal. The interior of the apse and the walls of the sanctuary are covered with mosaics, an army of saints, angels, apostles, prophets, kings, judges, and warriors, with the Saviour in the centre, in glory and benediction. Two white marble thrones at the entrance of the choir are also encrusted with mosaics, that on the right being inscribed "Sedes Episcopalis," that on the left "Sedes Regia." An exquisitely beautiful cloister, with elaborately sculptured

columns and ever-varied capitals, connects the cathedral with the Bishop's Palace. Immediately above rises the cliff, crowned by a Saracenic castle, which occupies the site of the Greek fortress Cephalœdium.

The road to Cefalu passes close to the site of the famous Greek city Himera, where Theron of Agrigentum and Gelon of Syracuse defeated (480 B.C.) the army of Hamilcar, in a victory which was scarcely less celebrated amongst Sicilian Greeks than the contemporary victory of Salamis amongst their brethren on the mainland. But the defeat of his countrymen was cruelly avenged by Hannibal, who captured the town when it was deserted by its Syracusan allies, and sacrificed three thousand of its citizens in cold blood to the memory of his grandfather Hamilcar. The country near this abounds in the manna or Amolleo tree (*Fraxinus ornus*), from which the gum is extracted in summer, a gash being made in the bark in the beginning of July, and renewed daily, as long as it exudes, each tree yielding about half a pound of gum yearly.

The railway reaches the sea at Termini "la splendidissima"—a large town, with several good Renaissance churches and a castle on a height. It derives its name from the Thermae (Himerenses), the warm springs of "potent Himera" which were celebrated by Pindar, and still exist as Bagni di S. Calogero. Hence the line runs near the sea and through gardens to Palermo.

Yet the first approach will give no idea of the wonderfully beautiful situation of the Sicilian capital—"ager non Siciliae modo sed Italiae pulcherrimus," for the town is surrounded by a vast garden of orange and olive trees, which fill the Conca d'Oro, the lovely shell-like plain bounded by the red crags of Monte Pellegrino on the west, and the wooded Capo Zafferana on the east, and backed by Monte Griffone and other dark mountains of rugged outline. The early name of the town, given to it by its Phœnician founders, was Panormus; for the city, even as late as the fourteenth century, presented an entirely different aspect from that which we now see; it was "all harbour." The sea, which penetrated the town in two gulfs divided by a peninsula, reached almost to the cathedral, now far inland, and the city was divided into three wards, each with walls of its own. Gradually the harbours became filled up by deposits from the rivers Oreto and Papireto, and the modern Palermo, for the most part, occupies what was once the bed of the sea. Such are the geographical changes, that though Panormus was important both in Carthaginian and Roman times, no memorials of them remain, except the statues and inscriptions in the Museum. In A.D. 835, the town was made the Saracenic capital under the name of Bulirma, and it still retains some traces of Arabian palaces (though of later date than that of the Saracens in Sicily), and commemorates the Saracenic rule in their names, and in that of its little harbour—La Cala. But its greatest prosperity was due to its brief line of Norman rulers, the great Count Roger, and the Kings Roger, and William the First and Second, and to these sovereigns it owes its finest buildings. The town is still divided into its four ancient quarters—Loggia, Albergaria, Kalsa, and Capo.

The Hotel Trinacria, which is well known to all Sicilian travellers, but which is fast losing the good reputation of many years, looks down upon the promenade of La Marina, extending along the sea-shore, with noble views of Monte Pellegrino on one side, and Capo Zafferana on the other. Desolate and gloomy in winter, it resounds with music late into the summer nights, when its walk is crowded by the lower orders, and its drive by carriages filled with the Sicilian ladies, whose beauty is so greatly extolled—

> "Gli occhi stellanti, e le serene ciglia,
> La bella bocca angelica, di perle
> Piena, e di rose, e di dolce parole."

From the Marina, the Porta Felice leads into the town, always left open at the top, that the high-towered car of Santa Rosalia may pass through at her festival. This gate opens upon the main street of Palermo, which, like the chief thoroughfare of every other large South Italian town, has received the name of Corso Vittorio Emmanuele since the Sardinian occupation, yet will always be remembered by its historic Saracenic name of Cassaro, from Cassr, or Alcazar, the Moorish palace to which it led. This, and its cross street of Macqueda, intercept a labyrinth of featureless alleys, but are themselves lined by stately houses, with bold cornices and innumerable iron balconies, recalling the Toledo of Naples. The ground floors are almost always used for the mean-looking shops, of which the fronts, Eastern-fashion, are generally an open arch. The first floor is the "piano nobile," or family residence; the second and third floors are usually let in lodgings; and, above all, wooden lattices

are often seen, belonging to convents frequently far in the background, but arranged to allow the nuns, themselves unseen, to look down on all that is going on. Here and there a church breaks the line of houses, plain enough externally, but covered internally with Sicilian jaspers, of which there are fifty-four varieties—rich to a fault. The Cassaro is the only street in Palermo which is at all crowded. Travellers who have visited the eastern and southern coasts of Sicily have plenty of opportunity of observing here the change to an inferior race—from the frank, free-spoken, honest peasantry of the other side of the island, to a grovelling, idle, begging, vicious population like that of Naples.

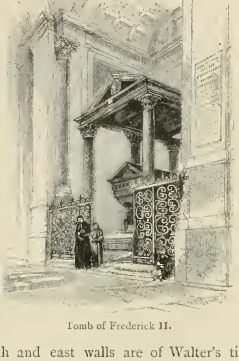
On the right, where a street opens towards the pretty little harbour of La Cala (from the Arabic word Kalah—a hollow), is the charming brown Renaissance portico of S. Maria della Catena, built in the end of the sixteenth century by the sons of Antonio Gagini, the great sculptor of Palermo. The name is derived from the fact that the chain which secured the mouth of the harbour in former times was attached to the building; but tradition ascribes it to the story that three criminals, being sheltered in the porch on their way to execution, were miraculously delivered here from their chains in answer to prayer, and that King Martin (1392), recognising the power of the Madonna, granted them a free pardon. On the other side of the street is the pretty public garden of Piazza Marina, with the Palazzo dei Tribunali frowning down upon it—a grand building, half Saracenic, half Norman—founded in the beginning of the fourteenth century upon the site of the Moorish palace of Khalesa, and long used as a residence for the Viceroys.

Farther down the Cassaro we see the sun streaming into a small piazza on the left, and lighting up the immense Fontana Pretoriana, nearly filling up the narrow space, and adorned with a crowd of statues of almost too delicate workmanship, executed for Don Pedro di Toledo by the best Florentine sculptors of the sixteenth century. Just behind is the curious church of La Martorana, or S. Maria dell' Ammiraglio, built, 1143, by Georgios Antiochenus, emir or admiral to King Roger, and first noble in Sicily—"protonobilissimus"—but afterwards united to a convent endowed by Aloisia Martorana, whence the name. The church exhibits the mixed style of Greek, Saracenic, and Gothic architecture which existed under the early Norman kings, though the Greek in this case predominates. The original plan was a square with apses at the east end, covered with a cupola supported by pillars, but additions have since been made at each extremity, and the church has been united to an ancient belfry belonging to another building, of which the lower story is a porch with pointed arches; the second story Saracenic, with windows surrounded by the Saracenic billet; the upper story French Norman. The original square of the interior is exactly marked out by the ancient pavement: its pillars are of marble taken from earlier buildings. The upper part of the walls is covered with mosaics; the lower, as at St. Mark's at Venice, depends for its decoration upon the slabs of marble and porphyry with which it is clothed. Two of the mosaics, of the date of the church, are very curious. One represents Georgios Antiochenus at the feet of the Virgin, who holds a scroll recommending the founder to mercy, enumerating his claims, and inscribed at the bottom, "The Prayer of George the Admiral." In the other, the Saviour is Himself crowning King Roger, who is represented in the Byzantine costume, and wears the Dalmatian tunic, a strictly ecclesiastical garment, to show that the kings of Sicily were, what Urban II. made them, hereditary apostolical legates, and therefore at the head of the Church in the island. The inscription, "Rogerius Rex," is in Greek letters. This inestimable church was given up in 1880 to "restorers," who have since worked carefully, though with great destruction of picturesqueness and interest, as well as of the ancient "patina" upon its marbles. The neighbouring church of S. Cataldo, built only eighteen years later, retains its original form—a Greek square and cupola, and its ancient pillars and inlaid pavement.

Passing the Piazza Quattro Cantoni, decorated by four fountains, where the Via Macqueda, a relic of Spanish rule, crosses the Cassaro, we soon reach the Piazza del Duomo. A crowd of statues of holy or distinguished natives—bishops, popes, and sainted virgins—surrounds the enclosure in front of the cathedral, which, though it wants dignity of outline, is beautiful in the golden colour of its stone, and splendid in the richness of its Saracenic-Norman-Sicilian decoration, the apse especially being quite barbaric in its magnificence.

The older parts of the cathedral (of S. Rosalia) were built in 1169 by an English archbishop—Walter of the Mill (Gualterius

Offamilius), who pulled down an earlier church which had been used for a mosque. But only the crypt and a portion of the



Tomb of Frederick II.

south and east walls are of Walter's time, the rest has been rebuilt at different dates. The pillars of the beautiful fifteenth-century porch are relics of the mosque, and bear Cuphic texts from the Koran. Within is the proud inscription, "Prima sedes, corona regis, et regni caput," bearing witness to the choice of Palermo as the capital of the island. The interior was modernised by Ferdinando Fuga in the eighteenth century, and contains little of interest except the tombs of the Norman kings, which are one of the most interesting groups of royal sepulchres in the world. At the back of the second chapel is the monument of King Roger—"mighty duke and first king of Sicily"—the wisest moparch of his time, the poet-philosopher, who "did more sleeping than any other man waking," and whose beneficent rule was the golden age in the history of the island. His porphyry sarcophagus, supported by kneeling Saracens, was brought from the cathedral of Cefalu (where Roger had intended to be buried) by Frederick II. In the first chapel, on a line with her father's tomb, is that of his daughter Constantia, mother of Frederick II., who brought Sicily by marriage to the house of Hohenstaufen. In front of Constantia rests her husband, the Emperor Henry VI., the cruel and hated "King of Sicily," who died at Messina under a sentence of excommunication from Cel tine III., which was removed to allow of burial. In front of King Roger stands sarcophagus (also brought from Cefalu) his grandson, the great Frederick II., w died at Castel Fiorentino, in Apulia, Dec. 1250. It was opened in 1342, when the be of the Emperor was found wrapped in robe which had been given by the Saraco to the Emperor Otho IV., when they want him to assist them. On the right is ancient sarcophagus containing the rema of Constantia II. of Aragon, the unhap first wife of the Emperor Frederick II. the left, against the wall, is the white marl sarcophagus of William, Duke of Athe son of Frederick II. of Aragon: his figu is represented in a Dominican robe, and epitaph asks the prayers of the faithful.

Beyond the Duomo is the great sun-bu Piazza Vittoria, one side of which is occupi by the Palazzo Reale, filling the site of t Saracenic palace, but possessing nothi older than Norman times. Its first floor co tains the unique and beautiful Cappella Pa tina of King Roger, finished in 1142 in t mixed style of the early Norman kings, bo Greek and Saracen architects being e ployed in the work. Though only measuri eighty-six feet by forty, this loveliest of chapc has all the features of a large church—nav side aisles, and three apses. It is of Lat form, with a Greek cupola. The pillars a of granite or marble from other building The roof, after the Saracenic manner, is wood, the central roses or stars being divide by inscriptions in Cuphic characters, b ing a repetition of the inscription on t royal robe wrought for King Roger by th Saracens of Sicily, which was carried off I Henry VI., and afterwards used as the cor nation-robe ("the Nuremberg robe") of th German emperors. The mosaics, so splend in their general effect, are inferior in det to those of Cefalu, and have been mo injured by injudicious "restorations;" y the glorious peacock colour of the walls, th subdued light falling through the dome int the dark church, with clouds of incense ar rich vestments of priests, produce an eccl siastical *coup-d'œil* unequalled in Italy. A inscription outside the door, recording th erection of a clock by King Roger (at time when clocks were great rarities), interesting, because the three language in equal use at that time—Greek, Arabi and Latin—are employed. On the secon floor of the palace is the Sala Normann (also of the time of King Roger), of whic

the angles are decorated by small marble pillars, while the coved ceiling and walls blaze with mosaics representing wild animals and hunting scenes.

The quaint little domes, which rise in the

La Zisa.

hollow below the palace, belong to the church of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, also built by King Roger, who wrote to ask for monks for its monastery from William, superior of the Hermits of Monte Vergine, whence the name. In his diploma of 1148, he grants the buildings to the monastery (Sancti Johannis) "for the love of God, and the salvation of our mother; and our father, the great Count Roger; of the most serene Duke Robert Guiscard, our uncle of most revered memory; and also for the welfare of our consort, the Queen Elvira, of most blessed remembrance." Though erected for Christian worship as late as 1132, this building, constructed by Arabian workmen, is as much a mosque as any in Africa. The church is nearly intact. Its form is a Latin cross. Four of its five cupolas remain. There are three apses, of which the northernmost is united to the quadrangular tower, which has a tiny cupola of its own.

We have now visited the principal curiosities of Palermo, but those who stay long will find much to interest them in remains of Gothic palaces in the smaller streets, and in churches which frequently have pictures by the native artists Antonello and Pietro Novelli. But the best works by these artists are collected in the Museum, which also contains the highly curious metopes from Selinunto, many grand fragments from Tyndaris, Himera, and Solunto; and one of the celebrated bronze rams from Syracuse, which were brought thither from Constantinople, and turning on pivots, served to show the direction of the wind, which, pouring through their mouths, produced a sound like bleating.

The semi-Saracenic remains of palaces are all outside the town. About a quarter of a mile to the right from the Porta Nuova at the end of the Cassaro is La Zisa, a lofty tower built of large ashlar stones, with an inscription in Cuphic characters round its parapet, proclaiming that "Europe is the glory of the world, Italy of Europe, Sicily of Italy, and the adjacent garden the pride of Sicily." On the ground-floor is a little open hall, having three recesses covered with honeycomb decorations like those of the Alhambra, with mosaics of huntsmen and peacocks on the walls, and in the central recess a fountain whose waters stream through a channel across the floor. The name La Zisa is an Italianized version of the Arabic name of "El Aziz," or "Glory," given to the palace by its founder, William the Bad, whose habits and manners were those of an Arabian emir, and whose love of everything Moorish so endeared him to his Saracenic subjects, that when he died the streets were filled with Saracenic women clothed in sackcloth and with dishevelled hair, lamenting him in loud cries and funeral songs, which they accompanied with their tambourines.

The straight road from the Porta Nuova leads in a few minutes to La Cuba, a Saracenic palace, erected by the Norman king William II. in 1182. It is an oblong building decorated with pointed panels, and, like La Zisa, it has a parapet surrounded by a Cuphic inscription. Its little court has a recess with Moorish honeycomb work. It was here that Gianni di Procida found his lost love in the palace of Frederick II., as is picturesquely narrated by Boccaccio. La Cuba is now a barrack, and the greater portion of its gardens, whose glories are described by Fazellus, has disappeared. The part which remains on the other side of the road contains the small vaulted pavilion called La Cubola, perhaps the most perfect Saracenic remnant in Sicily. Four pointed arches of ashlar-work support a small cupola over what was once a fountain.

If we continue to follow the high road from hence, we shall soon come to the winding way constructed by the philanthropic Archbishop Testa, bordered by aloes, with foun-

tains and seats at intervals, which leads up from the Conca d'Oro to the little town of

La Cubola.

Monreale, crowned by its cathedral, the latest work of the Norman kings, which, built in obedience to a vision, as that of Cefalu to a vow, is the noblest ecclesiastical building in Sicily, and in many respects unrivalled in the world.

King William II., whilst hunting here in the forest, fell asleep under a tree, and the Virgin, appearing to him, bade him build a church to her honour on the spot. He obeyed, and erected the glorious church and the Benedictine monastery of Monte Reale—the "Royal Mount." In 1182 Monreale was made a cathedral by Pope Lucius III., who said, "the like of this church hath not been constructed by any being even from ancient times, and it is such as must compel all men to admiration." The see of Monreale was raised to an archbishopric at the instance of the kaid, or chancellor, Matteo d'Ajello, who was anxious thus to indulge his spite against his political rival, Walter of the Mill, Archbishop of Palermo.

This cathedral, as Gally Knight observes, is perhaps the most remarkable example of the mixture of styles which existed in Sicily under the Norman kings. It is of Latin form, with a Roman colonnade, Byzantine mosaics, Greek sculpture, and Saracenic and Norman details. The exterior is exceedingly plain, except the eastern apses, which are covered with small pillars and interlacing arches; the north porch, which has grand bronze doors of the twelfth century by the same Barisano di Trani who made the doors of Trani and Ravello; and the west porch, which has bronze doors decorated in 1586 with subjects from Old Testament history by Bonanno da Pisa.

Truly glorious is the interior. Single pillars support long lines of arches, and the walls are covered by golden-grounded mosaics, the general effect of which is subdued by time into a purple haze. The central point in these pictured walls is the colossal figure of the Saviour in the apse. His right hand is raised in blessing, in His left he holds an open book, on which "I am the Light of the world" is written in Greek and Latin. Thus His divine attributes are represented: below His humanity is recalled by the Child on the knees of His mother. St. Peter and St. Paul guard the sides of the apse. The corners of the choir are occupied by patriarchs and prophets, with scenes from the New Testament below relating to the life of our Saviour: the transepts and aisles are covered by Old Testament history. Between the arches of the nave are medallions of saints. The royal and episcopal thrones in the choir are of porphyry and marble, with bands of rich mosaic. Over the king's seat is the figure of the Redeemer laying His hand upon the head of the royal founder, William II., who is attired in the same dalmatica in which King Roger is portrayed at the Martorana. Above the bishop's throne the founder offers his church to the Virgin.

In the right transept are the tombs of William I. (the "Bad") and William II. (the "Good"). Originally William I. was buried with his family in S. Maria Maddalena in

The Cloister, Monreale.

Palermo, but he was removed hither by his son to the new foundation. His porphyry sarcophagus had once a canopy like that of his father Roger in Palermo, but it was destroyed in a fire of 1811. William II., the founder, who died in 1189, aged thirty-six, had only a miserable tomb of brick till 1575, when Archbishop Lodovico Torres removed his remains, at his own expense, to the white marble sarcophagus which they now occupy. In the opposite transept is a sarcophagus containing the entrails of St. Louis, who died of the plague at Tunis, erected by the Viceroy Duca di Alcala—"affinitate conjunctus, conjunctior religione." Another sarcophagus contains the remains of Queen Margaret of Navarre, wife of William the Bad, and regent during the infancy of William the Good.

Palermo from S. Maria di Gesu.

The magnificent cloister of the convent is surrounded by pointed arches, resting on coupled columns, often encrusted with mosaics in varying patterns, with ever-different classical capitals of marvellous beauty condensing the religion and poetry of their age. At one corner is a fountain in a little arcaded court, thoroughly Saracenic in character—"as of a monastic Alhambra."

A winding path of several miles leads from Monreale to the desolate unfinished Benedictine convent of S. Martino delle Scale, founded, amid barren mountains, by Gregory the Great, but with no buildings older than the last century. On this excursion women with kilted petticoats and white mantas may often be met coming down from Piano dei Greci, an Albanian settlement, where Greek is still the language.

It is well worth while to ascend Monte Pellegrino, which closes in the western side of the bay of Palermo. The ascent, impracticable for carriages, is by steep paved zigzags, supported on arches. The path through the grand red precipices is generally most desolate, only a few goats are looking for cytizus amongst the rocks, and gendarmes are often sent from the foot of the hill to follow strangers for their protection. After passing a gate in the rock, the view beyond the promontory becomes visible, with the western sea framed in mountains. At 1474 feet above the sea, jammed amongst the rocks under the shoulder of the hill, is the shrine of S. Rosalia and the hermitage where

"Far from the youth of Sicily
St. Rosalie retired to God."

Beyond a church is the sacred grotto, hewn out of the rock, where the noble maiden Rosalia, niece of King Roger, is said to have passed many years of her life in devotion, and to have died in 1166. Here, surrounded by a host of lamps, is a beautiful figure of the sainted girl by the Florentine sculptor Gregorio Tedeschi. An angel fans her with a lily; all around are votive offerings of jewels and other valuables. Water trickles out of the rock on all sides, and the network of bluish green tubes arranged to catch it gives, as Goethe observes, the appearance of being overgrown by cactus to this wonderfully picturesque cavern. The festival of the saint lasts from July 11 to 15, when the whole population of Palermo swarm up the mountain to visit her grotto. At the time of the festa the streets of Palermo have all the appearance of a pagan saturnalia, for the Sicilians, careless about religion in other respects, carry the worship of their especial saints to the wildest excess.

The remains of a beacon tower stand on the highest point of Monte Pellegrino, the ancient Ercte, where, in the First Punic War, Hamilcar Barca established a camp which he was able to hold for three years in spite of all the efforts of the Romans to dislodge him. Polybius has left an accurate description of the mountain, with its rough and craggy precipices, its three possible means of approach, and its wide-spreading view. In the distance the volcanic island of Ustica is visible.

If we leave Palermo on the other side, the south-east, we shall come, not half a mile from the walls, to the now dry bridge of many arches, called Ponte dell' Ammiraglio from its builder, the great emir or admiral, George Antiochenus, in 1113. It crosses the ancient bed of the Oreto (of which the course is now changed), in which Goethe hunted for pebbles with his artist companion Kniep. It was between the river and the city that Caecilius Metellus gained that decisive battle over the army of Hasdrubal, which gave the Metelli an elephant for their arms. A little farther is the church of S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, built by Robert Guiscard on the spot where his afterwards victorious army first encamped before Palermo. Its external walls and its little cupola are original. The name is derived from a hospital for lepers once attached to the church, but now pulled down. In this neighbourhood are the remains of the Moorish palace of La Favara, sometimes called Mare Dolce, from the freshwater lake, which has now almost disappeared, but from which it once rose in an island covered with orange-trees. The Moorish palace was probably used by King Roger II., and a tiny chapel with a cupola is of his time: the Emperor Henry VI. also made it his residence. The chief existing remains are the three arches of the vaults for steam baths, in which the ancient water-channels and the chimneys for letting off smoke and steam still exist. Nothing is left of the lovely surroundings of La Favara, of which many poetic descriptions are handed down to us, especially that of the Sicilian Arab Abderrahman, who extols "the lakelet of the twin palms, the island where the spacious palace stands, the transparent waters in which the great fishes are swimming, the ripe oranges burning like fire," &c.

A little farther in this direction is the village of S. Maria di Gesu, where a modern cemetery occupies the terraces near an ancient church founded by the Blessed Matteo di Girgenti, whose embalmed body reposes within, and, according to an inscription, has been known to rise and adore the host during mass. The ancient cypress avenue of the Minorite Convent, which winds up the lower slope of the mountain, has exquisite views of Palermo and Monte Pellegrino, and with its broken balustrades and remnants of monastic statues, should on no account be neglected by artists. One may return from hence to Palermo by the Torre de' Diavoli, a picturesque building of the Aragonese ki in the glen of the Oreto, and the Church S. Spirito, founded by the English ar bishop, Walter of the Mill. As the chu bell was ringing here for vespers on Eas Tuesday, 1282, an insult offered to a Sicil maiden during the popular festa by Drouet, a Frenchman, led to the gene massacre of the French, called the "Sicil Vespers." The foreigners, if there was doubt about them, were detected by obse ing their pronunciation of the word "*cice* "vetches," a test similar to that of "Shib leth," instituted by Jephthah on the slaugh of the Ephraimites.

A longer excursion must be made Bagheria and Solunto, easily accomplished the day either by carriage or rail. Baghe the Richmond of Palermo, presents the m curious mixture of grandeur and misery, most lavish ornament having been expen on buildings, afterwards left to utter dec Grand arched gateways lead to neglect cypress avenues with roads scarcely pr ticable for a cart. The palaces of the nobil with few exceptions, have moss-grown cou dry fountains, barred-up windows, and fall roofs, and this dilapidation is now greatly the increase, owing to the equal division property. Perhaps the most characteris villa is that of Prince Palagonia Gravina climax of architectural absurdity, having garden filled with hundreds of caricatures sculpture, which have been described in ve by Giovanni Meli, and to which Goet furious as he was at them, has devoted of his longest letters from Sicily.

Just beyond the great church and the r way station of S. Flavia, a gate in a wall mits travellers to a private road leading up heights to the remains of Solunto or Sol a Phœnician colony which afterwards beca a dependency of Carthage. The great ex vations which have been made here h opened to view whole streets of small hou like those of Pompeii, a gymnasium rat like the Temple of Castor and Pollux Girgenti in miniature, and various ot ruins. The situation is exquisitely beauti and the views across the broad terra streets of ruined buildings to the wild heig of Monte Griffone, and the varied windi of the coast, are scarcely surpassed by a thing in Sicily. Delightful walks thro the prickly pears and palmetto lead to crest of the hill, below which the farth promontory of Capo Zafferana juts boldly seawards.

Ere this article appears, another and m

important excursion from Palermo will have been rendered easy by the railway to Trapani, that to the great Temple of Segeste, which is within little more than an hour's ride of Calatafimi. The country is wild in the extreme, and long before reaching it the yellow majestic and desolate ruins of the temple are seen rising on a barren eminence surrounded by loftier mountains. It is a temple in a wilderness. At the foot of the hill on which it stands runs the Gaggera, originally called the Scamander, in recollection of the famous stream near Troy, for the city of Segesta, originally Egesta, is said to have been founded by Trojan fugitives. The ruins of a theatre have been excavated, but nothing remains of the town, whose relief, in its quarrels with Selinus, was the original object of the great Athenian expedition to Sicily, though it was almost forgotten in the still more important struggle with Syracuse.

Volunt

RECENT ADVANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

FEW people know how great a change the last two years have wrought in the practice of photography. The whole method of taking negatives has been completely altered by the advent of a new process, of which the key word is "gelatine."

This gelatine is the medium for holding in suspension the sensitive salts, and it gives very valuable qualities to the image. Objects, hitherto completely beyond the grasp of photography, have now been brought within its reach by the wonderful rapidity of exposure, rendered possible by this most marvellous process. We read with amazement of the photographs of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, taken instantaneously by Messrs. Wratten & Wainwright, of London, showing the rival boats rowing at full speed; again of the wonderful feat of Mr. Gale in his catching the image of the swallow on the wing, we are astonished at a series of views lately taken by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, depicting some military athletic sports—these photographs representing flat and hurdle races, horse vaulting, and horizontal bar exercise; one of the last of these, in which a performer is actually in the act of dropping from the bar to the ground, his photograph having been taken while he was in mid-air, and in so short a space of time as to represent him as motionless, being perhaps one of the most interesting; and now our very breath is taken away, when we see in the papers that the train known as the "Flying Dutchman" has been successfully photographed while tearing along at sixty miles an hour. What will be the next surprise, it is hard to guess; perhaps we shall see photographs of the eighty-one ton gun being discharged, with the cannon ball in the act of leaving its mouth; who can tell?

But to resume, it must be obvious to any one, that in order to take rapidly moving objects, the exposure of the photographic plate in the camera must be very brief indeed. Even for comparatively slowly moving objects, such as pedestrians and shipping scenes, the exposure must not, as a rule, exceed one-twentieth of a second, and such things as express trains require exposures of as short duration as one-five-hundredth part of a second, or even less. A few years ago it would have been impossible to produce any image at all on plates so very briefly exposed, and it is only the advent of the "gelatino-bromide emulsion" process that has rendered it possible. Very rapid gelatine plates are now a marketable commodity, and can be procured of a comparative sensitive-

ness to light, ranging from one to fifty times the rapidity of the old wet collodion method. That is, in a light where a wet plate would require fifty seconds exposure in the camera, a rapid gelatine plate would require only one second's exposure.

This wonderful advance in the chemistry of photography has put quite a new power in the hands of photographers, both amateur and professional, and thanks to it, and to the excellent instantaneous shutters now to be bought, instantaneous photographs of moving objects have become quite easy to take.

It is not, however, only in instantaneous photography that gelatine has left its mark. It is equally applicable to all branches of the art, both to portraiture and to landscape photography. Most professional photographers now use it to take infants and animals, and for ordinary portraits on dull days, and some have even gone the length of entirely abandoning in its favour the older process of wet collodion. Colonel Stuart Wortley, whose marine photographs are well known, in a recent photographic tour round the world, took with him nothing but gelatine plates, and has reported most favourably of the process, both in different climates and as applied to different kinds of subjects.

To tourists and amateurs the process especially recommends itself, for as the prepared plates will keep without deterioration for months before and after exposure, the photographer need not carry with him any chemicals at all, but only his box of plates, his camera, lens, and tripod.

The great rapidity of gelatine has also rendered it possible to take portraits in ordinary sitting-rooms, and even by artificial light. The London Stereoscopic Company have fitted up their studio with the electric light, and with it take excellent photographs. Mr. Laws, of Newcastle, employs gas for the same purpose, and numerous photographers throughout the country employ these and other kinds of artificial light, as an aid to, or a substitute for, daylight during the dark winter months. People going to fancy dress balls can thereby be photographed on their way to the place of entertainment, and thus be saved the trouble of again dressing on purpose to be taken; and more than one enterprising photographer has even established himself in the same building as the ball-room, and taken portraits and groups of the dancers in the intervals between the dances.

Another recent photographic discovery is the platinotype method of printing. Most, if not all people have bitter remembrances of what were once beautiful photographs, but which now, alas! are but sickly, yellow, and faded phantoms of their former selves. The instability of ordinary silver prints on albumenized paper is well known, and is a defect unhappily inherent to the process, at least experience seems to prove it so. A new method of printing is, however, to be found in the platinotype process of Mr. Willis. It is based on the reasonable assumption that a picture in platinum must be permanent, as platinum is one of the most unalterable and stable of metals. Mr. Willis's first care was to find some ready agent to reduce the metal, which he wished to form the base of his pictures. After many experiments, he discovered that a solution of ferrous oxalate in neutral potassic oxalate, precipitated the metal from ordinary platinum chloride. The platinum being thus reduced to its metallic condition, the next step was to coat paper with platinum chloride and ferric oxalate. When exposed to light under a negative, and subsequently immersed in a hot solution of potassic oxalate, the metal is reduced in proportion corresponding to the action of the light. The picture now only requires to be washed in slightly acidulated water, and it is finished.

The prints produced by this process are exceedingly beautiful, and have, moreover, been found to resist destructive tests under which silver prints would have completely disappeared. From their cold tone and flat surface they have somewhat the appearance of finely executed steel engravings, and are therefore considered by artists and other critics superior to the glossy surface of ordinary prints on albumenized paper. The public, however, who have become accustomed to the brown tones and gloss of the latter, do not as yet seem to favour the new process, at any rate in any great degree. Public taste, however, is an article of very plastic mould, and we shall neither be surprised nor sorry to find that in a few years the platinotype process has not only worked its way into popular favour, but has nearly superseded every other kind of silver and carbon printing, except for subjects whose special nature may still be favourable to the employment of one or other of the older processes.

Photography will then be completely revolutionized, and instead of with silver and collodion, the proofs and negatives of the day will be printed and taken with platinum and gelatine.

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

SOCIAL PLAGUES.

CORRESPONDENTS.

STEALTHILY, as a conspirator, in the first watch of the night, I return to what is, by a bitter mockery, called an Englishman's castle—his house; unknown to creditor or friend, in the dull season, confiding only, under pledge of secrecy, in one blood-relation and an indispensable cook, with another illusory hope of a month's peace. Like a spent swimmer tossed ashore on a bed of nettles, I find my table littered with letters thick as the Vallambrosa leaves. I recoil with a shudder, like Coupeau from his bottle in the last act of *L'Assommoir;* but they clamour for audience, and one may announce an unexpected inheritance. Alas! thus run the opening sentences of a half handful:—"We request your attention to our account as rendered." "I rely on your candour to give me a frank opinion of the enclosed verses, and on your kindness, if you think they have merit, to get them inserted in *Good Words* or the *Cornhill*." "I am an applicant." "Accompanying this is a copy of a little book," &c. "The unfortunate circumstances in which I am placed will, no doubt, lead you to overlook this intrusion on your valuable time." "You may remember me as a former unsuccessful candidate, and could you again, on this occasion, exert your influential influence on my behalf?" "We are building a new mission-house under difficulties, and getting up a series of gratis lectures." "Referring to our communications of the 7th June and 17th July unanswered, we desire to inform you that further delay of MS. will be prejudicial to your interests as well as ours." "We beg to remind you of your over-due subscription to our Association for the Extension of the Franchise to Imbeciles. On the question of your joining us, we have taken your silence for consent." "Our club having agreed to make you a referee on the disputed point as regards the reading of the line in Lyndesay's 'Squire Meldrum,'" &c. "We request your attendance at a meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Vice." "Take notice, you have rendered yourself liable"—here follow the "sweet amenities" of the tax-gatherer.

The wisest remark I recall is, that half the business of the wise is to undo the mischief done by the good. Unfortunately it is often irremediable. Rowland Hill was, like Robespierre, a well-meaning and kind-hearted man; but of the two he has proved to be the greater malefactor and enemy of his race. The French philanthropist only cut off the heads of a few thousands of people—many of whom probably did not deserve to live—in one age and country, and, aided by another philanthropist—who made his bed and lay in it—he did this in a peculiarly merciful way. The English philanthropist, by his practices and example, will continue to be the source of untold torment to generations to come, in all the regions of the habitable earth. His work has not followed him; it follows us, it haunts us everywhere, and spreads over the world like the American weed.

Doubtless Gutenberg began the evil course. There were books enough in the days of Solomon; but we are not bound to read books. Not to read letters requires a genius like that of a great writer and great visitor, who, being reminded by his host of a neglected heap, replied, "I need not open these, it would only hurt my feelings; they are from my daughters, and it is always the same story; they are starving!" It even implies some strength of purpose, or the nerve, now nine, inspired by desperation, not to answer letters.

The gravamen of the charge against Sir Rowland—the sin for the suspected capacity of which he would have been in the Platonic state, at his birth, suppressed—is, that he has not merely invented a new iniquity, like the railroad or the telephone, but that he has abused and distorted one of the past pleasures into one of the prime pests of our existence. The communication of thought or fact by postage may, when attended by some degree of difficulty, be amusing, or even instructive. In old days people only wrote letters when they had something to say, or to gain, worth a little enterprise; they gave a fair amount of attention to express themselves when they had to risk outlay for the chance of being read. The letters of France are the most lively and interesting records extant of certain phases of continental, especially of feminine history, habits, and social life. In our own country, we have, from those of the Paston family to the masterpieces of Baron, many volumes of vigorous English,

the best of which are invaluable. Sir Rowland and his accomplices have, at one swoop, destroyed this whole branch of our literature. The art of letter-writing, no longer cultivated, is being rapidly lost; already, by haste and thrift, it has become utterly vulgarised. Ten centimes and ten minutes of his worthless time are all that the most absurd creature who can dip his pen in ink requires to inflict himself on any one unprotected by a secretary; and, as if this were not enough, he is "by the card" invited publicly to insult the most eminent persons in the kingdom, for a cent. It is not in nature to resist such inducements to vice; consequently the worse half of the world goes writing to the better half—the bulk from stupidity or conceit, the baser sort for aggrandisement. Drunkards and paupers apart, give any one a penny and he or she—most certainly she—will put it on a letter. Nor age, nor rank, nor sex, nor misfortune, nor infirmity protects, and to have attained the humblest known position is to be the butt of every scribbler who can by any possibility ascertain your past, present, or future address. 'Tis a motive more powerful than George Warrington's to remain utterly obscure. At the risk of being accused of an analytic mania, we must point out that correspondents belong to two great classes.

I. The first are, in a sense, DISINTERESTED; they write, as great talkers talk, not so much to be admired for their much speaking, as to relieve a mental restlessness, proceeding, according to Burton, from "some imposthume of the brain," and most of what they have to say is, save for wasted time, mere harmless chatter. Representative letters of this sort are those of school-girls, who

> "Sitting on one cushion,
> Both warbling of one song, *both in one key*,"

have contracted an unalterable and everlasting friendship, to break up suddenly when Lysander comes between Helena and Hermia, or fade, through years, into non-recognition when Agatha keeps her carriage and Agnes rides in an omnibus. Other varieties are:—many-paged discussions of religion, metaphysical twaddle, or literary platitude, by students who have no power of speech,—in reading which we constantly exclaim, "Who would have thought the dull fellow had so much gush in him?" descriptions of scenery on return from the Coolans or the Campsies, by people who cannot drink the fresh air and hold their tongues; sketches of character that no magazine will print; political ideas to which no Daily will commit itself. Their authors write letters, as poetasters write verses, because they have nothing better to do. Their correspondence is a mere vent for the incontinence that sees on the table of every acquaintance the sign, "rubbish shot here. Between equals it must be endured, or rebutted by silence or the enviable reputation of an unsympathetic character. From the molestation of the class of secretaries to "Lecture associations," &c., who write to notes where, on a simple matter of business one would suffice, there is no release save in the resolve to have, in future, nothing to do with them.

II. INTERESTED, or self-seeking, correspondents may be at once distinguished by the fact of their letters categorically requiring an answer, many of them adding the impudence of an enclosed postage-stamp, which sensitive consciences are unwilling to retain. They, in turn, are of four distinct kinds united only in their common aim to push themselves by pestering their neighbours.

(*a.*) Those who write for *Direct Gain*, and demand hard cash; the epistolary beggar, including the tribe of Joseph Adie, who live by obtaining money on false pretences. The arena of their depredations is wide, their appeals being addressed to all persons supposed—often, *me teste*, most erroneously—to have a few pounds or pence to spare. Some already fall under the law; the rest should be dealt with according to the straight rules of Anti-Mendicity—professing to be also anti-mendacity—Societies. General the dupes of imposture deserve to pa But there are cases hard to handle, the chi being those of the *Poor Relation*, of the a complished exile, and of the honest woma temporarily destitute. The first has be limned by the gentlest and subtlest humori of our century, and "in that circle none da walk but he." Who has not bled benea the lance of the *Begging Foreigner*, and end by handing him over to some of his frienc or to the police? He flatters by writing you, as to a Mezzofanti, in a language you i perfectly understand; humours your politi for which—whatever they may be—he h suffered martyrdom; and touches you by t pathetic situation of a learned man, "like yo self," reduced to search for the means of dinner or a coat. The *Begging-Woman*, when adept at her art, is the most dangerous of a you are amazed at her English style, and wo der how her graphic powers have been tained amid her grinding toils. Her profe sion, in fact, is letter-writing, in which, inspir by the genius of theft, as Jessie Mclauchl

by the instinct of self-preservation, she rivals the vividness of Defoe. You have, at some time or other, unfortunately employed her: circumstances having led to a change of residence, she addresses you from a distance, the extremity of distress alone constraining her to take advantage of your former kindness. She has, till now, at least, kept a respectable roof over her head, and over a sick child, left behind by the brutal husband who abandoned her; but during the last three months everything has gone wrong. In the recess, her patrons are out of town; her debtors have become insolvent; day after day she has been putting off the bailiffs, they will wait no longer, and if her last resource, "your generous heart," fails to send £5 to-morrow, her "poor sticks" must go. She will receive your remittance, of course, only as a loan. Would it not be well, by way of a show without reality of work, to attach to the Chiltern Hundreds the secretaryship of an Office for the Registration of Returned Loans? Other monetary drains are the duns for "*subscriptions*" or "*donations*" to churches or "causes." As to these, if you are so minded, give what you can afford at the time, but, as you know not what a day may bring forth, never saddle yourself with an annual blister.

(*b.*) Those who want *Promotion*, and expect you to devote your whole life indirectly to their advancement. The subtler forms of epistolary aggression are, in many respects, the more obnoxious, because there is in our yet imperfect civilisation no statutory remedy against them. Under this head Patrons must have much to say; my lines have fallen on humbler, if not more pleasant, places; but a full third of my correspondents expect me to assist them to impose upon Patrons, to testify to qualities which they have never exhibited, to vouch for deeds which they have never done, and to exercise on their behalf an "influence" which I do not possess. A draft on imaginary "influence" is worse than tugging at the strings of an imaginary purse, for you may refer to your deficit at the banker's; but shriek till you are hoarse that you have no "influence," that you are so unpopular that your support can only do harm, it is put down to mock-modesty. I am in my own eyes degraded by amateur authors appealing for my "influence" to get their MS. accepted in quarters to which I myself have never had, and never expect to have access, till the very word has become the most hateful in the dictionary. One of the worst vices of the age is the practice of applying for "special certificates," which, in the face of a surplusage of authentic records of examination *results*, are either fraudulent or superfluous. The TESTIMONIAL NUISANCE has grown so extensive and inveterate that it requires consideration apart. Here it must suffice to refer to an ingenious article by a *Saturday Reviewer*, some ten years ago, who pointed out that their only value was in their negative evidence. "Observe," he remarked, "the points omitted." I can corroborate him. A vacancy in the floor-sweeping department of a public institution having been advertised, the testimonials to the intellectual and moral eminence of one old woman were overwhelming: but after the election, it appeared that she had only one arm. The broom should be applied to the whole system, and a reference to the names of a few responsible persons accepted instead. Meanwhile, whenever I receive a letter beginning, "I am an applicant," "There is a vacancy," "Could you exert," I feel inclined to go to the colonies or commit a crime. It is a delusion to suppose that a single struggle with one's wit, or one violation of conscience, in each case is enough.. Some people are always demanding testimonials. They are either restive in their situations, the claim of discontent—or out of them, the plea of incompetence. They are as thoroughly professional candidates as Jack Shepherd was a professional thief.

(*c.*) *Those who want Praise*, for which some men, and women, have as fierce a thirst as the dypsomaniac has for brandy. These are the literary beggars, who insist on sending you MSS. or books, and, as it were, pistol in hand, call for "your candid opinion" or your life. As regards this form of extortion, all but the merest novices will observe the rule never to read MS. unless it is their paid profession to do so. MS. is often badly written on pink or yellow or transparent paper, and—not to speak of your time (which no one but yourself considers worth anything) —you may fairly say that your eyes cannot stand it. Be callous to the most heart-rending appeals—"Only this once make an exception in favour of my drama, which has been discarded by all the managers." The chances are that the managers, being unanimous, were right; in any case an exception entails upon you the fatal notoriety of a squeezable man. The more pains you take, the less thanks you will get. "Should I publish this?" inquires the aspirant, always at first deferential, on his way to be indignant, and ultimately venomous. If you say "yes,"

you lure him on to destruction, and make yourself an accomplice in his guilt. If "no," he twits you with Zoïlus on Homer, Gabriel Harvey on the "Faery Queen," Johnson on "Lycidas," Jeffrey on Wordsworth, Brougham on Byron. Boldly declare you cannot read his MS., sent back by return of post; tell him —*what is true*—that the literary market is glutted, as never was that of iron, or theology, or wool; that he had better break stones than write books; add—*what is most true*—that he has not the ghost of a chance of justice, unless he belongs to a London clique. Waste of words on him, the fairy Prince who will succeed where the many fail, the born Genius who will burst out into sudden blaze; but you are saved. Examine his MS., you are undone. The man who not only sends it, but comes and reads it, is, generally speaking, beyond the pale of humanity; but there are pathetic cases. Not long since a worthy middle-aged man read to me in a faltering voice several pages of very fair verse—but neither unintelligible nor disgusting, and without the power required to compensate for the lack of those popular qualities. Warned not to expect a fortune from Poetry, "I don't want money," he muttered, "but fame, *fame*, FAME." "Poor creature, poor creature!" cries Thackeray, as Mrs. Deuceace is struck down by the ruthless hand. The "short method" with obtruders of MS. must be slightly modified with obtruders of books, either worthless or to you uninteresting. These you cannot profess not to read; but you need not read them. When they come simply "from the author," acknowledge them *at once;* "anticipating much pleasure," &c., and you may escape. But, in nine cases out of ten, there is a comment appended, as to the articles of the Catechism; you are implored to "say a good word for the volume" in a review, or to give "a candid opinion" by which the author "will benefit in a second edition." In any case it is "frank criticism, not praise," that your correspondent hungers for. Lives there the man who ever believed the shameless asseveration? The alarming development of female talent and brain activity, fostered by our cactus-house "Higher Education," competition and morbid emulation, has complicated matters in our own to a degree unprecedented in any other age. Few men can bear "candid criticism" —no woman; at least, in my sad experience, making a shoal of enemies, I have never found her. In these times of her triumphant Rights, the terrors of the "spretæ injuria formæ" are eclipsed by those of the "spreti injuria ingenii." The frankly criticized i grossly outraged woman, and she commu cates to her belongings the inheritance avenging her wrongs. Some fifteen ye ago my "green, unknowing youth" yielded the urgency of an infatuated husband, so carefully sugared, but occasionally criti remarks on his wife's indifferent verses. shall never do the like again. But to g no reply to such a request seems rude; refuse to grant it is to offend, to comply w it is to enrage.

"Quidquid melius, leviusque putaris
Prædenda est gladio pulcra hæc et *candida* cervix."

Whether I read Mrs. Pepper or no, Pepper is my mortal foe.

(*d.*) *Those who demand Advice or Infor tion.*—This last class, without meaning are perhaps the most troublesome of all, none the less that their intrusion come the guise of a compliment. In the ini chapter of this series we referred to those write offering advice, and added ours, "D take it." To those who are asked for it would say, as a rule, "Don't give it." legislate for another's life, by directing choice of a profession or a wife, is a respo bility too horrible to be contemplated; yet I knew a man who, for half a dec came regularly once a year to ask whet he should join the bar, or enlist in the ar or "take to literature." Happily he is n an ornament of the Church. Many reg you as a living catalogue, who will tell t what books to buy and what to read. S we take the notes of Poppo or of Hãa Shall we get up Freeman, or Froude, or Stub or Green? To whom, generally, the ans is—"Get, get, get them all. ('Bind a libr to your back,' said Burns), but with all getting, get understanding."

Finally, requests for information on mat of which you are profoundly ignorant—as remote quotations, disputed texts, the autl ticity of doubtful passages—are, to say least, humiliating, especially as, nowad such questions are most frequently put ladies. It would exceed our space to di on the remedies for this persecution. quire, perhaps easily, a name for ill-nat and a reputation for negligence, advertis some "influential" periodical that you the worst, the dullest, slowest, and m unreliable correspondent in the world; you will live out your life as a review criticizing, scribbling, corresponding mach and never either solve a problem or cli an Alp.

J. NICHOL

DESERTED.
BRIGHT sea, far-flooding all the pebbled sand,
Flinging thy foamy pearls from stone to stone,
Thy lullaby, low-murmured to the strand,
Sounds like a lover's tone;
And yet I know, elsewhere,
Some other shore, as fair,
Thy waves have kissed, and left it dry and lone.
Bright sunshine, gleaming on my cottage wall,
Tracing the shadow of an ivy-spray,
How tenderly thy golden touches fall
On common things to-day!
Yet, beneath other skies
Some land benighted lies,
Deserted by thy glory, cold and grey.
Blithe bird, loud-warbling underneath the eaves
An eager love-song passionate and shrill,
My heart is trembling amid summer leaves
With sweet responsive thrill;
Yet far away, dear guest,
There is an empty nest
Which thou hast left forsaken,
void and still.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
I too may lose the tide, the light, the lay;
Others may win the kisses that were mine,
My night may be their day;
Yet though the soul may sigh
For precious things gone by,
I shall have had my rapture, come what may!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

HOW CHRISTIANS WAIT.

By Mrs. L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Dick Netherby," etc.

WAIT we must perforce upon the will of God. All our fretting and fuming, our hurrying and worrying will not advance one step the thing we would press on until the Hand at the helm gives it a turn in the desired direction; all our ardour and activity will not drive forward the actions of One with whom "a thousand years are as one day," and who can therefore afford to deliberate; and we may wonder, and sigh, and exclaim, "How I have toiled for this! How I have spoken about it, written about it, prayed about it!" and yet the coveted good is withheld—it may be ours in time, but not just yet,—do what we will, strive as we may, we *can not* force the decrees of Providence.

The thing for Christian people to consider then is, not whether or no they will fulfil this law of their existence, not how often nor for how long they will have to submit to seeing their plans delayed, their favourite projects hindered—but *how*, that is in what spirit and in what fashion they will "wait," while God above holds down the curtain before their eyes.

Some Christians wait *clamorously*. Confident that the object they pursue is worthy, they give themselves and Heaven no peace in their urgency to obtain it. Seldom is it far from their thoughts, night and morning it enters into their prayers; no opportunity is lost of furthering it in season and out of season; and friends and relations are taxed to join in the pursuit, and pious acquaintances are confided in and besought to remember it before the Throne of Grace, and it seems as if everything must give way beneath such resolute and accumulated pressure. It signifies not a jot that the required answer is long in coming; the one thing to which it appears the mind is made up is that it will not endure a refusal, it will not take "No," even from the lips of Omnipotence.

Now, a curious fact is this, that such determined and vociferous petitioners do not unfrequently achieve their end. The boon they seek is granted—a little to their own surprise perhaps, though this, of course, they would not own for the world—and greatly do they now rejoice and exult in consequence. Everybody hears of it; the wonderful "answer to prayer" is vaunted, if we may so speak, right and left; the successful suppliant is raised many degrees in the estimation of his or her circle who are in the secret, and will, we cannot but suspect, inwardly coincide in the general applause, and plume him or herself thenceforth on being so specially favoured and honoured in the sight of the world.

But is it really so? Is our God really akin in spirit to that unjust judge who yielded, worn out by a woman's importunity, and does He really like to be beset by tears and entreaties when He sees fit to withhold—and that, it may be only for a season—a blessing? We are indeed instructed to "make our requests known unto Him," but we are also bidden to "be careful"—that is over-anxious—about nothing; and it seemeth to us with regard to such a besieging of Heaven as we have above suggested, that the key to its success may, with reverence be it spoken, lie in this. Some Christians need to be *humoured;* they are not wise enough nor strong enough to con the deep things of God; they are sincere, earnest, loving and true men and women, but their understandings are weak and their passions vehement; they are like very young and very wayward children—children of the kingdom all the same, honest, and in the main obedient, but foolish and fractious as the little feeble things we train often are. These big children, these clamourers, must be borne with, and given way to when occasion permits,—and so our Heavenly Father, in His infinite forbearance and compassion, just grants their desire because it is not worth while to try the poor souls more severely, and because they could not perceive the value of a refusal which would involve an infinitely higher and purer blessing than a concession.

Again, Christians will fly to the opposite

extreme. They will await the development of the future *doggedly* and *sullenly*, with a sort of passiveness which shows well enough on the surface, but which, if analyzed, would throw up some curious and little-suspected elements. Consciously the heart only dictates submission to the Eternal Will, ordaining that further desires be checked and further efforts be desisted from—but, true to its nature, the deceitful voice is double-tongued, and its undertones mutter, "It is of no use to dash one's head against a stone. The Divine decree is arbitrary and unassailable, and our poor little wills are such gossamer webs in comparison that it is nothing but folly to attempt to carry out their designs in opposition. It is our place to obey—and indeed we shall *have* to obey, whether we choose or not." This is, sad to say, the spirit in which not a few real Christians wait for the turning of the next leaf in the book of fate. A sort of feeble, stupid acquiescence takes the place of an active, ready, cheerful resignation, and the noble feeling of duty is smothered in a sense of abject helplessness.

There are Christians, again, who "wait" *by fits and starts*. One day they are all up in the air, quite sure that what they wish for will come to pass presently, and quite willing to hold on for a time, praying and watching. Expectation makes everything easy. It has been good for them, they tell you, to have had to undergo disappointment and discipline hitherto. Looking back on the past they own that had God bestowed on them their heart's desire, that very heart had itself been broken; that had he given to their affections that whereon they had been set, those affections had been wrung to agony. But now, now all is changed. In the plenitude of their present satisfaction, and in the comfortable conviction that events are shaping as desired, they discern no need of further trial, and they aver—in truth, so far as they know it—that they are ready to give up the cherished hope or scheme (so long as there seems no prospect of their being called upon to do so).

But observe this latter reservation, note that while the good folks thus think and speak, they inwardly *feel* that they will not be called upon to make the sacrifice. A placid certainty that their wishes are about to be accomplished and their plans carried out, enables them easily to contemplate imaginary defeat and disaster, even as a blue sky and shining sun overhead nerves the most timid to speak lightly of possible storms. But wait a little; the devoutly desired consummation seems no nearer at hand than it did a while before; a little hitch arises; there is an uneasy undefined dread—the merest chance that all may yet get out of gear, and how soon is the temper ruffled and the pleasant mood departed. The spirit sinks, the hands fall down, the head droops. At once the woe-begone aspect of the dejected one betrays the hidden secrets of the heart, since, no longer buoyed up by outward prosperity, it gives way to the bitterness of disappointment or humiliation. Instead of simply "waiting," quietly, patiently waiting to see what will happen next—and who can tell but that the very next bend in the path may show a change of scene?—they, these volatile Christians, so to speak, give up the ghost of hope then and there, and prepare for the worst with all the speed they can muster. This *they* call submitting to the will of Providence;—this *we* are disposed to call anticipating, and impatiently and unreasonably anticipating it.

And again some Christians will "wait" well enough *in the abstract*, if they have nothing to "wait" for *in particular*.

These, as a rule, are cheerfully anxious to walk in the ways of righteousness, and to be taught day by day the work that God Almighty would have them do: they are not headstrong, self-willed, opinionative people; they are not set on any chosen course, pursuing it in the teeth of opposition and discouragement, against the wishes of parents, guardians, or family—no, they are very sober, steady-going, reliable men or women, leading a useful happy life, and asking little or nothing beyond a daily round of duties and pleasures to fill up the measure of their contentment with the lot appointed them. Surely of these, you say, surely of these and such as these we may safely affirm that they will "wait" in the true spirit of waiting, for the finger of God to direct their goings out and their comings in. It seemeth so, as the years roll gently on, and time brings only little tender griefs, and easily smoothed cares, and soon-forgotten troubles—but mark, this is mere child's play while all is thus calm and easy, while no depths of emotion stir the soul, and no great thundering waves of anxiety and misery break in upon the heart, and there are no burning passionate longings to be dealt with, no absorbing aims to be perchance frustrated, no hands to be wrung in anguish over impotence and utter inability. Oh, it is easy, very easy and simple and sweet, to look lovingly upwards for the kind Hand which draws us along, when the way below is straight and smooth—but it is not so easy, it is often a hard and terrible thing to stand still, motionless, perforce petrified, in the

midst of a howling wilderness of doubt and perplexity, while the pillar of cloud and of fire hangs overhead, and *will not* move a pace to right or to left. Then, and then only, can it be made manifest of what virtue is the patience we profess. Then, and only then, when, compelled to inaction, tantalised by what would appear to be the vagaries of fate, torn this way and that, blinded by unforeseen complications, tormented by officious comforters, distracted by opposing counsels—our hands tied and bound, our veins throbbing and our pulses beating—nothing to be done, yet everything to be feared or desired—then, and then alone, is it seen whether or no we can indeed "wait patiently," wait as God would have us wait "for Him."

We have touched on but a few heads; but divers, indeed, and curious are the ways in which Christians evade the unpalatable command. They will not, and cannot, as a rule, endure it. For one who will *wait*, dozens will *work*. For one who can steadfastly and loyally cast his eye upwards, exclaiming, "Do *Thou* Thy holy will," there are hundreds ready and eager to cry, "Let *me* do it."

It is so much easier, pleasanter, more congenial to our nature to be up and doing than to be bearing and suffering. It is little less than maddening—to some of us at least—to sit down and see things going wrong (as we call it) before our very eyes. Why may we not pull out the tangled skein—which we could so easily do if we were permitted—push into shape business that has gone awry, reduce to order a mess of circumstances? Often it seems as if a very touch would do it. Why may we not give the touch? A word, a whisper, would amend a misunderstanding which has wrought grievous mischief; but as Christians we are debarred from giving that dishonourable whisper. Is not this a hard case? A letter has been delayed, and arrives too late. Only an hour sooner and it would have been in time to alter a whole course of untoward events. Is not this enough to force a groan of vexation, a stamp of the foot? It is, alas! it is. No one wonders, no one thinks anything amiss if we give way to complaint and chagrin under trial so pungent. It is natural, we say, it is but natural, it is what any one of us would do. Nobody can be expected to put up meekly with provocation of such a kind. Knowing our own frailty, we are disposed to be lenient judges when our fellow-Christians fail at such a moment.

But, dear friends, let us not mistake. This may be all very well, very comprehensible, very true to life, but it is not resting in the Lord, and waiting patiently for Him. Do we aspire to this? You realise its blessedness. You long for the peace and holy calm which you perceive must fill the souls of those found waiting, watching, and following? They look inwards, and see what you find there, when, bidden to "halt," you would fain go forward; when, obliged to remain motionless, you are thirsting for action; when, a cloud descending upon your path, you may not even attempt to pierce it. How are you "waiting," then? Beating against the prison bars, as some do? Sourly and gloomily despondent, as others are? Now in one mood, now in another, according to the way of others again? Try yourselves, test yourselves. "Study to be *quiet*," learn to "be *still*." Let your dearest hopes and noblest aspirations be laid humbly at His feet, to be dealt with in His own time and after His own fashion. This done, what remains? Your soul will have returned unto its rest; what needs it more? You may have, indeed, to "wait," perhaps at times to wait long, to wait in sorrow, to wait in fear and trembling; but once you have learned to "wait patiently," the Holy Spirit of God Himself can teach you no greater lesson.

MORE ABOUT PLANTS WITHOUT EARTH.

The inventor of the new method of raising plants without earth has, in consequence of Mr. Heath's article on the subject in the May part of Good Words, received such a large number of letters inquiring for further information, that he finds it impossible to reply to them individually. He has, however, kindly sent us, through Mr. Heath, the following short statement of directions as to the method of proceeding, with some further particulars of his extended experiences, which we have great pleasure in giving to our readers, as a general reply to their inquiries. We may further premise that since the article appeared, two or three of our readers have visited M. Dumesnil at Vasconeil, and have been astonished to see the results obtained by the fertilising moss; while at the Horticultural Exhibition in Paris a week or two ago, M. Chaté, the horticulturist who sells the moss in Paris, had a Roman gate festooned with flowers growing in the moss. We have

no doubt that very soon depôts for its sale will be opened in this country. In the meantime it can be obtained, as stated in our May part, from MM. Langer, Havre. From them prospectuses and price lists, with the cost of carriage to different parts of this country, can be obtained post free on application.—Ed.

"DEAR Mr. Heath,

"Permit me to use the publicity that I owe to your excellent article on *Plants without Earth*, in order to thank the numerous readers of Good Words, who have shown by their letters the great interest they take in the subject. I cannot better express my gratitude than by offering first of all to them, the following communication.

"*Practical instruction concerning the use of Fertilising Moss and the results that can be obtained from it in the decoration of apartments with plants at their highest stage of beauty, and under conditions of mobilization hitherto unknown.*

"In order to replace by a clod of moss the clod of earth adhering to the roots of every plant, take a turf of natural moss a little larger than the root of the plant from which the earth has been removed (it is unnecessary to refer again to the manner of doing this, as it is minutely described in the prospectus, which can be obtained from MM. Langer, Havre). Spread out the turf of moss, and fertilise it with a small quantity of the fertilising moss, more or less according to the force and vigour of the plant, the fertilising moss having been previously opened, pulled to pieces, crushed and broken, so that the nutritive matter to be incorporated with the turf can be well scattered in the same degree over every part. Then extend over the turf thus fertilised a very slight bed of natural moss, damped, on which the roots of the plant should be carefully spread out and covered with another light bed of the damp natural moss. Then raise the edges of the turf to the level of the collar of the plant, fastening them and consolidating the clod of moss above, below, and on sides, with some sort of bandage, *e.g.*, a thread of cotton.

"It is important to use only turfs of moss which are very velvety, and not broken, but form a single lump. They abound in woods at the foot of oaks and beeches.

"The minimum quantity of moss necessary to form a clod is soon discovered, and thus one has a plant of the least possible volume and weight, manageable and transportable at will; a plant which, without soiling anything, adapts itself with complete elasticity to every kind of vase and all imaginable groupings. Nothing is more easy than to give it necessary water. It has only to be dipped in a pail of water and left to drain on an earthenware plate. With light and warmth the plant is thus provided with all that is needful to its life and development.

"Every one who will exactly follow these instructions will obtain results the spectacle of which astonishes me every day, but most of all in the case of plants which have commenced to bloom. If after the earth has been removed from a plant in bloom, it is put for two or three days under a glass and protected from the sun, a development will take place in which, to use the words of an American, who has tried *Plants without Earth*, 'One can almost see the buds springing;' the flowers already open wear an extraordinary splendour, those which are in bud expand, while the leaves become intensely green without losing the least accident of their colouring or variegation, and in two or three days after the removal of the earth, one has plants as fine as could possibly be wished for the decoration of apartments. It need hardly be said that their beauty or freshness will not be maintained if they are exposed to too much dust or not allowed to receive a due amount of air and light.

"In the same turf different kinds of plants can be assorted, flourishing together, some erect, others in tufts, or drooping plants, and thus by contrast and harmony living bouquets are composed in which nature undertakes to produce combinations as charming as they are unforeseen, if only the way has, in the least degree, been prepared with taste.

"I use the same process to serve at table strawberry plants laden with ripe fruit.

"In order to facilitate the result and to take up the plants from the earth without hurting the roots, I prepare them in moss, that is to say, I plant out the runners in the earth under a little fertilising moss. The result is an abundant development of roots, which, entangling themselves in the moss, form a flexible and adherent sod that can be taken up the following year with the greatest facility, at the moment that suits best, either on the appearance of the first blossoms, or after the fruit is formed and on the point of colouring. The strawberry plants thus prepared are put in turfs of moss which have been fertilised in the manner explained above, and are kept in frames until complete maturity. Nothing can be seen more agreeable to the eye than clusters of this fine and

splendidly coloured fruit, springing from or sheltering themselves under leaves of a luxuriant vegetation.

"As it sometimes happens that turfs of natural moss are studded with woodland plants such as oxalids, lycopods, small ferns, lichens and grasses, one may have in the midst of glass and porcelain a little bit of vegetation from the underwood, vigorous as in the depths of a forest, relieving the richest productions of horticultural art.

"I have treated in like manner, for two years past, currant bushes which have given me the finest fruit. But the cultmre, in fertilising moss, of fruit trees cut as dwarfs in order to appear on table, although most easy, would exceed the bounds of this short notice, and I stop so as not to abuse the indulgence of my readers.

"Yours affectionately,

"ALFRED DUMESNIL.

"VASCŒUIL, *June* 1, 1882."

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.—MISS ALTIFIORLA'S ARRIVAL.

YES;—Sir Francis Geraldine was a beast for mischief! Thinking the matter over he resolved that Mr. Western should not be left in the dark as to his wife's episode. And he determined that Mr. Western would think more of the matter if it were represented to him that his wife had been jilted, and had been jilted unmistakably before they two had met each other on the Continent. He was right in this. According to the usages of the world the lady would have less to say for herself if that were the case and would have more difficulty in saying it. Therefore the husband would be the more bound to hear it. Sir Francis was a beast for mischief, but he knew what he was about.

But so did not Mrs. Western when she allowed those opportunities to pass by her which came to her for telling her story before her marriage. In very truth she had had no reason for concealing it but that his story had been so nearly the same. On this account she had put it off, and put it off;—and then the fitting time had passed by. When she was with him alone after their marriage she could not do it,—without confessing her fault in that she had not done it before. She could not bring herself to do so. Standing so high in his esteem as she did and conscious that he was thoroughly happy in his appreciation of her feminine merit, she could not make him miserable by descending from her pedestal to the telling of a story, which was disgraceful in that it had not been told before.

And there was a peculiarity of manner in him of which she became day by day more conscious. He could be very generous for good conduct to those dependent on him, but seemed to be one who could with difficulty forgive an injury. He wished to have everything about him perfect, and then life should go as soft as a summer's day. He was almost idolatrous to her in these first days of their marriage, but then he had found nothing out. Cecilia knowing his character asked herself after all what there was to be found out. How often that question must occur to the girl just married! But there was nothing. He was pleased with her person; pleased with her wit; pleased that money should have been offered to him, and pleased that for the present he should have declined it. He liked her dress and her willingness to change any portion of it at his slightest hint. He liked her activity and power of walking and her general adaptability to himself. He was pleased with everything. But she had the secret at her heart.

"I wonder that you should have lived so long, and never have been in love before," he said to her one day as they were coming home.

"How do you know?" She blushed as she answered him, but it was a matter as to which any girl might blush.

"I am sure you were not. I should have heard it." And yet she was silent. She felt at the moment that the time had come,—the only possible time. But she let the moment pass by. Though she was ever thinking of her secret, and ever wishing that she could tell it, longing that it had been told, she could not bear that it should be surprised from her in this way. "I think it nicer as it is," he added as he left the room.

Then she got up and stood alone on the floor, thinking of it all. There she stood for ten minutes thinking of it. She would follow him and, not throwing herself on her knees—but standing boldly before him, tell him all. There was no disgrace in it,—to have loved

that other man. Of her own conduct she was confident before all the world. There had been so little secrecy about it that she almost had a right to suppose that it had been known to all men. The more she tried to bring herself to follow him and tell him, the more she assured herself that there should be no necessity. How ought she to have told him, and when? At every point of his story should she have made known to him the same point in hers? "It was exactly the same with me." "I wouldn't have my young man because he was indifferent." "With yours there was another lover ready. That has yet to come with me." "You have come abroad for consolation. So have I." It would have been impossible;—was impossible. "I think it nicer as it is," he had said, and she could not do it.

There was some security while they were travelling, and she wished that they might travel for ever. She was happy while with him alone;—and so too was he. But for her secret she was completely happy. Let him only be kept in the dark and he would be happy always. She idolised him as her own. She loved him the better for thinking that "it was nicer as it is;"—or would have done, had it been so. Why should they go where some sudden tidings might mar his joy;—where some sudden tidings certainly would do so sooner or later? Still they went on and on till in May they reached their house in Berkshire,—he with infinite joy at his heart, and she with the load upon hers.

Early in May they reached Durton Lodge, in Berkshire, and there they stayed during the summer. Mr. Western had his house in London, and there was a question whether they would not go there for the season. But Cecilia had begged to be taken to her house in the country, and there she remained. Durton Lodge was little more than a cottage, but it was very pretty and prettily situated. When the Ascot week came he offered to take her there, but offered it with a smile which she understood to mean that his proposal should not be accepted. Indeed she had no wish for Ascot or for any place in which he or she must meet their old friends. Might it not be possible if they both could be happy at Durton that there they might remain with some minimum of intercourse with the world? Six months had now passed by since they had become engaged and no good-natured friend had as yet told him the truth. Might it not be possible that the same silence should be yet preserved? If years could be made to run on, then he would have become used to her and the telling of the secret would not be so severe.

But there came to her a great trouble in regard to her letters from Exeter. Miss Altifiorla would fill hers with long statements about Sir Francis which had no interest whatsoever, but which required to be at once destroyed. She soon learnt in her married life that her husband had no wish to see her letters. She would so willingly have shown them to him, would have taken such a joy in asking for his sympathy, such a delight in exposing Miss Altifiorla's peculiar views of life, that she lost much by her constrained reticence. But this necessity of destroying papers was very grievous to her. Though she knew that he would not read the letters without her permission still she must destroy them. In every possible way she endeavoured to silence her correspondent, not answering her at first, and then giving her such answers as were certainly not affectionate. But in no way would Miss Altifiorla "be snubbed." Then after a while she proposed to come and stay a week at Durton Lodge. This was not to be endured. The very thought of it filled poor Mrs. Western's heart with despair. And yet she did not like to refuse without telling her husband. Of Miss Altifiorla she had already made mention, and Mr. Western had been taught to laugh at the peculiarities of the old maid. "Pray do not have her," she said to him. "She will make you very uncomfortable, and my life will be a burden to me."

"But what can you say to her?"

"No room," suggested Cecilia.

"But there are two rooms."

"I know there are. But is one to be driven by a strict regard for literal truth to entertain an unwelcome friend? Miss Altifiorla thought that I ought not to have married you, and as I thought I ought we had some words about it."

"Whom did she want you to marry?" asked Mr. Western, with a laugh.

"Nobody. She is averse to marriage altogether."

"Unless she was the advocate of some other suitor, I do not see that I need quarrel with her. But she is your friend and not mine, and if you choose to put her off of course you can do so. I would advise you to find something more probable than the want of a bedroom in a house in which one is only occupied."

There was truth in this. What reason could she find? Knowing her husband's

regard to truth she did not dare to suggest any reason to her friend more plausible than the want of a room, but still essentially false. She was driven about thinking that she would get her husband to take her away from home for awhile—for two or three days. The letter remained unanswered, when her husband suggested to her that she had better write. "Could we not go somewhere?" she replied with a look of trouble on her brow.

"Run away from home on account of Miss Altifiorla?" said he. She was beginning to be afraid of him and knew that it was so. She did not dare to declare to him her thoughts and was afraid at every moment that he should read them.

"Then I must just tell her that we can't have her."

"That will be best,—if you have made up your mind. As far as I am concerned she is welcome. Any friend of yours would be welcome."

"Oh, George, she would bore you out of your life!"

"I am not so easily bored. I am sure that any intimate friend of yours would have something to say for herself."

"Oh, plenty."

"And as for her having been an advocate for single life, she had not seen me and therefore her reasons could not have been personal. There are a great many young women, thirty years old and upwards, who take up the idea. They do not wish to subject themselves,—perhaps because they have not been asked by the right person."

"I don't think there have been any persons here. Not that she is bad-looking."

"Perhaps you think I shall fall in love with her."

"I'd have her directly. But she is the last person in the world I should think of."

"I can get on very well with any one who has an idea. There is at any rate something to strike at. The young lady who agrees with everything and suggests nothing, is to me the most intolerable. At any rate you had better make up your mind at once or you'll have her here before you know where you are."

It was this which did, indeed, happen. On the day after the last conversation Mrs. Western wrote her letter. In it she expressed her sorrow that engagements for the present prevented her from having the power to entertain her friend. No doubt the letter was cold and unfriendly. As she read it over to herself she declared that she would have been much hurt to have received such a letter from her friend. But she declared again that under no circumstances could she have offered herself as Miss Altifiorla had done. Nevertheless she felt ashamed of the letter. All of which, however, became quite unnecessary when, in the course of the afternoon, Miss Altifiorla appeared at Durton Lodge. She arrived with a torrent of reasons. She had come up to London on business which admitted of no excuse. She was sure that her friend's letter must have gone astray,—that letter which for the last three days she had been expecting. To return from London to Exeter without seeing her dear friend would be so unfeeling and unnatural! She must have come to Durton Lodge or must have returned to Exeter. In fact, she so put it as to make it appear impossible that she should not have come.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," said Mr. Western, "I am sure that Cecilia is delighted to see you. And as for me, you are quite welcome." But, as a fact, there she was. There was no sending her away again;—no getting her out of the house without a sojourn of some days. Whatever mischief she might do might be done at once. There could be no doubt that she would begin to talk of Sir Francis Geraldine and declare the secret which it was now the one care of Cecilia's mind to keep away from her husband. It mattered not that her presence there showed her to be vulgar, impertinent, and obtrusive. There she was, and must be dealt with as a friend,—or as an enemy. Again Cecilia almost made up her mind as to the better course. Let her go to her husband and tell him all, and tell him also why it was that she told him now. Let her endure his anger, and then there would be an end of it. There was nothing else as to which she had need to dread him.

But again, when she found herself with him, he was happy, and jocund, and jested with her about her friend. She could not get him into the humour in which it was proper that he should be told. She did not tell him, and went down to dinner with the terrible load about her heart. Three or four times during the evening the conversation was on the point of turning to matters in which the name of Sir Francis Geraldine would surely be mentioned. With infinite care, but without showing her care, she contrived to master the subject, and to force her friend and her husband to talk of other things. But the struggle was very great, and she was aware that it could not be repeated. The reader will remember, perhaps, the stern thoughts which Miss Holt had entertained as

to her friend when her friend had thought proper to give her some idea of what her duty ought to be in regard to her present husband. She remembered well that Miss Altifiorla had written to her, asking whether Mr. Western had forgiven "that episode." And her mother, too, had in writing dropped some word,—some word intended to be only half intelligible as to the question which Miss Altifiorla had asked after the wedding breakfast. She knew well what had been in the woman's mind, and knew also what had been in her own! She remembered how proudly she had disdained the advice of this woman when it had been given to her. And yet now she must go to her and ask for mercy. She saw no other way out of her immediate trouble. She did not believe but that her friend would be silent when told to be silent; but yet how painfully disgraceful to her, the bride, would be the telling.

She went up to Miss Altifiorla's room after she had gone for the night, and found her friend getting into bed, happy with the assistance of a strange maid. "Oh my dear," said Miss Altifiorla, "my hair is not half done yet, are you in a hurry for Mary?"

"I will go to my own room," said Mrs. Western, "and when Mary will tell me that you are ready I will come to you. There is something I have to tell you." She had not been five minutes in her own room before Mary summoned her. The "something to be told" took immediate hold of Miss Altifiorla's imagination, and induced her to be ready for bed with her hair, we may suppose, all "done."

"Francesca," said Mrs. Western, as soon as she entered the room, "I have a favour to ask you."

"A favour?"

"Yes, a favour." She had come prepared with her request down to the very words in which it should be uttered. "I do not wish you, while you remain here, to make any allusion to Sir Francis Geraldine." Miss Altifiorla almost whistled as she heard the words spoken. "You understand me, do you not? I do not wish any word to be said which may by chance lead to the mention of Sir Francis Geraldine's name. If you will understand that, you will be able to comply with my wishes." Her request she made almost in the stern words of an absolute order. There was nothing humble in her demeanour, nothing which seemed to tell of a suppliant. And having given her command she remained quiet, waiting for an answer.

"Then this was the reason why you didn't answer me. You did not want to see me, and therefore remained silent."

"I did not want to see you. But it was not on that account that I remained silent. I should have written to you. Indeed I have written to you, and the letter would have gone to-day. I wrote to you putting you off. But as you are here I have to tell you my wishes. I am sure that you will do as I would have you."

"I have to think of my duty," said Miss Altifiorla.

Then there came a black frown on Mrs. Western's brow. Duty! What duty could she have in such a matter, except to her? She suspected the woman of a desire to make mischief. She felt confident that the woman would do so unless repressed by the extraction from her of a promise to the contrary. She did believe that the woman would keep her word,—that she would feel herself bound to preserve herself from the accusation of direct falsehood; but from her good feeling, from her kindness, from her affection, from that feminine bond which ought to have made her silent, she expected nothing. "Your duty, Francesca, in this matter is to me," said Mrs. Western, assuming a wonderful severity of manner. "You have known me many years and are bound to me by many ties. I tell you what my wishes are. I cannot quite explain my reasons, but I do not doubt that you will guess them."

"You have kept the secret?" said Miss Altifiorla with a devilish mixture of malice, fun, and cunning.

"It does not matter what I have done. There are reasons, which made me wish to avoid your immediate coming. At the present moment it would interfere gravely with his happiness and with mine were he to learn the circumstances of Sir Francis Geraldine's courtship. Of course it is painful to me to have to say this to you. It is so painful that to avoid it I have absolutely written to you telling you not to come. This I have done not to avoid your coming, which would otherwise have been a pleasure to me, but to save myself from this great pain. Now you know it all, and know also what it is that I expect from you."

Miss Altifiorla listened to this in silence. She was seated in an easy bedroom chair, clothed from head to foot in a pale pink dressing-gown, from which the colour was nearly washed out; and her hair as I have said was "half done." But in her trouble to collect her thoughts she became quite unaware of all accessories. Her dear friend

Cecilia had put the matter to her so strongly that she did not quite dare to refuse. But yet what a fund of gratification might there not be in telling such a story under such circumstances to the husband! She sat silent for a while meditating on it, till Mrs. Western roughly forced a reply from her lips. "I desire to have your promise," said Mrs. Western.

"Oh, yes, of course."

"You will carefully avoid all allusion to the subject."

"Since you wish it, I will do so."

"That is sufficient. And now good night."

"I know that I am doing wrong," said Miss Altifiorla.

"You would indeed be doing wrong," said Mrs. Western, "if you were to take upon yourself to destroy my happiness on such a matter after having been duly warned."

CHAPTER VIII.—LADY GRANT.

It is literally true that the tongue will itch with a desire to tell a secret. Miss Altifiorla's tongue did itch. But upon the whole she endured her suffering, and kept her promise. She did not say a word in Mr. Western's hearing which led to Sir Francis Geraldine as a topic of conversation. But in reward for this she exacted from Mrs. Western an undertaking to keep her at Durton Lodge for a fortnight. The bargain was not exactly struck in those words, but it was so made that Mrs. Western understood how great was the price she paid, and how valuable the article which she received in return. "A fortnight!" Mr. Western said, when his wife told him of the promise she had made. "I thought that three days would have been too much for you."

"Three hours are too much,—as interrupting our happiness. But as she is here, and as we have been very intimate for many years, and as she herself has named the time, I have not liked to contradict her."

"So be it. She will interfere much more with you than with me, and I suppose that the coming will not be frequently repeated."

Two days after this another guest proposed to visit them. But this was only for two nights, and her coming had in fact been expected from a period before the marriage. Lady Grant was Mr. Western's younger sister, and the person of whom in all the world he seemed to think the most. Indeed he had assured his wife that next to herself she was the nearest and the dearest to him. She was a widow, and went but little into society. According to his account she was clever, agreeable and beautiful. She lived altogether in Scotland, where her time was devoted to her children, and was now coming up to England chiefly with the purpose of seeing her brother's wife. She was to be at Durton Lodge now only for a couple of nights, and then to return and remain with the understood purpose of taking them with her back to Scotland. Of Lady Grant Cecilia had become much afraid, as thinking it more than probable that her secret might be known to her. But it seemed that as yet Lady Grant knew nothing of it. She corresponded frequently with her brother, and as far as Cecilia could tell, the subject had not yet been mentioned between them. Could it be possible that all this time the secret was known to her husband and to her husband's sister? If so his silence to her was almost cruel.

Up to the morning of her coming Miss Altifiorla had certainly kept her promise. She had kept her promise, though there had been twenty little openings in which it would have been so easy for her to lead the way to the matter as to which her tongue longed to be speaking. When any mention was made of Baronets either married or unmarried, of former lovers, of broken vows, or of second engagements, Miss Altifiorla would look with a meaning glance at her hostess. But of these glances Cecilia would apparently take no heed. She had soon got to know that Miss Altifiorla's promise would be kept unless she were led by some other person into an indirect breach of it. Cecilia's life during the period was one of great agony. But still she endured it without allowing her husband to perceive that it was so.

Now, on the coming of Lady Grant, what steps should she take? Should she ask her friend to be silent also to this second person, or should she presume the promise to be so extended? She could not bring herself to make a second request. The task of doing so was too ponderous. Miss Altifiorla's manner of receiving the request made it such a burden that she could not submit herself to it. The woman looked at her and spoke to her in a manner which she was obliged to endure without seeming to endure aught that was unnatural. She thought of her own struggles during that evening in the bedroom, and could see the woman as she sat struggling, in her pale pink dressing-gown, to escape from the necessity of promising. She could not have another such scene as that. But she thought that perhaps with one added word the promise might be made to suffice.

When they were alone together Miss Altifiorla would constantly refer to the Geraldine affair. This was to be expected and to be endured. There would come an end to the fortnight and the woman would be gone. "Do you think that Lady Grant knows?" she said, in the whisper that had become usual to her on such occasions.

"I am sure she knows nothing about it," said Cecilia.

"How can you be sure? You do not know her and have never seen her. It will be very odd if she has not heard."

"At any rate nothing need be said to her in this house. No hint need be made to her either by you or me."

"I think she must have heard it. I happen to know that she has a great correspondence. Laws! when you think of who Sir Francis is and of the manner in which he lives, it is almost impossible to conceive that a person should not have heard of it."

"We need not tell her."

"You are quite safe with me. I have given you my word, and that ought to be enough. Nobody could have been more studious to avoid the matter;—though, indeed, it has sometimes been difficult. And then there has been my feeling of doubt whether my duty ought not to make me divulge it." There was something in this which was peculiarly painful to Cecilia. The duty of this woman to her husband, to him whom she loved so truly, to him with whom it was in the very core of her heart to have everything in common! Francesca Altifiorla to speak of her duty to him! But even this had to be borne. "Indeed, I feel every day that I am staying here that I am sacrificing duty to friendship." Oh, into what trouble had she fallen without any sin of her own,—as she told herself;—without, at least, any great sin. When was the moment at which she ought to have told the story? She thought that she could remember the exact moment; when he had come back to her for her answer at the end of that week. And then she had not told him, simply from her dislike to repeat back to him the story which she had heard from himself!

Lady Grant came, and nothing could be sweeter or more gracious than the meeting. Miss Altifiorla was not there, and the two ladies, in the presence of the husband and brother, received each other with that quick intimacy and immediate loving friendship which it is given only to women to entertain. Lady Grant was ten years the senior and a widow, and had that air of living through the evening of her life instead of still enjoying the morning, which is peculiar to widows who have loved their husbands. She was very lovely, even in her mitigated widow's weeds, with a tall figure, and oval pale face, rather thin, but not meagre or attenuated. And Cecilia thought that she saw in her a determination to love her, and she on her side at once determined that she would return Lady Grant's affection. But not for that reason was her secret to be known. She looked on Lady Grant as one whom she would so willingly have made her friend in all things, but still as one whom, as to that single matter, she could not but regard as her enemy.

They sat together for a couple of hours before dinner, and then at night there was another sitting from which Miss Altifiorla was again banished. And there were some joking questions asked and answers given as to Miss Altifiorla's presence. There was a something in the manner and gait of Lady Grant which made Cecilia almost ashamed of her Exeter friend. It was not that Miss Altifiorla was ignorant, or unladylike, or ill-dressed; but that she knew her friend too well. Miss Altifiorla was little and mean, whereas Cecilia was ready to accept her sister-in-law as great and noble. Miss Altifiorla was not therefore spoken of in the highest terms, and the mode of her coming to Durton Lodge without an invitation was subjected to some little ridicule.

But Mrs. Western when she went to her room was comforted at any rate in thinking that Lady Grant did not know her secret. How poor must have been her state of comfort may be judged from the fact that this could add to it. On the following morning they met at breakfast, and all went well. But Lady Grant could not but notice that the young lady from Devonshire seemed to exercise an authority incommensurate with the tone in which she had been described. The day passed by happily enough, and Cecilia was strong in hope that Lady Grant might take her departure without a reference to her one subject of sorrow.

That night, however, her comfort, such as it was, was brought to an end. As they were sitting together in Lady Grant's bedroom Cecilia's ears were suddenly wounded by the mention of the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. In her immediate agony she could hardly tell how it occurred, but she was rapidly asked a question as to her former engagement. In the asking of it there was nothing rough, nothing unkind, nothing intended to wound, nothing to show a feeling

that it should not be so;—but the question had been asked. There was the fact that Lady Grant knew the whole story.

But there was the fact also that her husband did not know it, or else that other fact which she would have given the world to know to be a fact,—that he knew it, and had willingly held his peace respecting it, even to his sister. If that could be so, then she would be happy; if that could be so,—if she could know that it was so,—then might she afford to despise Miss Altifiorla and her tyranny. But though the word had been not yet a moment uttered, she could not at first remember how it had been said. There was simply the knowledge that the name of Sir Francis Geraldine had been used, and that it had been declared that she had been engaged to him. Up to this moment she had been very brave, and very powerful, too, over herself. Up to this she had never betrayed herself. But now her courage gave way, the colour came to her cheeks and forehead and neck, and then passed rapidly away,—and she betrayed herself. "Does not he know it?" asked Lady Grant. As she said the words she put out her hand and pressed Cecilia's in her own; and the tone of her voice was loving, and friendly, and sisterly. Though there was reproach in it, it was not half so bitter as that which Cecilia was constantly addressing to herself. The reproach was in her ears and not in Lady Grant's voice. But the words were repeated before Cecilia could answer them. "Does not he know it?"

All her hope was thus abolished. Almost from the moment of Lady Grant's coming into the house she had taught herself to think that he must know it. It was impossible that the two should be ignorant, and impossible also, as she thought, that the sister should know it and that he should not. But all that was now at an end. It was necessary that she should answer her sister's question, and yet so difficult to find words in which to do so. She attempted to speak but the word would not come. Even the one word, "No," would not form itself on her lips. She fell upon her knees and burying her face in Lady Grant's lap, thus told her secret.

"He has never heard of it?" again asked Lady Grant. "Oh, my dear. That should not have been so;—must not be so."

"If I could tell you! If I could tell you!"

"Tell me what? I am sure there is nothing for you to tell which you need blush to speak."

"No, no. Nothing, nothing."

"Then why should he not know? Why should he not have known? Cecilia, you will tell him to-night before he goes to his rest?"

"No,—no. Not to-night. It is impossible. I must wait till that woman has gone."

"Miss Altifiorla knows it?"

"Oh, yes."

"She knows, too, that he does not know it?" This question Cecilia answered only by some sign. "I fancied that it might be so. I thought that there was something between you which had been kept from him. Why, why have you been,—shall I say so foolish?"

"Yes. Yes. Yes; foolish;—oh yes! But it has been only that. There is nothing, nothing that is not known to all the world. The marvel is that he should not have known it. It was in all the newspapers. But he never thinks of trifles such as that."

"But why did you keep it from him?"

"Shall I tell you? You know the story of his own engagement."

"To Miss Tremenhere? Oh yes, I know the story."

"And how badly she behaved to him, receiving the attention of another man, absolutely while she was engaged to him."

"She was very pretty;—but a flighty inconstant little girl. I felt that George had had a great escape."

"But such was the story. Well;—he told it me. He told it before he had thought of me. We were together and had become intimate; and out of the full heart the mouth speaks."

"I can understand that he should have told it you."

"He did not think of loving me then. Well;—he told me his story, but I kept mine to myself."

"That was natural,—then."

"But, when he came to me with the other story and asked me to love him, was I to give him back his own tale and tell him the same thing of myself? I too have had a lover, and I have—jilted him, if you please to call it so. Was I to tell him that?"

"It would hardly have been true, I think."

"It would have been true,—true to the letter," said Cecilia, determined that Sir Francis Geraldine's lie should not prevail at this moment. "I had done to Sir Francis just what the girl had done to your brother. I was guided by other motives and had I think behaved properly. Was I to tell it to him then?"

"Why not?"

"His own story, back again? I could ot do it, and then, after that, from time to me the occasions have gone by. Words ave been said by him which have made it mpossible. Twenty times I have determined o do it, and twenty times the opportunity as been lost. I was obliged to tell this oman not to mention it in his presence."

"He must know it."

"I wish he did."

"He is a man who will not bear to be ept in the dark on such a question."

"I know it. I have read his character nd I know it."

"You cannot know him as I do," said ady Grant. "Though you are his wife you ave not been so long enough to know him; ow true he is, how affectionate, how honest; —but yet how jealous. Were I to say that he unforgiving I should belie him. Without any thoughts he could forgive the man who ad robbed him of his fortune, or his health. But it is hard for him to forgive that which e considers to be an offence against his elf-love."

"I know it all."

"The longer he is kept in the dark the eeper will be the wound. Of such a man is impossible to say what he suspects. He ill not think that you have loved him the ess, or that you are less true to him; but here will be something that will rankle, and hich he will not endeavour to define. He s the noblest man on earth, and the most enerous—till he be offended. But then he s the most bitter."

"You describe his character just as I have ead it."

"If it be so you must be careful that e learn this from yourself, and not from thers. If it come from you he will be angry, hat it has come so late. But his anger will ass by and he will forgive you. But if he ears it from the world at large, if it be told f you, and not by you, then I can under-tand, that his wrath should be very great."

"Why has he not heard it already?" asked Mrs. Western after a pause. "Why has he ot been like all the world who have read it the newspapers? It was talked of so much, hat it was hardly necessary that I should ell it myself."

"You yourself have said that he does not hink of trifles. Paragraphs about the loves nd marriages of other people he would ever read. You may be sure at any rate of his,—that your engagement with Sir Francis Geraldine he has never read."

"I have sometimes hoped," said Mrs. Western, "that he knew it all." Lady Grant shook her head. "I have sometimes thought that he knew it all, and regarded it as a matter on which nothing need be said between us. Should I have been angry with him had he not told me of Miss Tremenhere?"

"Do you measure the one thing by the other," said Lady Grant; "a man's desires by a woman's, a man's sense of honour by what a woman is supposed to feel? Though a man keep such secrets deep in his bosom through long years of married life, the woman is not supposed to be injured. She may know, or may not know, and may hear the tale at any period of her married life, and no harm will follow. But a man expects to see every thought in the breast of the woman to whose love he trusts, as though it were all written there for him in the clear light, but written in letters which no one else shall read."

"I have nothing that he may not read," said Mrs. Western.

"But there is something that he has not read, something that he has not been invited to read. Let it not remain so. Tell it to him all even though you may have to support his anger, and for a time to pine in the shadow of his displeasure."

Mrs. Western as she went away to her own room felt some relief at any rate in the conviction that with Lady Grant her secret would be safe. Strong as was the bond which bound her to her brother there would be on her tongue no itching desire to tell the secret simply because it was there to be told. She had not threatened, or spoken of her duty, or boasted of her friendship, but had simply given her advice in the strongest language which it was within her power to use. On the next morning she took her leave, and started on her journey without showing even by a glance that she was possessed of any secret.

"Does she know?" asked Miss Altifiorla as soon as the two were in the drawing-room together, using a kind of whisper which had now become habitual to her.

It may almost be said that Mrs. Western had come to hate her friend. She looked forward to the time of her going as a liberation from misery. Miss Altifiorla's intrusion at Durton Lodge was altogether unpalatable to her. She certainly no longer loved her friend, and knew well that her friend knew that it was so. But still she could not risk the open enmity of one who knew her secret.

And she was bound to answer the question that was asked her. "Yes, she does know it."

"And what does she say?"

"It matters not what she says. My request to you is that you should not speak of it."

"But to yourself!"

"No, not to myself or to any other person here." Then she was silent and Miss Altifiorla, pursing up her lips, bethought herself whether the demands made upon her friendship were not too heavy. But there still remained five days of the visit.

CHAPTER IX.—MISS ALTIFIORLA'S DEPARTURE.

THE fortnight was nearly gone and Miss Altifiorla was to start early on the following morning. Cecilia had resolved that she would tell her story to her husband as soon as they were alone together, and make a clean breast. She would tell him everything down, as far as she could, to the little feelings which had prevented her from speaking before, to Miss Altifiorla's abominable interference, and to Lady Grant's kind advice. She would do this as soon as Miss Altifiorla was out of the house. But she could not quite bring herself to determine on the words she would use. She was resolved, however, that in owning her fault she would endeavour to disarm his wrath by special tenderness. If he were tender;—oh, yes, then she would be tender in return. If he took it kindly then she would worship him. All the agony she endured should be explained to him. Of her own folly she would speak very severely, —if he treated it lightly. But she would do nothing to seem to deprecate his wrath. As to all this she was resolved. But she had not yet settled on the words with which she would commence her narrative.

The last day wore itself away very tediously. Miss Altifiorla was in her manner more objectionable than ever. Mr. Western had evidently disliked her though he had hardly said so. During the days he had left the two women much together, and had remained in his study or had wandered forth alone. In this way he had increased his wife's feeling of anger against her visitor, and had made her look forward to her departure with increasing impatience. But an event happened which had at once disturbed all her plans. She was sitting in the drawing-room with Miss Altifiorla at about five in the evening, discussing in a most disagreeable manner the secrecy attending her first engagement. That is to say Miss Altifiorla was persisting in the discussion, whereas Mrs. Western was positively refusing to make it a subject of conversation. "I think you are demanding too much from me," said Miss Altifiorla. "I have given way, I am afraid wrongly, as to your husband. But I should not do my duty by you were I not to insist on giving you my advice with my last breath. Let me tell it. I shall know how to break the subject to him in a becoming manner." At this moment the door was opened, and the servant announced Sir Francis Geraldine.

The disturbance of the two women was complete. Had the dead ancestor of either of them been ushered in, they could not have received him with more trepidation. Miss Altifiorla rose with a look of awe, Mrs. Western with a feeling of anger that was almost dominated by fear. But neither of them for a moment spoke a word, nor gave any sign of making welcome the new guest. "As I am living so close to you," said the baronet, putting on that smile which Mrs. Western remembered so well, "I thought that I was in honour bound to come and renew our acquaintance."

Mrs. Western was utterly unable to speak. "I don't think that we knew that you were living in the neighbourhood," said Miss Altifiorla.

"Oh, yes; I have the prettiest, funniest, smallest little cottage in the world just about two miles off. The Criterion it is called."

"What a very odd name," said Miss Altifiorla.

"Yes, it is rather odd. I won the race once and bought the place with the money. The horse was called Scratch'em, and I couldn't call my house Scratch'em. I have built a second cottage, so that it is not so very small, and as it is only two miles off I hope that you and Mr. Western will come and see it."

This was addressed exclusively to Cecilia, and made an answer of some kind absolutely necessary. "I fear that we are going to Scotland very shortly," she said; "and my husband is not much in the habit of visiting."

This was uncivil enough, but Sir Francis did not take it amiss. He sat there for twenty minutes and even made allusion to their former intimacy at Exeter.

"I am quite well aware how happily all that has ended," he said;—"at any rate on your side of the question. You have done very well and very wisely. And I,"—he laughed

as he said this,—"have succeeded in getting over it better than might have been expected. At any rate I hope that there will be no ill-will. I shall do myself the honour of asking you and Mr. Western to come and dine with me at the Criterion. It is the little place that Lord Tomahawk had last year." Then he departed without another word from Cecilia Western.

"Now he must be told," whispered Miss Altifiorla the moment the door was closed. "My dear, if you will think of it all round you will perceive that this can be done by no one so well as by myself. I will go to Mr. Western the moment he comes in, and get through it all in half an hour."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Mrs. Western.

"Let me pray you. Let me implore you. Let me beseech you."

"You will do nothing of the kind. I will admit of no interference in the matter."

"Interference! You cannot call it interference."

"I will not have you speak to my husband on the subject."

"But what will you do?"

"Whatever I do shall be done by myself alone."

"But you must tell him instantly. You cannot allow this man to come and call and yet say nothing about it. And he would not have called without some previous acquaintance. This you will have to describe, and if you say that you merely knew him at Exeter, there will be in that case an additional fib." The use of such words applied to herself by this woman was intolerable. But she could only answer them by an involuntary frown upon her brow. "And then," continued Miss Altifiorla, "of course he will refer to me. He will conclude that as you knew Sir Francis at Exeter I must have known him. I cannot tell a fib."

She could not tell a fib! And that was uttered in such a way as to declare that Mrs. Western had been fibbing. I cannot tell a fib! "You will leave me at any rate to mind my own business," said Cecilia in an indignant tone as she left the room.

But Mr. Western was at the hall door, and the coming of Sir Francis had to be explained at once. That could not be left to be told when Miss Altifiorla should have gone,—not even though she were going to-morrow. "Sir Francis Geraldine has been here," she said almost before he had entered the room. She was immediately aware that she had been too sudden, and had given by her voice too great an importance to her idea of the visit.

But he was not surprised at that and did not notice it. "Sir Francis Geraldine! A man whom I particularly do not wish to know! And what has brought him here?"

"He came to call. He is a Devonshire man, and he knew us at Exeter."

"He is the Dean's brother-in-law. I remember. And when he came what did he say? Unless you and he were very intimate I think he might as well have remained away. There are some stories here not altogether to his credit. I do not know much about his business, but he is not a delectable acquaintance."

"We were intimate," said Cecilia. "Maude Hippesley, his niece, was my dearest friend." The words were no sooner out of her mouth than she was aware that she had fibbed. Miss Altifiorla was justified. Why had she not stopped at the assurance of her intimacy with Sir Francis, and have left unexplained the nature of it? Every step which she took made further steps terribly difficult!

After dinner, Mr. Western, as a matter of course, brought up the subject of Sir Francis Geraldine. "Did you know him, Miss Altifiorla?"

"Oh yes!" said that lady, looking at Cecilia with peculiar eyes. Only that Mr. Western was a man and not a woman, and among men the least suspicious till his suspicion were aroused, he would have discovered at once from Miss Altifiorla's manner that there was a secret.

"He seems to have lived in very good clerical society down in Exeter,—a very different class from those with whom he has been intimate here."

"Of course he was staying at the deanery," said Cecilia.

"And he, I know, is a very pearl of Church propriety. It is odd what different colours men show at different places. Down here, where he is well known, a great many even of the racing men fight shy of him. But I beg your pardon if he be a particular friend of yours, Miss Altifiorla."

"Oh dear no, not of mine at all. I should never have known him to speak to but for Cecilia." Her words no doubt were true; but again she looked as though endeavouring to tell all she could without breaking her promise.

"He is one of our Devonshire baronets," said Cecilia, "and of course we like to stand by our own. At any rate he is going to ask us to dinner."

"We cannot dine with him."

"That's as you please. I don't want to dine with him."

"I look upon it as very impertinent. He knows that I should not dine with him. There has never been any actual quarrel, but there has been no acquaintance."

"The acquaintance has been on my part," said Cecilia, who felt that at every word she uttered she made the case worse for herself hereafter.

"When a woman marries, she has to put up with her husband's friends," said Mr. Western gravely.

"He is nothing on earth to me. I never wish to see him again as long as I live."

"It is unfortunate that he should have turned out to be so near a neighbour," said Miss Altifiorla. Then for the moment Sir Francis Geraldine was allowed to be forgotten.

"I did not like to say it before her," he said afterwards in their own room;—and now Cecilia was able to observe that his manner was altogether altered,—"but to tell the truth that man behaved very badly to me myself. I know nothing about racing, but my cousin, poor Jack Western, did. When he died, there was some money due to him by Sir Francis, and I, as his executor, applied for it. Sir Francis answered that debts won by dead men were not payable. But Jack had been alive when he won this, and it should have been paid before. I know nothing about debts of honour as they are called, but I found out that the money should have been paid."

"What was the end of it?" asked Cecilia.

"I said no more about it. The money would have come into my pocket and I could afford to lose it. But Sir Francis must know what I think of the transaction, and knowing it ought not to talk of asking me to dinner."

"But that was swindling."

"For the matter of that it's all swindling as far as I can see. One strives to get the money out of another man's pocket by some juggling arrangement. For myself I cannot understand how a gentleman can condescend to wish to gain another man's money. But I leave that all alone. It is so; and when I meet a man who is on the turf as they call it, I keep my own feelings to myself. He has his own laws of conduct and I have mine. But here is a man who does not obey his own laws; and puts money in his pocket by breaking them. He can do as he pleases. It is nothing to me. But he ought not to come and call upon my wife." In this way he talked himself into a passion; but the passion was now against Sir Francis Geraldine and not against his wife.

On the next morning Miss Altifiorla was dispatched by an early train so that she might be able to get down to Exeter, via London, early in the day. It behoved her to go to London on the route. She had things to buy and people to see, and to London she went. "Good bye, my dear," she said, seeming to include the husband as well as the wife in the address. "I have spent a most pleasant fortnight, and have been most delighted to become acquainted with your husband. You are Cecilia Holt no longer. But it would have been sad indeed not to know him who has made you Cecilia Western." Then she put out her hand, and getting hold of that of the gentleman squeezed it with the warmest affection. But her farewell address made to Mrs. Western in her own room was quite different in its tone. "Now I am going, Cecilia," she said, "and am leaving you in the midst of terrible danger."

"I hope not," said Cecilia.

"But I am. It would have been over now and passed if you would have allowed me to obey my reason, and to tell him the whole story of your former love."

"Why you?"

"Because I am your most intimate friend. And I think I should have told it in such a manner as to disarm his wrath."

"It is out of the question. I will tell him."

"Do so. Do so. But I doubt your courage. Do so this very morning. And remember that at any rate Francesca Altifiorla has been true to her promise."

That such a promise should have been needed and should have been boasted of with such violent vulgarity was almost more than Mrs. Western could stand. She came down-stairs and then underwent the additional purgatory of listening to the silver-tongued farewell. That she, she with her high ideas of a woman's duty and a woman's dignity, should have put herself into such a condition was a marvel to herself. Had some one a year since told her that she should become thus afraid of a fellow-creature and of one that she loved best in all the world she would have repelled him who had told her with disdain. But so it was. How was she to tell her husband that she had been engaged to one whom he had described to her as a gambler and a swindler?

"What is he like to-day?" was the Fiscal's question.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AT COCK CROW.

DOES anybody know how it is that the birds are never late in awakening of a morning, and how the cock never fails to crow at the turn of the night, whether there is light or darkness? Here was a dull grey mist which would have deceived anybody who did not look at a clock with the notion that it was still midnight: you could feel the cold damp atmosphere cling about you and the eyes discovered only vague dark lines which might be the branches of trees or the outlines of skeleton buildings. Yet here were the chanticleers of Campbell's farm proclaiming the morning as resolutely and resonantly as if they had telegraphic communication with the sun and knew that, however poor ordinary mortals might be deceived by the mist, it was their duty to sing out that he had risen and would presently appear.

A cart was standing near the byre; in it there was a cosy arrangement of straw and rugs, such as country folk prepare when they are going out for a holiday. A cart with some bundles of straw and rugs, and some half dozen merry lads and lassies going for a picnic is one of the most luxurious conveyances yet invented—granted the merry hearts. No one ever discovers that it jolts for lack of springs, the straw being an admirable substitute.

It was Wull Greer who brought the cart to the place. No one who knew him would have been surprised to find him out at that early hour, although the cart might have puzzled them. His early habits and the results of them were known to most of the cottars round about—and to the keepers and water bailies, too, although they had not been often able to catch him redhanded.

At present he made his way up to the old granary, and there he struck a light. His movements were cautious, but they were devoid of that sense of dread which affects the boldest when engaged on some work they do not wish to be detected in.

"I'm sayin'—I hae the cart ready and the sooner we're awa' the better," he said, advancing to the rough couch on which Thorburn lay.

"Ay," muttered the wounded man, "but what is the use of it? What does the man who dies care about the place? I can die here as well as anywhere else. What does it matter where?"

"Just that; but you see, it might matter to me. There's thae confounded constables after me and if they found me wi' a dead man they might do mair than fine me. Do you no see that? And you maun mind that you promised me you wouldna get me into ony harm."

"Ay, that's true, and if I can manage it you shall not be sorry for your kindness to me."

"Let me see that. Here are your breeks; if you canna put them on, I'll help you. . . . That's the way. Ods my life, I think you are a guid sowl yet, and I'll do what I can to help you. But you maun mind that I can do naething unless you are ready to do a' that you can for yoursel'."

"I want to do that, Greer," almost moaned the man.

"Aweel, just try it. Come awa' wi' me. Our folk are ready for you, and they'll do ony mortal thing to please you. There's my sister Leezie to nurse you, and there's me to let you ken how things are gaun on at Thorniehowe—there's just naething that you want that will no be dune for you."

"Ay, you are a good friend."

"Then you should do your best to prevent a good friend frae getting into mischief. I tell you that Captain Brown has got word o' where you are, and he will be here the-day. I hae everything ready for you at hame and Leezie is waitin' for us."

"I don't feel up to much. I don't feel able to make an effort, although I know the bother you may have on my account and wish to save you from it. Standing is not easy when a fellow's legs have forgotten the way . . . . . Now, Greer, if you wanted to put spunk into me to serve our turn you would give me a stiff glass of the Enemy."

"I was thinking about that mysel', and hae a drap here for you."

He drew from his breast-pocket a lemonade bottle and Thorburn eagerly extended a trembling hand. He held it up against the light and saw that it was more than half full.

"It's a cold morning," he said, shivering.

"It is that, but tak' a dram—there's naething like it for warmin' a body——"

"And damning a body," interrupted Thorburn grimly.

"O, that's just as you tak' it," continued Greer, insensible to the bitter earnestness with which Thorburn's words were spoken and re-

garding them as containing some joke hidden beyond his ken; he was also unconscious of the philosophy in his own comment. "We aye ca' it chlorodyne, because a neebour loon cam' to the house ae night late, as fou as he could haud, wi' a bottle stickin' out o' his pouch. Mither speirt what was that and the lad in a confushioned way says, 'Oh, it's Chlorodyne. I hae just come frae the doctor's.' We a' gied a scraich and he made his way out o' the house as quick's he could, drappin' the bottle in his hurry—for ye ken he was courtin' Leezie. Sae my father takes up the bottle and took a waft and says he—'Ay, that's rael fine chlorodyne.' And since that time we hae aye gi'en it that name."

Wull Greer chuckled with much enjoyment of this simple joke. Thorburn stood all the time with the bottle in his hand, a stupid expression on his face, and shivering occasionally as if he still felt the cold intensely.

"I have made a toss up with myself, Greer, whilst you have been speaking. The head is, I win, the tail I lose. The head is myself: the tail is this bottle . . . . All right, the bottle has it, give us the cup."

Greer handed him a dilapidated-looking teacup with a diamond-shaped breach on the edge. Thorburn drank and smacked his lips.

"I am stronger now, man; I am in the right spirit to give you a fine lecture on teetotalism. Here was I a poor helpless creature, not able to lift my head, and you just put a spark of the Enemy into me and up I get. But, losh, man, the fire burns only a wee while, and already I am dropping back. Give me your arm. We will manage as far as the cart, at any rate."

As Greer helped him along he continued to speak.

"It's a notion I've had for a long while that Next Time is the biggest devil in the whole army of Hades. Everybody says Next Time I'll do this or that, and Next Time is eternally skulking in the corner, chuckling at the poor wretches who call for his help, and never coming to it unless he is caught by the ear and held fast by Now."

Greer lifted him into the cart and tucked the rugs round him; then mounted the front board himself, resting his feet on the right shaft and drove gently away from the steading.

The road was a good one, and although the journey occupied some hours Thorburn apparently experienced no inconvenience. At intervals he spoke, inquiring how long it might be now till they reached their tion, or making some observation gradual clearing of the mist and the afforded of a fine day.

At length they came to a steep which the horse toiled slowly. Ti was made on the edge of a deep g sides of which were green and grey whins and brambles and boulders the latter had apparently halted in th long course from the hill-top tow rushing stream below.

Greer drew rein, the horse pantin sense of relief. On one side of the a thatched cottage with a patch of gr front well stocked with cabbages, gooseberry and currant bushes; on t was a small meal-mill. This was th of Greer's parents, where his father co the occupations of miller and farn small way. Although the mill had o pairs of stones, as most of the farms same estate were "thirled" to it—th farmers were bound to send their gra ground there—the miller, Greer, made fortable living, and was accounted a man. He had eleven children; three at home; the youngest son was stu Glasgow for the kirk; another was in Canada, and six were out at servic

Nobody ever thought that the dignity was in any way lessened by that his children were "out at servic there was nothing in it to call for admiration either. It was simply the order of things. The bairns had their way in the world as he had dor were set to healthy work as soon were fitted for it, and they took cheerfully.

Wull had always been the most un able of the family, and consequently ways obtained the most attention. He chief amongst his brothers and siste his learned brother who was soon minister had to play a secondary Dalwheattie Mill when Wull was at

Wull's unmanageableness was d distressing mixture of good and ev nature: he was one of those most trou of all characters who are "ower gui and ower bad to bless."

When the cart stopped at Dal Mill Leezie was waiting for them brother had said she would be. was fatigued by the journey, leisu had been made; he had not spoke the last hour of it. He was scar to do anything for himself now.

"Just put your arm ower my shouther," said Wull cheerfully, "an' I'll lift you in. Man, you're no the weight o' a sookin' pig. . . . . There, that's the way."

And he carried him into a cosy little room which, although known as the parlour of the cottage, had a box-bed. A comfortable bed it was, too, spread with fine homespun linen, fragrant with "apple-ringgy," indicating that it had just been taken from the drawers where all the best blankets and sheets were carefully hoarded, only to be used on such an occasion as the present in honour of a distinguished guest.

The furniture was plain, and comprised a small sofa and three chairs covered with black horsehair; a table covered with brown oilcloth; and a chest of drawers on which lay a huge family Bible that had been taken out in shilling parts, and then bound in dark morocco leather. On the mantelpiece were some china ornaments, and on the walls were a few small engravings, two coloured prints given away with the *Illustrated News*, and sundry photographs of the family—those of the father and mother belonging to the smudgy glass species, and so faded that they demanded close inspection before they revealed their subjects.

It was a room which at once conveyed the impression that it was always on its best behaviour: the bare floor was so clean that the absence of a carpet scarcely attracted attention.

Thorburn was too tired to take note of these things, or to question why such comfortable quarters were provided for him, or why so much trouble was taken on his account. Wull helped him into bed and he breathed with a sense of relief and restfulness.

Wull did everything with never failing good humour, and his sister gave him cheerful assistance.

"I'm thinkin' he'll be pleased noo."

"Nae doubt," said Leezie, "for he was feart for naething but the difficulty o' getting him this length. The next thing he says is getting him to see the doctor and I'll contrive that."

The *he* referred to was the Fiscal. Wull was acting under his directions: it was he who suggested the argument by which Thorburn was persuaded to quit the old granary: it was he who arranged with Miller Greer to take an invalid lodger, and it was he who provided for all expenses.

One condition was imposed upon all who were taken into his confidence, namely, that Thorburn should never know who was looking after him, or hear his name mentioned.

Daily the Fiscal came for tidings of the invalid's progress. He did not enter the house. Leezie always saw him coming and went to the door.

"What is he like to-day?" was the Fiscal's question.

"Just getting on fine," was Leezie's answer.

And then the Fiscal turned away relieved and made his report to Armour. There was no sign on his face of the quivering anxiety of his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—BY THE PLANTING.

THERE is no sensation more delightful than that which results from the consciousness of having got one's own way. Mrs. Musgrave was very happy. She had persuaded Armour, and, what was much more important, she had persuaded her husband, that it was really imperative to delay the arrangements for Ellie's marriage. Delay was everything in her opinion; because she was convinced that with a little time her daughter would feel the advantages of becoming Mrs. Fenwick, the mistress of an ancestral home, and the representative of a "county family."

It had certainly been rather painful to bear the evident distress of Ellie, although she had behaved submissively enough. But all things considered, she had every reason to be satisfied with the result of her day's diplomatic exertions; and, being sustained by the consciousness that she was doing her duty, she went to bed with an easy mind.

Mrs. Musgrave, however, was not an early bird, and had no suspicion that her plans might be interfered with in consequence.

Armour was well contented with matters as they stood. He had come, as he believed, to a complete understanding with his future mother-in-law; and that he counted a great gain. At the expense of much self-sacrifice he had obeyed her behest and had remained away from the house on the evening on which he had expected to see Ellie. But the request did not apply to the following morning; and, knowing Ellie's habit of generally accompanying her father part of the way towards his office, he was out betimes and waiting by the planting in the expectation of meeting her.

Presently he saw them come forth from the side gate of Torthorl, and he advanced joyously towards them.

Think of a beautiful landscape, dull under mist which is suddenly cleared away by the sun: think of the heavy drops of dew in an instant transformed into diamonds by the light suddenly flashed upon them—that was Ellie's face when she saw her lover.

She drew her arm from her father's and almost ran towards him.

The father noted this, and although his pace had been slow before, it became slower now as he purposely hung back. Presently he found something the matter with one of the young trees which compelled him to stop. But his inspection was brief; he decided that there was nothing particular the matter with the plant, and he might leave it to the care of nature. So he could go on.

"I am rather in a hurry this morning," he said as he approached the two, before their hands which had clasped in greeting were parted. There was something unusually grave in his voice and manner, which was rendered the more marked by the attempt to assume his jocose smile. "And I dare say you young folk will not be very sorry. . . . I hope you don't mean to try to make me believe that you are. . . . That's right. I aye keep in mind that two are company and a third party is always in the way. I'll see you later, Armour, probably."

Then he passed on with long, hurried steps.

Armour grasped her hand again and would have kissed her, but that he was checked by the strange expression of anxiety with which she looked after her father.

"What is the matter with him?" she said as if speaking to herself, and yet turning to Armour.

"Only some case which is worrying him," was the gleeful reply; "some vagabond has escaped his clutches and he is annoyed about it. Never you heed, he will get hold of the vagabond soon, and then he'll be as merry as ever."

"No," said Ellie slowly and thoughtfully; "it is something about us that is troubling him. I cannot make out what it is, but he said to me last night that——"

She was puzzled how to explain the strange words which haunted her; but she felt that having gone so far she must complete the sentence in order to satisfy Armour. So she went on hesitatingly—

"He said that perhaps it would be as well that you did not come here at present."

She felt awkward in saying this, but she was astounded by the manner in which it was received. Armour for an instant looked abashed; then he laughed.

"I know what is the matter," he crie confidently.

"Tell me," was her eager exclamation.

"The grey mare," he replied with gre solemnity.

"What!"

"The grey mare," he repeated, trying t look more solemn than before, and holdin up his hand with the forefinger extended as about to deliver some admonition. "Now am going to look into the future, and wh do you think I see there?"

"I don't know," she answered, half amuse and still perplexed about her father.

"I see a man they call John Armou with a grey pow and a portly person, who supposed to be a man who has a will of h own—that is outside his house. Then I se inside the house a bonnie, gentle-lookin lady they call Ellie Armour, and who is su posed to be so sweet that she has no will her own. But I see that same John Armou a perfect slave to her wishes, just becaus she is so sweet and so dear to him. Do yo understand yet?"

"Not quite."

"Well, the whole matter is this: yo father wants to please your mother, and h wants to please you too. At this minut he does not see how he is to manage it, b cause it is her wish that you should not marr me. But he does not know that your mothe and I have entered into a solemn league an covenant, and we are perfectly agreed upo all its conditions."

"My mother and you agreed!" exclaime Ellie, bewildered.

"Yes, and the conditions are perfectly fai They involve everything that I desire—yo happiness."

"Did she say so?"

"Of course she did, and I mean to hel her with all my might to that end. Wha she wants is fair and reasonable, and it come to nothing more than this, that you yourse are to decide whether you are to find happ ness with me or no."

"But I have decided, and she says I'm wrong."

"No, no; she only says that your preser conviction may be a mistake, and that yo must have time to make quite sure that it not so. I say, grant the time—do you thin it will make any difference?"

His face was beaming with confidence; h was smiling with the satisfaction of one wh knows he is granting a concession which cos him nothing. Her face brightened too, an the disengaged hand was placed on his arm

"No time can make any difference in me," she said simply.

And then—

Well, they were by the planting; there was a calm sough among the trees, and there were no eyes of people or houses upon them.

They walked to and fro along the side of the planting; and they were happy although they did not speak very much. Perhaps they were happiest in those moments of perfect silence when they walked side by side full of the sense of each other's presence, and so, quite content. These are the moments in which love is fullest of sweet imaginings: the brain is active with tender thoughts, and the mental eye is full of pleasant visions of a long and happy future.

What a pity these are only moments!

But fortunately in these moments there is concentrated the life of years; and it is worth living to realise them. So Armour and Ellie would have thought, had they not been too blessed in the present to reflect about it at all. One enjoys the perfume of a rose without pausing to speculate upon its source. Love grants brief spans of perfect happiness and the lovers do not stay to inquire too curiously into the reason why.

He was there: that was enough for her. She was there: that was enough for him. Father and mother and all the world were forgotten by them: they only knew that they were together and believed that they might be thus walking through life with the bright morning sun upon them and the pleasant aroma of the green trees about them.

What did they care about the calculations of Mrs. Musgrave, founded upon her narrow experience of ordinary men and women? Maybe she was right so far as concerned *them*. Undoubtedly she meant well, and was actuated by a pure motive. But they did not belong to the ordinary category. They were lovers and all the commonplace ordinances of the world must yield to their love.

Listen to those birds: did ever birds sing so sweetly! Look at those trees: how fresh and fragrant they were! Look at this green field stretching down to the river; and look at the cows leisurely browsing or stolidly gazing at nothing. Was there ever a field so green—were there ever cows so contented—was there ever water gleamed so beautifully as the field and the cows and the river which appeared through the halo of their love?

They were very happy that morning and the memory of it was a treasure to them afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SOMEBODY WRONG.

NOTWITHSTANDING Armour's assurance that her mother was willing enough to consent to their union under conditions which she thought desirable, and the natural repugnance of the girl to think that she could have attempted to deceive him, Ellie was not satisfied. This was, however, due more to her uneasiness about the conduct of her father than to any serious doubt as to her mother's truth. Indeed her thoughts were almost entirely occupied with the former.

What *was* the matter with him? At first he had been so pleasant in talking about the engagement; and now he seemed to hesitate so much; and he had even said that it might be better that Armour should not come to her at present.

What was his meaning—no unkindliness to herself or to Armour, of that she felt sure. It was something about them both which was vexing him: of that she also felt sure. But what was it? It could not be the scandal about Armour's father; for he had known all about it and had said that no man was responsible for the conduct of his parents. He had given his consent at once to their union; he had raised no objection except that they would have some difficulty in overcoming the dislike of her mother to the match. Then had come this curious change. He seemed to be distressed and half desirous that the marriage should not take place.

Two things he had said to her which remained vividly in her memory. The first was spoken before the visit to Kirkcudbright—"Whatever happens, Ellie, I'll do the best I can for you." There was comfort in that assurance; it was a charm against all fear. But the second—spoken on the night when she was made so unhappy by her mother's determined opposition to Armour—inspired the misgivings which were only soothed by a constant use of the charm. "You see," he had said, "we never can tell what queer things may happen;" and that commonplace phrase, combined with the sadness of his expression, still haunted her.

In her growing anxiety she spoke to her mother.

"Do you think papa is quite well, just now?" she said thoughtfully.

Mrs. Musgrave was astounded at the idea of the Fiscal ever being anything but well. In all her experience of him, he had never been afflicted by any ailment more serious than a slight cold; and she could not imagine him on the sick list.

"He has not given me the least hint of there being anything the matter with him," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have been watching him and I see that he looks sad and weary. His voice is so weak and he moves about in such a slow way that I am sure he is not well."

The mother hesitated for a minute; she was not in any degree alarmed about her husband, and she saw here an opportunity of influencing her child to the advantage of her own designs.

"It will be some of those tiresome things in his office that are affecting him. Perhaps also his anxiety about you may have something to do with his present state."

"That is just what I would like to understand, mamma," cried the girl eagerly. "Why should he be anxious on my account?"

"I think you should be able to understand without asking me," rejoined Mrs. Musgrave significantly.

Ellie understood her mother, and particularly wished to avoid any further discussion about Armour at present. So with a touch of impatience in her voice, she only said—

"I do not think it can be *that*. He is satisfied."

Then Mrs. Musgrave looked unhappy. She did not like to feel the reproach that was conveyed by her daughter's tone and look.

"Now, Ellie, what else could it be?" she exclaimed, partly pleading and a little irritable. "You know quite well that although he may be worried by his office affairs, he is never sad about them. He sees that we are—not pleased with each other; and he knows that there is nothing unreasonable in my desire that you should not involve yourself too far in this hasty engagement with Mr. Armour. He is satisfied that I am right—so is Mr. Armour, and so would anybody be who understood the circumstances. But you are obstinate and your father, who, I believe really cares more for you than he does for me, is depressed in consequence. I am sure, Ellie, if you would try to think of it calmly, you would admit that I am right."

There was such a blending in these statements of what Ellie knew to be fact with what was only supposition that she was much more deeply impressed by them than her mother could have expected. Here was such a wild suggestion that her father might have been persuaded to take her mother's view of the case. Was it possible that he was sad because he did not like to tell her so? Besides, it was true that Armour, who was as deeply interested in the matter as herself, had assured her that there was nothing unreasonable in what her mother required.

Then was it possible that she had been all this time playing the part of a disobedient child and causing both father and mother unnecessary trouble?

"I would like to do whatever you want, mamma, . . . I do wish to please you."

"I knew that, Ellie, or I could never have borne half the worry this affair has caused me," cried the delighted mother. "I knew that you would soon come to see that my only desire was to do what seemed to me best for you."

"I never doubted that."

Then she kissed her mother and went out, leaving the good lady full of joy, for everything was coming about just as she had foreseen it would, and her daughter would yet be mistress of Cluden Peel. It was certainly unfortunate that Fenwick had no title; but he was young, he was clever, he belonged to an ancient family, and he might win some distinction for himself yet. So with childish glee she continued to build her house of cards.

Ellie went down by the terraces which overlooked the river. She wanted somebody with clear vision to help her to make out what she ought to do; and she was thinking about Grannie when she heard steps behind her.

She had chosen this walk because she was least likely to be interrupted by any one; and now here was Fenwick at her elbow.

"You had just gone out when I called, and your mother told me which way you had gone," he said in his jaunty way and without the remotest suspicion that his presence could be otherwise than agreeable.

"I would rather you had not come, Mr. Fenwick," she said awkwardly.

He halted, bowed, and looked as if he intended to wheel about, right face, and march away.

"I am sorry to hear that, Miss Musgrave; but perhaps you may consent to endure my society for a few minutes when I tell you that I came to say good-bye."

That did alter the case, and she exclaimed with an air of very frank but what he considered very ungracious relief—

"Oh, you are going away!"

He smiled with a comically malicious anticipation of her disappointment.

"Yes, but only for a few weeks; and my going depends a little upon you."

"Upon me! I do not understand how any of your movements can be influenced by anything I may do."

"Oh, but they can be very greatly influenced. You will permit me to explain, will you not?"

She had turned towards the house, knowing that there she could most easily escape from him. Her cheeks were tingling, and she felt altogether uncomfortable.

"I will take your silence for consent," he said, again at ease and confident; "and tell you all about it. A wonderful thing has occurred—I have decided upon doing something!"

"Indeed!"

This with an expression which would have convinced any one but Fenwick that whilst she congratulated him on this noble resolution, she cordially wished he had chosen some other friend to be the hearer of the wonderful news.

"Yes, I have decided to go into Parliament, and I have also decided to make a hit there somehow, if it would please you."

He laid emphasis on the last words, but he affected not to observe it.

"I wish you every success—no one can do more sincerely."

"Thank you: to have your good wishes is something. You know that we are not millionaires, but my father thinks we can afford to stand an election or two with the highly commendable object of getting me started on a useful career in which my energy, et-cetera, will find scope for development. The sudden retirement of old Balfour, the member for Gartburn, gives me an immediate opening. The borough is not a large one and I am going to try my fortune at once. I begin the campaign to-morrow."

"That is very prompt," she said, trying to show some interest in his project, and hoping that in his enthusiasm he would forget the other matter at which he had hinted.

"Prompt's the word. We must let no grass grow under our feet, and I don't think we have done it yet. Balfour's retirement was made known yesterday; we decided last night; my address was ready this morning; it will be printed in all the local papers to-morrow; and I will be on the spot to stump the place, to spout beautiful platitudes about land laws, game laws, hypothec and poor laws. I have one grand card to play, which will go straight to the heart of every true Briton! (You see I am getting into the style already.) Would you like to know what that particularly grand card is?"

"If it's not a secret."

"Secret—it will be known through the length and breadth of the land in twenty-four hours."

"It must be a very bright idea."

"The brightest possible for helping a man into Parliament. Are you getting impatient? Well, here it is. I mean to show every man how he can live without paying taxes, rent, or debts of any kind! . . . . There, is not that a magnificent idea? It is the realisation of a Utopian state, in which every man is to be as good as another. But you do not seem to be deeply impressed with the Napoleonic grandeur of my notion."

"I do not understand how it is to be carried out," she said, laughing at his burlesque.

"The understanding is not of the slightest consequence," was his reply, as he too laughed merrily. "It is a catching idea and that is enough. But what I want to understand very much is, will you be greatly pleased if I win the day?"

"Of course we shall be pleased."

"Ay, but what I want to know is, will it give you any particular satisfaction to learn that I, rather than any other friend of yours, is returned at the head of the poll for Gartburn? . . . . I think if I could take that knowledge with me, there would be no doubt of the result. Shall I have it?"

In Fenwick's wooings, boldness had always been a stronger characteristic than tenderness; but now, touched with a real passion, his words, his manner, his expression, and even the form of his features seemed to obtain a mysterious refinement. For a few minutes he received no reply, and he watched her downcast face eagerly. He saw that the expression was very serious, but there was no indication of emotion.

Presently she turned her clear, frank eyes full upon his face and said quietly—

"I have told you, Mr. Fenwick, that none of your friends will be more pleased than I shall be if you are successful, and none will sympathize more if you fail. But that is all. Now I am going to ask you to prove your friendship for me."

The calm kindness with which this was spoken added to the feeling of disappointment with which Fenwick heard it, for it increased his admiration of the woman. What a splendid creature she was!

"Well, if that is all, I must be content with it for the present," he said cheerfully; "and you know that you have only to tell me in what way I can prove my friendship."

"By accepting the answer I have given you now as the only answer I can ever

give you, and so sparing me the pain of repeating it."

"That is too much to ask," he said impulsively; "I can never give up the hope of winning you until I know that you have given yourself to some one else."

"Then you do not wish to be my friend?"

"You know I am your friend and will be always."

"In that case you can only prove it by granting the favour I ask without conditions."

Then she bowed and went into the house. She did not know that Fenwick was somewhat justified in his persistence by the assurances he had received from her mother that all was going in his favour.

"A fellow might do anything with such a woman for his wife," was Fenwick's mental exclamation, "and I know women too well to give up the chase yet."

The refinement with which his sense of real love had endowed him for a little while, had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXV.—BAD NEWS.

When the Fiscal arrived at his office he dispatched Adamson in search of Captain Brown, and then proceeded methodically to examine the correspondence which lay on his desk. This was probably the last time he would have it to do; for the end was near.

The chief constable came promptly. The Fiscal handed him a piece of paper.

"That is where the man Thorburn is lying. I think you should be there to-morrow forenoon at eleven o'clock. I believe he will have something to say to you. I expect him to point out the man who caused his injury."

"Very good. Do you go with me?"

"I shall be there at the same hour; but as I am not able to fix the time at which I shall start, you had better not trouble to call for me."

"I suppose you have got full information now about the case?"

"Yes, but I would like you to hear what the man says himself. I dare say you think it queer that I should take so much interest in this case. You will understand why to-morrow."

Captain Brown's sallow face did not display a shadow of curiosity, but his keen eyes were gazing steadily at the Fiscal.

"I was puzzled to make out why you were so eager at first and then so suddenly stopped."

"My interest did not cease. As I explained to you I had found him, and for the time there was no necessity for you to make further inquiry. However, to-morrow everything will be explained. I have news for you."

"Another case?"

"No, not that. The news is only that you will soon have a new Fiscal. I have resigned."

"Tired of work?"

The question was put without any intonation of surprise.

"Not exactly. It would have pleased me very well to have gone on for some years longer; but an event which occurred recently has made me think it incumbent upon me to resign."

"Sorry to hear it. Who will get the appointment?"

"There's no saying; but if it had been in my power to recommend any one I should have given Adamson my best word. He knows the whole routine of the work. Put in a word for him if you can."

"I will."

The chief constable retired, much occupied with speculations as to the probable cause of Musgrave's resignation.

At noon the Fiscal's horse was brought to the door of the office. Its owner mounted and rode to Campbell's farm. There he gave some instructions to Wull Greer and obtained for him leave of absence for a couple of days.

Next he rode to Thornichowe and found Armour at home. His arrival was not a surprise now, as his first two or three visits had been, although this one was made earlier than usual.

But the tidings he brought did give them a surprise. One of Grannie's first questions had always been—

"When are we to see him noo?"

"Not yet," had hitherto been the invariable answer.

This time, however, the answer was, "To-morrow."

"Then he's better," said Grannie quietly, although she was full of joy. "The Lord be thanked. And when did he come to himsel' —when did he ask to see us?"

"He has not asked to see you," replied the Fiscal slowly; "he does not yet know that you are going to him. I have taken upon myself the responsibility of making the appointment because I think it important that you should see him now."

The light which had suddenly flashed in Grannie's face passed away as quickly as it had come.

"Then he's deein' . . . ;" then, standing erect, her sightless eyes turned towards Musgrave, whilst Armour took her hand in his, her lips moved, but they did not hear the words, "Thy will be dune."

"The case is not yet hopeless," said the Fiscal gently; "he may mend."

"Ay, he'll mend," she said in a low steady voice, and both men understood the significance of the words. After a pause she went on: "What for can we no gang to him enoo?"

"Because it is necessary first to persuade him to let you come. He is still under the impression that none of us know where he is hiding."

"Sae be it," she said softly. "I would fain see him, but I'll no do onything that might hasten his hour. I ken that he's no keepin' us awa' frae him out o' ill will to us, but because he thinks it best for us."

Then she bowed her head and quitted the room, Armour going with her. But he stopped at the door of her room: he knew that she wished to be alone, and he knew why.

He returned quickly to the Fiscal who was standing in precisely the same attitude as when he left him.

"Is it death?" inquired Armour. "You can tell me the worst."

"I fear it is; but the doctor does not think it will be immediate—he even thinks recovery possible. I hope he may recover."

This was spoken with so much earnestness that Armour could not help looking at him inquiringly.

"You will not be surprised that I am anxious about him when you learn that should he die you may find it necessary to break off your engagement with Ellie."

"What!" ejaculated Armour, scarcely able to believe his ears.

The words were repeated coldly enough, but with an undercurrent of agitation.

"Oh, impossible!" said the lover.

"Any kind of misfortune is possible," rejoined the Fiscal bitterly. "Let us hope he may recover."

"But what is it you mean?" was the bewildered question. "Nothing can ever make me break off my engagement unless she tells me what I know she cannot."

"We shall see to-morrow," was the strange reply.

"If it were not that I know you are incapable of jesting at such a time as this, I should regard your suggestion as one of the biggest jokes you have ever made. As it is I wish you would explain."

"I ought not to have spoken. I would like you to have the explanation from his lips, not mine. But as——"

The Fiscal stopped: he had been about to say, "as I have startled you by my remark, I must tell you the whole circumstances myself. I am not so thoroughly the master of my tongue lately as I used to be, and without my leave it uttered the thought which has been uppermost in my mind for some time."

But he could not do it then; and it was best to leave the explanation to come to-morrow, as he had arranged. So he said—

"I must ask you, Armour, not to worry yourself by my careless words. Rest assured of this, I am more resolved than ever that nothing but your wish or hers shall keep you two apart."

"In that case, I can forget your curious suspicion that it was possible for me to wish for any change. But you did startle me; for only this morning we were talking about the possibility of your having changed your mind."

"Then it is well that the opportunity occurred for me to repeat my assurance of the only conditions on which I will retract my consent."

Armour was satisfied; at any other time he would have laughed loudly at that wildest of all wild imaginings—the possibility of his wishing to give up Ellie. He was happy in smiling at it now; still when the Fiscal had gone away he had uncomfortable thoughts about what was to happen to-morrow.

It seemed somehow as if a shadow had fallen across the path which had been so bright that morning.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

A BLITHE man was Wull Greer with his unexpected holiday before him and an unexpected pound note in his pouch. The first was still long, and although there was a brisk north-east wind blowing, it was bracing and the sun was shining. The second was short, for it was soon changed; and Wull's experience had taught him that although a note was a respectable sum whilst it remained whole, it was just like a nest of new-fledged sparrows as soon as it was transformed into small coin, and each piece took to itself wings, "fleeing awa' in unkenned airts" with incomprehensible and mysterious velocity.

"There's nae accounting for it," was his resigned answer whenever his father had at-

tempted to remonstrate with him on his extravagance; "there maun hae been bad tailorin' about my pouches."

"It's nae use speakin'," would be the father's melancholy comment: "ye are a sare hair in my neck an' I maun just thole."

"Just that," Wull would say cheerfully, "an' be thankfu' it's nae waur. You ken there was——"

And then Wull would give a list of ne'er-do-weels who had been transported or hanged, and felt quite satisfied that his father ought to be comparatively proud of him. It is one of the anomalies of human nature and a reproach to its judgment that the ne'er-do-weels awaken so much pity that they always cause more pain than they suffer.

Wull had to pass through Thornichowe because he had to go to Deacon Simpson's for some delicacies which had been ordered for the invalid at Dalwheattie Mill. So he had a chat with Eppie Lawson, who was always about her door seeing that the bairns who were too young for school did not fall into mischief; or on the way to or from the well with her water stoups swung out from her sides by means of a large hoop.

Then he encountered Tawtie Pate and had something to say to him which involved a dram. Gow, the smith, came into the inn whilst they were at it, and that involved another dram. Next came the Souter and that meant one more dram, whilst the return treats had to be counted in between.

But they all kept their heads steadily, considering, and even then Wull did not betray the secret about Thorburn.

"I'm just gaun to see a frien' that's no weel at hame," was the explanation he gave of his holiday.

At last he got his parcel from the deacon's shop and strode out sturdily to make up for lost time. He was proud of his position as an assistant of the Fiscal; the novelty of being on the side of law was still fresh upon him.

"You are clever in the up-tak', Greer, and I expect you to manage this business as well as you have done the rest," the Fiscal had said; "and if you do—well, there's a small farm somewhere that might suit you."

And, consequently, Wull was determined to manage the business intrusted to him. Knowing what prospects he had before him, he was merry at the spectacle of his father's dismay at his appearance at that time of day.

"Back again!" exclaimed the miller, frowning as he thought that this wastrel son was once more thrown on his hands.

"Never you heed, father; it's a' right this time. You'll maybe be proud o' me yet."

"Proud!—whan?"

"Sooner than you think. You just never heed me the-noo, and in a whilie you'll no be sorry. I'm come to see my frien' and to bring some things he needed."

So Wull went into the cottage. He saw Leezie first. She had been baking, scouring, and milking—she was now washing—and in the intervals she had been nursing Thorburn.

"He's just the same as far as I can tell," she said in answer to her brother; "at ae minute you would think there was naething wrang wi' him an' the next you would think he was at the last gasp. The doctor thinks he's a wee better."

"Was he speiring for onybody?"

"No, but Maister Musgrave was speiring for you and says he is coming back to hear what you hae done."

"I'll be ready for him."

Wull went into the little room where Thorburn lay staring at the shelf near the ceiling and at the foot of his bed, which formed a kind of general receptacle for Sunday bonnets and other articles not frequently required.

At first he did not appear to notice Wull's arrival, in spite of the latter's repeated inquiry—

"Hoo do you find yoursel' the-day, Mr. Thorburn?"

By and by, however, he turned his face slowly towards him and eyed him absently.

"I suppose you think you are going to keep me here for ever," he said, huskily; "but that is not so. I mean to get out of your clutches soon."

"I dare say you will," answered Greer, consolingly, "but it will depend on yoursel' whether you walk out o' our clutches or are carried out o' them."

Intelligence dawned on the invalid's face and he spoke more clearly.

"That's you, Greer."

"Just me."

"I am glad to see you. How many years is it since I saw you last?"

"That depends on how many hours you count to a year. I would say that it was only a wee while since I brought you here."

The man was silent, looking dreamily at his visitor's face, and then—

"Ah, you count time by the hours of the clock. You do not know what suffering is."

"I hae had my head smashed wi' a horse; my hand nearly ta'en off wi' a chaff-cutter;

my arm broken in twa places wi' a tum'le frae a cart, and a heap o' things forbye."

"I wish I could swop with you," said Thorburn, a grim humour on his ghastly face. "Man, if you only knew what it was to lie here for, say two of your hours, with all these ghosts passing and repassing before you; every one looking at you with sad, weary, reproachful face, filling your soul with remorse and dread that you had done them wrong—then you would know what it was to be living through ages of torture."

"I never saw ony ghosts," said Wull simply, but moving uneasily a pace back from the bed.

"Then break your bones and be happy: you do not know what pain is yet."

He laughed faintly but contemptuously at the commonplace woes which his friend had recounted.

"Do you want to skear me awa' frae you?" said Wull, a little hurt by what seemed to be the ingratitude of the man he had aided at the cost of so much trouble to himself before he knew what rewards his action was to bring him.

"No, no, I don't want to skear you, man," replied Thorburn in a hopeless tone as he moved his head from side to side. "I was only telling you how the time goes with me. How long must I wait now?"

There was a kind of impatience of despair in the tone of that question.

"There's nae sayin'—maybe it'll be a long while yet; an', if I was you, I'd try to find out some kind o' thochts that wouldna fash ye sae muckle."

"That's true, Greer. You are becoming as good as a parson."

"Havers!" exclaimed Wull, as if he did not like the satire.

"You may complete the character by telling me what I ought to think about."

Wull was quick in the uptak', as the Fiscal had said, and he saw a good opportunity here for effecting his purpose.

"Maybe I can do that too, if you would listen wi' reason."

"I'll try."

"Weel then, you said that you would like to do me a good turn."

"Ay, but I cannot."

"Onyway you needna do me an ill turn if it's in your power to prevent it."

"How's that?"

"Weel, it's just this, an' it's the chief reason for my bein' here the-day. You see, as long as you was likely to get on your ain feet soon it was a' right for me. But you're no like to do that; and by your ain way o' thinking you'll never do it. Noo, what'll happen to me?"

Thorburn was silent, and his faithful friend went on.

"You ken there's been a heap o' seekin' for you—an' though I dinna want to say onything to hurt you while you're down, I canna say that you seem to me to hae done the right thing by your friends, judgin' frae what I hae heard about them and ken about them."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to let your folk come and see you. I'll gie you my word that they'll no touch you, or try to tak' you awa' unless it be your ain pleasure."

Wull gave that assurance with the air of one who knows that his guarantee is enough.

"You have seen them."

"True enough, I hae seen ane o' them, an' I ken that they mean to do naething but what will please yoursel'. I ken mair—that your keepin' awa' frae them is like to prevent a marriage that was to hae come aff if you had bided at hame, and would come aff yet if you were just to let your folk ken where you are."

"I did not know that."

"Oh, but it's true, though I'm no gaun to tell you hoo I came to ken it. You see it's in your power to do me a good turn, and your folk tae."

Thorburn did not speak. He closed his eyes and remained quite still. At length—

"I have been thinking about that, Greer, but I doubt if it can do them any good to see me. I always made mischief amongst them, and it seems to me still that the best thing for them is never to hear another word about me."

"Oo, but you're clean wrang; you hae done them the worst mischief in rinnin' awa'; and there's nae sayin' what mischief you may dae to me if you hide frae them muckle langer."

There was a long pause, during which the invalid again closed his eyes.

"Very well, you can go to Thornichowe and tell Mrs. Armour I would like to see her."

"I'll dae that, man, right gladly; and I'll fetch Maister Armour at the same time."

"Fetch anybody you like," said Thorburn wearily.

"I'll no fash you ony mair the-noo then, but you can lippen to me to dae everything needfu'."

Wull went out with a contented mind. He

had accomplished the object of his mission with much more ease than he had expected. Of course he had no need to go to Thornie-howe, and when the Fiscal came again he had his answer ready for him.

So the night went by; it was one of the quietest Thorburn had experienced for some time. Wull Greer remained in the room with him throughout the night, but his assistance was scarcely required, and for the most part he was allowed to snore peacefully on the little sofa.

Thorburn slept fairly well, but he lay awake at intervals listening to the rising wind which was moaning through the glen; and then to the heavy rain which began to beat violently against the little window.

"It's an even downpour," said Wull, as he looked out in the early morning. "I haena seen rain like that for mony a lang day."

The cottage might have been a diving-bell at the bottom of rapid moving water and the view from its window would have represented what was visible outside. Dull grey water through which the trees on the other side of the road could not be seen. It had subdued the wind and its own continuous splashing on the ground was the chief sound that reached their ears.

"It's a fine morning," said Thorburn, slightly raising his head.

"A what?" exclaimed Wull, turning quickly to stare at him.

"A fine morning, I say."

"You're no gaun wud again surely?"

"Oh no, I'm better this morning than I have been since the night you picked me up. I begin to think that bloodletting did me good, for my head is so clear."

"Then I wouldna say that this is a fine mornin'."

Although he spoke lightly, Wull was not altogether at his ease: he had been imbued with the superstition that during the few hours which immediately precede death, the intellect is supernaturally keen.

"That is just why I say it; because in this weather the folk will not come and I shall be glad of a respite."

"I'm doubtin' you're mista'en: they'll be here. This rain is ower heavy to keep on lang. I hear the wind beginning to rise doon there already."

"I want to get up then."

"That's clean ridic'lous on sic a day as this. You're far mair cosy in your bed."

"If the folk are coming I want to get up. I want to see them at my best and so give Grannie the least fright that may be."

"Bide a wee then or I get you something warm."

As Wull had prognosticated, the rain had abated by breakfast-time, although it still fell heavily. It had made deep channels of the cart ruts on the steep red road, and the streams were rushing down angrily, gathering strength as they approached the foot of the hill, and uniting their forces into a considerable burn as they reached the level ground. There they swelled the ditches to overflowing, and a couple of inches of water spread over the level road.

Whins and brambles and all low-lying bushes were beaten down, and the branches of the trees moved heavily in the wind. The burn in the bed of the glen had become a stormy river, dark and drumly, and with a few hours more of this rain would attain the dimensions of a spate. No glint of sunlight relieved the dull, sulky face of nature.

Through it all came Grannie and Armour to keep the appointment that the Fiscal had made for them. They were in a gig, and a strong horse took them along the road at a good pace in spite of the elements. But they had to go at a walking pace when they came to the brae leading up to Dalwheattie Mill. The streamlets rushing down washed the horse's feet and the wheels as the slow progress was made upward.

Armour remembered with a kind of shudder that he had attended a country funeral on such a day as this; and it seemed to him as if this was only one stage in another funeral. Grannie had spoken little to him since they started. She answered his inquiries about her "haps" and general comfort in monosyllables; and on the brae they did not speak at all.

Leezie was at the door and led Grannie into the kitchen whilst Armour went with the miller to the stable to attend to the horse. The miller would gladly have done this service himself, for he knew Armour as a thriving manufacturer and was proud to see him at his place.

When they returned to the cottage, Grannie had been relieved from her wet outer garments and was asking Leezie about the strange guest. At the same time Wull came from the parlour.

"He scarcely thocht you'd come, but you can gang in noo. He is sitting in the chair."

The fact that he was able to be out of bed gave them some relief; and Armour led Grannie quietly into the little room.

The man was sitting bolt upright with his back towards the bed. His white face resembled that of a corpse with its bandages. He stretched out his long thin hand, which Armour took and pressed kindly, then without speaking placed it in Grannie's.

"I'm glad to see you again, Jock," was what she said in her calm quiet voice, but her fingers trembled a little as they passed gently over his face and head. "Are you better noo?"

A pause; then—"Ay, I am better now."

And then there was another long pause. He had been always sickly-looking, but Armour was glad Grannie could not see him as he appeared now. In his own breast the intensity of pity for the man's misfortunes was forging those tender links between them which should have been made there long ago. There was something, too, in Thorburn's expression which suggested that he understood what was going on in his son's mind.

"I was feared that we would find you past speaking to us," Grannie went on; "I'm rael glad you haena got that length yet."

"I will speak better presently."

"Dinna waste your breath. I hae nae doubt that if we can get you safe hame you'll hae mony a blithe day afore you yet. . . . You are gaun to come hame, of course."

He looked towards Armour, who promptly answered—

"You know that I have always wished it."

"You do not know how my presence will interfere with you."

"I say, come whether or not."

For an instant a grim smile flitted across Thorburn's face.

"You do not know the curse you have brought upon yourself in pursuing me—what ruin you seek in taking me home. Your life would have been happier if you had never seen me again."

"That's just a' your ain fancies," interposed Grannie. "You canna do ony harm to us, and we are thankfu' to Mr. Musgrave——"

"Musgrave!"

"Ay, it was him that found you out and that's been daein' everything for you."

The man's face had been anxious, but not displeased or ill-humoured. Now it became dull and gloomy as the day.

The Fiscal was riding slowly up the steep brae through the rain, his head instinctively bowed low against it. He was insensible to wind and rain, although they seemed to crush him down on his saddle as they crushed the plants down to the ground.

There were voices in his ears speaking louder than the elements.

"That dying man will charge you with murder, and murder was in your thoughts at the time. You are going to your own execution."

"Then let it come," was the answer; "I am ready."

MY OWN GIRL.

FIFTEEN shillings—no more, sir—
The wages I weekly touch.
For labour steady and sore, sir,
It isn't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
And vanishes left and right,
But I hand a crown to Kitty
As sure as Saturday night.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

She lives in a reeking court, sir,
With roguery, drink, and woe;
But Kitty has never a thought, sir,
That isn't as white as snow—
She hasn't a thought or feeling
An angel would blush to meet,
I love to think of her kneeling
And praying for me so sweet.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and true,
Or how could I pinch her dimple,
Or gaze in her frank eyes' blue?
I feel, not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bad;
I say, "They've never a Kitty—
They'd all keep square if they had."
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

One day she will stand at the altar,
Modest, and white, and still,
And forth from her lips will falter
The beautiful, low, "I will."
Our home shall be bright and pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
Shall nest in my heart for aye.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE SCOTTISH HERRING FISHERY.

By J. G. BERTRAM, Author of "Harvest of the Sea."

FIRST PAPER.

Wick Harbour.

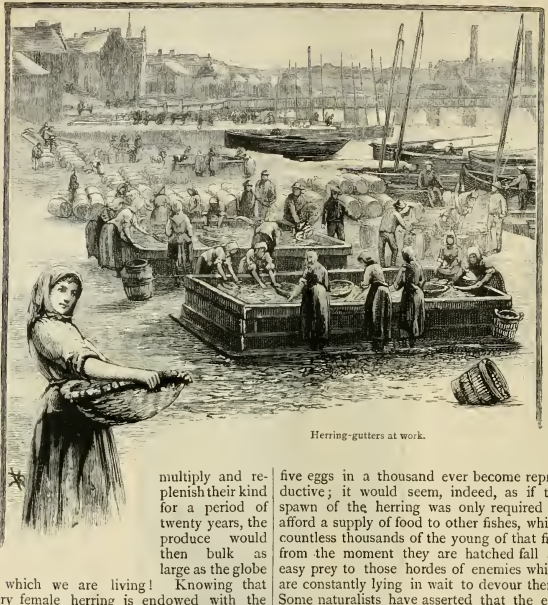
A Distinguished English clergyman passing several years ago through the town of Wick (the capital of herringdom in Scotland, as Yarmouth is in England) confessed while observing the movements of a gang of industrious herring-gutters, that never till that moment had the true significance of the saying, "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives," come properly home to him. He had been witnessing for the first time, a portion of the work incidental to an important branch of industry—herring fishing—the details of which were new to him; an industry that, in Scotland during certain seasons of the year, yields remunerative employment to about seventy thousand persons, and upon the proper equipment of which, during these latter years, a sum of probably not less than two millions sterling has been expended. Although fishing for herrings is successfully carried on in other countries, it may safely be asserted that it is in Scotland the seat of the "great fishery" (once an appanage of Holland) is now to be found, the Dutch being no longer masters of the situation; those whom they had taught to fish having wrested from them the secret of the herring cure, discovered by Joseph Benkelsen, of Bielvliet. Yes, Holland the teacher has long since been outdone by Scotland, the industrious and painstaking pupil! Amsterdam is reputed to have been founded on herring bones, and the Dutch centuries ago derived millions per annum from the fish; but the well-appointed "busses" of the Netherlands have almost disappeared from our seas, chased away by the simply built clinker boats of the Scottish fishermen. For these two hundred and more years, hardy Scots have been drawing from the fish-teeming waters which surround their island homes, without fee or price of any description, save the wages expended in labour, annual supplies of herrings which, in round figures, may be estimated as worth the sum total at present invested in the machinery of capture.

The herring, which has become a source of so much wealth to so many countries, and to our kingdom in particular, is one of the most beautiful of our fishes. Some few out of the tens of thousands who peruse Good Words may have had the fortune to pass a night in herring fishing, and to see a "herrin' new drawn frae the sea" in all its pristine glory, in its beauteously blended colours of "gleaming gold and silver, and glancing purple," as thousands upon thousands of these fish are rained into the boat from well-filled nets all aglow in the sparkle of the rising sun, is a sight that is slow to fade from the memory. The herring, although a wonderfully abundant fish, and playing an important part in our national commissariat (being in some degree the daily food of thousands, who seldom, or indeed never taste any other fish), is an animal the natural history of which I am ashamed to say we know very little about; in particular, we are all grossly ignorant of the cardinal points which mark its birth and growth. Ichthyologists, it is true, have written much "about" the herring, and have frequently indulged in most learned disquisitions on its anatomy and general structure, have told us the number of its vertebræ, have counted for us its fin rays, but they cannot tell us, or at any rate have not told us, how long a period elapses from the time the spawn is exuded from the parent fish till it becomes nursed into a living thing by the ravening waters; nor can they tell us how old the herring must be before it is able to repeat the story of its birth. Once upon a time this fish, which were it less abundant would be more esteemed as

a delicacy of the table, was supposed by naturalists and fishery economists to be migratory in its habits, and to come at recurring periods to our warmer waters, from the colder seas of high northern latitudes, in a shoal so vast as to occupy more than a hundred miles of the sea way. It was Pennant who concocted the story of the herrings' annually recurring migrations from and to the Arctic seas; he interviewed the fishermen during his grand tour, and by collecting and collating their somewhat imaginative stories framed a narrative that was largely circulated, and which for a number of years obtained almost universal credence; it was moreover improved upon by other writers, who assigned to the Almighty the great generals and leaders of columns who guided the various brigades of the vast piscine army to the seas and bays to which they had been destined by nature, and where for a time they found a home. The words of Pennant may be here repeated; he says, "In these inaccessible seas, that are covered with ice during a greater part of the year, the herring finds a quiet and sure retreat from all its numerous enemies; there neither man nor its still more destructive enemy the fin fish, or the cachelot, the most voracious of the whale kind, dares to pursue it. . . . . Were we inclined to consider this partial migration of the herring in a moral light, we might reflect with veneration and awe on the mighty power which originally impressed on this useful body of His creatures the instinct that directs and points out the course that blesses and enriches these islands, which causes them [the herrings] at certain and invariable times to quit the vast polar depths, and offer them to our expecting fleets. This impression was given them, that they might remove for the sake of depositing their spawn in warmer seas, that would mature and vivify it more assuredly than those of the frigid zone."

Clinker-built Boat.

However ignorant they may be of the more minute details of its history, naturalists now know very well that the herring is not a migratory fish, but on the contrary, "native here and to the manner born." Those who trade in these fish can tell with precision the localities to which different herrings belong; a dealer or other expert can at a glance distinguish a Loch Fyne or Ayrshire fish from either a Firth of Forth or a Moray Firth one. Each sort has different characteristics and private marks, just in the same way as there are certain differences between a salmon of the river Tay and a fish of that species which has been taken in Tweed's once "silvery streams;" persons dealing in fish have no difficulty whatever in pointing out which is which, and are able to do so even in the case of the sprat! A London costermonger told the writer on one occasion that for his part, of the sprats that came from Scotland, he far preferred those from the Firth of Forth to those which came from the Beauly Firth, "as you see, sir, they're fatter, and have more ile in 'em, which so helps the cookin' of 'em, sir." The one great fact which has been made manifest with regard to the common herring (*Clupea harengus*) is its wonderful abundance; it is ever and always, at all seasons, somewhere "miraculously abundant," notwithstanding the enormous draughts which are annually made on its shoals alike by man and beast. Buffon, the French naturalist, took the trouble to calculate that, if the descendants of a single pair of these prolific fish were allowed without molestation to

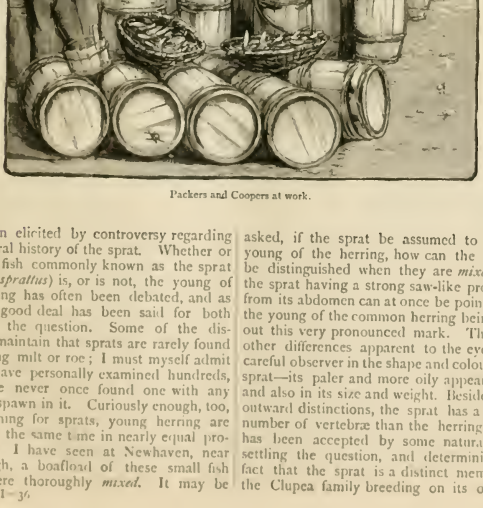


Herring-gutters at work.

multiply and replenish their kind for a period of twenty years, the produce would then bulk as large as the globe on which we are living! Knowing that every female herring is endowed with the power of depositing some twenty-five or thirty thousand eggs, it is easy to believe that the calculating naturalist did not in any way exaggerate the multiplying power of the fish during the time specified. As a matter of fact, however, an enormous discount must be allowed on its powers of production. In the case of the salmon, a fish which, so to speak, enjoys the protection of man (at any rate, of the law) during its breeding season, it has been calculated that barely two per cent. of the ova deposited by the female fish survive to revisit the procreant cradle of their parents. How then can it be expected that the herring, which has the wide and storm-ridden sea as a place for the deposit of its spawn, can fare otherwise than is hinted? It would not perhaps be very wide of the mark if it were to be affirmed that not more than five eggs in a thousand ever become reproductive; it would seem, indeed, as if the spawn of the herring was only required to afford a supply of food to other fishes, whilst countless thousands of the young of that fish from the moment they are hatched fall an easy prey to those hordes of enemies which are constantly lying in wait to devour them. Some naturalists have asserted that the egg of the herring arrives at maturity in about six weeks, and that the tiny fish is then able to burst the walls of its fragile prison and begin its experience of life in the great deep, but no really reliable evidence has so far been offered on this point of its natural history; nor so far as is known to the writer has it been satisfactorily proved that a herring becomes reproductive till it is more than twelve months old. These, however, are just the problems which all who take an intelligent interest in the prosperity of our fisheries are anxious to have solved; nor does the desire to obtain such obvious particulars apply only to the herring, similar information, such knowledge as would settle these points, would be welcomed about all our food fishes. In the case of the salmon—about the natural history of which there are many curious circumstances—we

know that its eggs require from ninety to one hundred and thirty days to hatch, according to temperature; we know also that at least from two to three years elapse before it becomes reproductive, and that is more than we know about almost any other fish.

The "Whitebait," or to put the case more correctly, the fish sold under that name, is now known to be the young of the herring, or of the sprat—which fish is by some reputed to be also the young of the herring! London Whitebait, it should, however, be explained, has hitherto been the young or *fry* of all sorts of fish so dressed by the arts of the cook as to be rendered palatable. It was asserted of old by several naturalists of fame that the Whitebait was a distinct member of the herring family breeding on its own account; upon which assertion afterwards arose a great controversy which has only recently been terminated by a decision given by an eminent zoologist, in fact by Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, who stated that the fish upon which he was asked to decide—so-called "Whitebait"—were the young of the herring. The controversy as to Whitebait forms an interesting chapter in the natural history of British fishes, too long, however, to be transferred to the pages of GOOD WORDS. Much that is interesting has



Packers and Coopers at work.

also been elicited by controversy regarding the natural history of the sprat. Whether or not the fish commonly known as the sprat (*Clupea sprattus*) is, or is not, the young of the herring has often been debated, and as usual a good deal has been said for both sides of the question. Some of the disputants maintain that sprats are rarely found containing milt or roe; I must myself admit that I have personally examined hundreds, and have never once found one with any show of spawn in it. Curiously enough, too, when fishing for sprats, young herring are caught at the same time in nearly equal proportions. I have seen at Newhaven, near Edinburgh, a boatload of these small fish which were thoroughly *mixed*. It may be asked, if the sprat be assumed to be the young of the herring, how can the two fish be distinguished when they are *mixed*? but the sprat having a strong saw-like projection from its abdomen can at once be pointed out, the young of the common herring being without this very pronounced mark. There are other differences apparent to the eye of the careful observer in the shape and colour of the sprat—its paler and more oily appearance—and also in its size and weight. Besides these outward distinctions, the sprat has a smaller number of vertebræ than the herring, which has been accepted by some naturalists as settling the question, and determining the fact that the sprat is a distinct member of the Clupea family breeding on its own ac-

count. But the circumstances of the two fishes being so frequently taken in quantity at the same time, and the sprat, when it comes into season, being without spawn, have never been properly explained, whilst many curious suggestions have been thrown out on the matter, such as that the one fish is the male and the other the female, as also that the sprat is the young of the pilchard!

It is happily an easy task to give a tolerably correct idea of the wonderful abundance of the herring. By means of the Scottish Fishery Board, an account is kept and annually published of the quantities of these fish which are cured for sale. It may be set down here, for the purpose of easy calculation, that one million barrels of herring are being cured every year in Scotland for the home and foreign markets, and that each barrel contains eight hundred fish, which gives a total of eight hundred millions of herrings from the Scottish curing stations. But in addition to the number cured, it has been calculated that quite as many are in the course of the season sold as what are called "fresh herrings;" the wholesale buyers being now enabled by means of the railways to dispatch large supplies to the great seats of population the moment they are caught, and to have them in the market almost before their sea bloom has begun to fade. If these fish be estimated as being of the value of only one halfpenny each, they would yield a total sum of over three millions sterling! In reality they yield a far larger amount, the barrels of cured fish in some seasons bringing as much as from twenty-eight to fifty shillings, and a charge of three-halfpence, and sometimes of two-pence, for a single fresh herring in our large cities, as all householders know, is not at all uncommon. But it has also been estimated that the number of herrings taken from the sea by the fishermen, miraculous as the draughts sometimes prove to be—and I myself have personally assisted in drawing a trail of nets that brought at one haul to the boat over sixty barrels—are but as a drop in the ocean compared to the destruction caused by other agencies. The dog-fish prey extensively upon the shoals, and the chief food of the cod-fish is also the herring. Aquatic birds of many kinds likewise feed upon these fish, and interesting estimates have been made of the quantities annually supposed to be devoured. If it be taken for granted that every cod-fish having access to the herring shoal eats only five of these fish per diem, it will at once be obvious that the number which is consumed will be something enormous. Taking it for granted that only five millions of cod, ling, and hake, in all are to be found in our northern seas, they will consume twenty-five millions of herrings every day. The aquatic birds, and some of the fishes which inhabit the deep seas other than those of the *Gadidæ* family, will require for their food as many more; so that in reality the hand of man should scarcely be felt upon the shoals, and yet it has been ably argued, and indeed proved, that in some districts the supply of these fish has fallen off because man has "overfished" them! The grounds of this argument are plain enough when it is stated that although the net power now employed in the herring fishery is about triple, or even quadruple, and the number of boats double, what they were some sixty years since, the take of herrings has not been proportionately increased.

The Captured Codfish.

The facts and figures of the netting, as showing its enormous increase, are suggestive; twenty years ago each boat carried twenty-four nets made of hemp, each net being forty yards long, with twenty-eight meshes to the yard, and ten or twelve score of meshes deep. Now, the boats of the period carry each from fifty to sixty nets made of fine cotton, each net sixty yards long with thirty-five meshes to the yard, and eighteen score meshes deep. To put the case still more plainly, a boat

used to carry about a thousand yards of netting, it now carries more than three times that quantity—the catching surface of the train of nets used to be three thousand square yards, it is now thirty-three thousand; each boat has in reality increased its catching power fivefold. At present there are more than seven thousand boats engaged in the Scottish herring fishery, and the suites of netting which they carry would reach in a continuous line for nearly twelve thousand miles; they would go more than three times across the Atlantic Ocean, and would cover more than one-half of London.

CALLER OU!

A Song of the Dreadful 14th of October.

ANY fish, ye say, the day, ma'am?
Aye, an' bonnie—just new in;
Silver baddies, silver whities,
Skate and gurnet, cod and ling,
Whelks and mussels, clams and cockles.
Are they fresh, ma'am? Ta ee' noo—
Think ye'll no have o'cht the day, ma'am?
Then gude mornin'. Caller Ou!

Would you help me wi' ma creel, ma'am?
It is heavy, d'ye say?
Weel, it aye gets licht and lichter,
As I toil my weary way.
A' for bairnies, orphan bairnies,
For to fill their wee bit mou,
Playing fishwives, while their mither
Is out cryin' Caller Ou!

Whaur's ma man? Oh, dinna ask, ma'am.
He is wi' ma laddies twa.
They went out and ne'er cam' hame, ma'am,
For the boat was lost wi' a'.

But there's eases waur than mine, ma'am,
Whaur they'll have to battle through,
For my auldest bairn's a line, ma'am,
And the youngest cries Ca-oo!

On the pier that fearfu' day, ma'am,
As the spray did ower me lift,
Did I hear them eerie say, ma'am,
"Lead the puir thing oot the dirt."
Then I kent what had befa'en me;
And cauld, cauld my heart it grew,
Cauld the hoose, and cauld the hearthstane—
Cauld days crying Caller Ou!

But, thank you, ma'am,—gude mornin'.
The sun glints on Inchkeith;
Say e'en I must be daun'erin'
Up the weary brae o' Leith—
Silver haddies, silver whities,
Clams and cockles,—in ee' noo;
Soles and flounder, cod and gurnet.
None the day, ma'am? Caller Ou.

NEWHAVEN, *May*, 1882. T. DYKES.

THE PLACE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A., LL.D.

SECOND PAPER.

EVERY historian who is worthy of that name, and rises above the level of a mere chronicler, is tacitly guided by the conviction that the sequence of human affairs is not determined by the blind play of mechanical causes, but follows a principle, and works towards an end which the Creator himself has appointed to His intelligent creatures. The history of mankind is also the education and moulding of the race of man according to a fixed scheme of divine wisdom. The scheme is worked out partly by the operation of what we call natural causes, and partly by that special divine guidance which we call supernatural revelation, and which has for its characteristic mark that in revelation the direct interest of the Creator in His creatures is manifested by unmistakable and personal tokens. The reality of such personal revelation, which all nations have fancied themselves to possess, must in the last resort be tested by its historical efficacy. A true message from God is one which helps men forward to the divinely appointed goal, which vindicates its claim to be regarded as undying truth by outliving the conditions in which it had its birth, and becoming part of the permanent heritage of our race.

It is from this point of view that the history of Israel has such unique importance to every thoughtful mind. We have seen in last paper that the spiritual inheritance of the Jewish race has a twofold character, and has operated in history in two opposite directions. In the hands of the Scribes, who at the beginning of our era claimed to be the only legitimate exponents of the meaning of God's word to Israel, it produced the isolation of the Jewish race from the rest of mankind, and led directly to the fall of the nation by prescribing a form of national existence which

the political conditions of the Roman world could not possibly tolerate. In this sense, Judaism proved itself a failure, though the failure was qualified by the extraordinary success of the spiritual leaders of the nation in perpetuating under the form of a religious community the type of society to which continued political existence was denied. To the members of the new Jewish community thus formed the survival of the religion of the Scribes in the fall of the nation naturally appears as an evidence of its indestructible truth, and a pledge of the future restoration to national existence which forms a necessary part of their creed. But those who are not of Jewish blood, and whose views of the course of history have been formed in a larger and less artificial atmosphere than that of the synagogue, must necessarily pass a different judgment on the wonderful survival of Judaism, and refuse the claims of a religion which can never become a religion for all mankind. If the influence of Israel's religion survived only in modern Judaism it would be impossible to claim for it a permanent and universal importance, or to regard the Old Testament as the record of a veritable revelation of God which has still meaning and value for us.

But the rise of Christianity in the midst of the Jewish nation, and on the very eve of the destruction of the political existence of Israel, proves that the system of the Scribes did not exhaust all that lay in the ancient religion of Israel, and that the Old Testament contains truths which were fit to become the inheritance of all nations. The religion of Israel combined two characters: on the one hand a particularism and national limitation which, when thrust into the foreground, and made the object of exclusive attention, as was done by the Scribes, resulted in a lifeless system which has no claim to be regarded as more than an historical curiosity; and on the other hand a universality of scope, a world-wide spirituality of purpose, which, when set free from the bonds of mere nationalism, and filled up by the teaching and work of Christ, have become the life and light of the modern world, and have transformed the whole face of human society.

In the conflict of Jesus with the Scribes and Pharisees the inner antagonism between the particular and universal aspects of the religion of Israel developed into an open battle for mastery over the mind and heart of the nation. The apparent victory lay with the Scribes, who gained the support of the priestly aristocracy, and by a sudden and successful stroke procured the condemnation of Jesus as a conspirator against public order. It appears, indeed, that the rulers seriously believed that the supremacy of the official conception of Israel's religion, which Jesus so rudely attacked in the persons of its advocates, the Scribes, was necessary to the maintenance of the political *status quo*, and that the progress of the doctrines of Jesus would involve the nation in a fatal conflict with Rome. The actual issue was far from what they expected. The political maxims of the Pharisees, who looked for the liberation of Israel by supernatural intervention, and refused to allow premature schemes of patriotism to interfere with their labours in establishing that general observance of the whole law, which they held to be the necessary condition of the Messianic deliverance, enjoined submission to the Roman yoke, but fostered a hatred of the foreign power which could not fail, sooner or later, to burst into active flame. The rejection of Jesus, but still more his resurrection, with the formation of a new community with new hopes that withdrew them from active co-operation with any of the political parties of Palestine, left the whole nation pledged to the programme of the Pharisees, and so made active rebellion, with the necessary consequence of defeat and destruction, inevitable, as soon as the Romans happened to exasperate the national feeling beyond a certain point. In the meantime Christianity had passed from the Jews to the Gentiles, and so had stripped off the last vestiges of national restrictions, while it carried with it the Old Testament, no longer to be read as the charter of national exclusiveness, but as a message to the spiritual Israel of all nations.

By this strange vicissitude the sacred books of a doomed nation passed into the hands of foreigners, who had no familiarity with the life and habits of thought amidst which they had been composed, and of which they bore the impress on every page. But for the fact that the first teachers of the Gentiles were themselves Jews, and had left in the books afterwards collected in the New Testament canon an example of the way in which the followers of Christ could use the Old Testament, the Gentile Church would have felt itself all but helpless in dealing with a foreign literature, which moreover they were compelled to use in a very defective Greek translation. Even with the aid of the New Testament, the Greek and Latin Christians made little real progress in the study of the records of the old covenant, and after a period of wild speculation and turbid controversy

settled down to accept a most imperfect theory of the relation of the old and new dispensations and the proper use of the old Hebrew Scriptures. It was agreed on the one hand that Christianity was a new law promulgated by Christ and taking the place of the old law of Moses, and on the other hand it was supposed that the histories, ordinances, and prophecies of the Old Testament had a double sense, and that the hidden sense, which was also the true sense, principally designed by the Holy Spirit, referred to the new dispensation, and was that really valuable for Christians. The hidden or Christian sense of the Old Testament was to be elicited by allegorical interpretation, which was not subject to any laws of strict exegesis, but might range at will through all the realms of fancy so long as it conformed its results to the rule of faith or received doctrinal standard of the apostolic Churches.

There are two ways in which one may conveniently realise for one's self in a concrete way what the Old Testament was to the Mediæval Church. One of these is to take up any of the received commentaries of these ages—say the *Glossa Ordinaria*, a sort of catena of Patristic exegesis, which was very largely used throughout the Western Church. It would take too much space to give illustrations in detail from this collection. The expositions are often ingenious, and sometimes display a vein of not unattractive fancy, but the general effect is one of hopeless confusion. There is no attempt to find any clear consecutive line of thought in the Old Testament books. Everything is fragmentary, and the expositor is habitually content to attach to each text some lesson coinciding with received theological doctrine, without asking himself whether he could have got the doctrine out of the text had he not known it before. This kind of exegesis is necessarily bound up with the prevalence of the speculative theology of the schoolmen, who went on spinning more and more complete webs of dogmatical metaphysic, and simply fell back on Scripture, as interpreted by the Fathers, in order to prove each proposition in a system which was originally elaborated by quite different arguments. It was this treatment of Scripture which ultimately made Bible study seem the lowest part of theological learning. Scripture, in fact, was the handmaid, not the mother, of theology. A more impressive view of the place of the Old Testament in the Mediæval Church may, however, be got in another way, by studying the choice of Old Testament lessons in the Service Books of the West. From them we can see that if the Old Testament held a very false place in theology, it never ceased to exercise a powerful influence on devotional thought. And it did so not merely through those perfect utterances of true faith, couched in a form that no change of dispensation can render obsolete, which fill so large a part of the Psalter and other Old Testament books. The devotion of the Middle Ages was largely dominated by the typical use of the Old Testament. Under the theory of the gospel as a new law the Church, in its visible organization, appeared as the successor of the Old Theocracy—a new City of God, in which every Old Testament institute and every significant event in Old Testament history found its true and spiritual antitype. The allegorical interpretation, which in the exegetical works of the Patristic and Mediæval doctors so constantly repels us by its unreality and manifest want of scientific value, produces a very different impression when we meet it in the service of the Mass or the hymns of the Latin Church. If it is difficult to understand how it could ever have satisfied a sober intellect, it is easy to sympathize with the profound influence which it exerted on the devotional imagination, lifting the whole realm of religious contemplation far above the world of common reality into a magic wonderland, where the heavenly temple rose like some vast cathedral in whose darkened aisles and shadowy chapels every stone was carved with symbols full of meaning, and every window shone with pictures of divine beauty. And to the Mediæval Christian this strange realm of fancy was no mere dreamland. It was the veritable image of the Catholic Church in which the signs and wonders of the Old Dispensation were daily renewed in the mystic operation of the sacraments. All this, however, brought men no nearer to the true understanding of the Old Testament religion, which was in fact the very opposite of the fantastic thing which Mediæval imagination painted it, not a system of mysterious and half-cómprehended types, but a plain and practical religion of daily life addressed to one of the most matter-of-fact nations that ever existed; it left no room for substantial progress in Biblical study, and so the Church went on, not approaching a better understanding of the pre-Christian dispensation as a whole, still using the Old Testament as a symbol or poetical picture of the Church in its Mediæval organization, with its hierarchy and

its magical sacraments, and so basing practical theories upon it, especially in the sphere of Church office and Church government, yet never, down to the time of the Reformation, getting rid of the two great fallacies of the allegorical interpretation and the doctrine of the new law.

The Reformation broke through both of these fallacies, as well as through the magical theory of the Church so closely bound up with them, and threw men back to study the Hebrew Scriptures in the original text, providentially preserved in the synagogue. But it was not the work of a day to undo all that had been mislearned through well-nigh fifteen hundred years. The introduction of sounder theological principles did not in itself secure the immediate solution of problems that demanded a whole course of exegetical and historical study; and indeed the scholarship of Protestantism, which necessarily took the doctors of the synagogue as its first guide in the study of the Hebrew originals, had to emancipate itself from this tutelage before it could reach a really independent and satisfactory view of the Old Testament. Long before this was accomplished the Protestant Churches had taken formal shape, and the conservatism of thought which is natural to organized communities began to rest content with the first results of Reformation thought and to discourage fresh inquiry in directions which might involve a serious readjustment of current opinions.

The stagnation of thought which followed on the political establishment of the Protestant Churches, and the disastrous rivalries of the Lutheran and Reformed communions, were specially fatal to progress in the study of the Old Testament; and though Hebrew learning continued to make advances, and at length combined with new methods of historical research in a way that has cast a flood of light on the history of the old dispensation, the Churches as a whole have not kept pace with the progress of scholarly criticism, and continue for the most part to handle the Old Testament for practical purposes just as it was handled in the sixteenth, or even in the second century. The fruits of this supineness are on the one hand that uncertainty in the whole use of Scripture which makes it impossible for the divided Churches of Protestantism to get to the bottom of their distinctive principles and plan effective schemes of union, and on the other hand a strong suspicion of modern biblical learning and a well-marked tendency to confine the study of Scripture within the limits of ecclesiastical tradition. These are sources of grave and immediate danger to the Churches, and in view of them it is imperatively necessary that biblical study and Church life should be brought into closer and more cordial relations.

The point at which efforts in this direction can most profitably begin is plainly indicated by the historical facts that have come before us. A right understanding of the historical genesis of Christianity is at once the problem of Biblical scholarship and the necessary presupposition for the effective use of Scripture in the Church. To know what Christianity is, not merely in its power for the individual soul, which, God be thanked, requires no scientific study, but as a power in history still stored with all the principles that are needful for the regeneration of society, we must study it in its birth from the old dispensation. In this sense the Old Testament is the key to the New, and no Church which loses sight of this fact, and is content merely to read the law and the prophets by the aid of the Gospel, without also reading the Gospel by the aid of independent historical study of the old dispensation, can hope to attain that thorough comprehension of the fundamental significance of Christianity which is the first condition for successful dealing with the religious problems of our day. It is this necessity which is the practical justification for those labours of modern historical students of the Old Testament which are so often slighted as if they had no value for actual religious life.

GARIBALDI.

By the Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

OF all the notices of Garibaldi's life and work, a small number only will be written by persons who were in the midst of that stirring Revolution of 1860, which followed his entrance into Naples. Twenty-three years have made a good many gaps in the list of eye-witnesses. As one therefore who was present at the siege of Capua, who witnessed the entrance of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi into Naples, and had daily

opportunities of marking the behaviour of the great Dictator of the Two Sicilies when at the summit of his fame and popularity, I feel that what I may have to say about Garibaldi may not be without interest, even for those who may have been deluged with Garibaldi literature for a couple of months.

I.

Garibaldi was a representative man, he stood for the noblest patriotism, the most unselfish ambition.

He used to say with the utmost simplicity, "I am a principle,"—it was the only thought which made the adulation lavished upon him bearable; devotion to him meant devotion to liberty; love of him meant love of Italy. He was the truest of all Italians, the blood of all Italy seemed to beat in his veins, and he could time its pulses to a second.

What do we mean by a representative man? "Great men," says Emerson, "are not less like—they are more like—all other men, for there is more of what belongs to all men in them." It is ever this fulness of humanity which *tells*. "The sunshine of sunshine and the gloom of gloom," the human essentials raised to their highest power, and given their freest play upon the widest attainable field.

Garibaldi was cast in this large representative—this heroic mould.

Whilst ordinary men concentrate their affections on family, or on business, at most on social or political life, men of this stamp embrace nations, peoples, continents, in their hearts. They are the world's saviours and lovers, the regenerators of humanity, the founders of religions and dynasties, the apostles of liberty and progress.

This wideness of vision, this freedom of soul, this sense of the oneness of the race, the universal brotherhood of man, is seen in St. Paul. It was more natural to him to love five hundred than five. His personal ties were strong, but he was happiest in the wider life of his missions. He had personal griefs, but what came upon him daily was "the care of all the churches."

Paul belonged to every soul that had to be saved, just as Howard the philanthropist belonged to every oppressed captive in jail, and as Garibaldi belonged to every nation deprived of freedom and the inalienable rights of man.

In the most chivalrous sense he was a citizen of the world, his sword was offered to every crushed nationality; nor did he ever allow a private pique to stand between him and the sacred cause of liberty in the old world or in the new.

II.

What was the state of Italy during the first half of the nineteenth century?

From Palermo to Venice, from Venice to Savoy, from Rome to Naples, all was tyranny and misrule. Austria weighed on the north, the Pope corrupted the Romagna, an effete monarchy pressed on the south. The insecurity of life and property throughout Sicily betrayed a slovenly government, the brutal ignorance of the low-browed and filthy Neapolitan told of long poverty and a spirit hardly free enough to feel its own fetters.

As a boy Garibaldi had heard the patriot Emile Barrault speak of "our country!" The seed was then sown. Mazzini watered it. Young Italy was ready to be born, and soon the throes of the infant Hercules began to convulse the mother country. And was there not a cause?

Those who do not know what the Papal Government meant when the Pope was a real temporal prince can have no idea how bad that government was; neither Austrian nor Neapolitan could be worse—though in different ways.

The chief grievance against Austria was that, being of alien and quite unsympathetic race, she yet ruled a portion of Italy.

Mr. Gladstone told us some years ago what was the state of the Neapolitan dungeons, and what the griefs of political prisoners in the south, and many writers have told us what was the condition of Sicily under the Neapolitan government. When your police officers enter the houses of peaceable citizens to rob and commit outrage in the name of the law; when your judges can be bribed, your vineyards pillaged, your wives and daughters seized, and your property confiscated; when you are imprisoned without trial and condemned without appeal; when your religious teachers prevent children from learning to read in order to keep power in their own hands which is used to crush and degrade the people—then is the time for some national saviour to arise, and no one can estimate the work of the men called Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, how salutary and religious it was, who do not realise to the bottom of their hearts how deeply and wholly cursed and irreligious a thing is bad government.

III.

A great many people ask who chiefly created Italy, who made it one nation. Some say Mazzini, some Victor Emmanuel, others Cavour, others Garibaldi. The dispute is idle and irrelevant. All four were necessary to Italy. All worked together providentially for her emancipation. Mazzini, the great political writer and enthusiast, was no doubt first in time and first in influence. He dreamed of an ideal republic which is perhaps never to be realised on the face of this earth. He provided the ideal which excited the popular imagination and defined the objects to be striven for. He set rolling the ball of liberty and above all influenced deeply the susceptible mind of Garibaldi. *Mazzini provided the Ideal.*

Victor Emmanuel provided the *constitutional form* which that ideal purpose was destined to assume in Italy.

Cavour, the great statesman, provided the political machinery. He played off Napoleon against Austria. He held with the grip of a master-mind all the threads of the tangled political skein, and wove them together into one golden cord which was too strong for any tyranny—south, north, east or west—to snap. Cavour provided the *political machinery*.

But then what is a machine if it won't go? What good is a steam-engine if it stands there without motive power? Garibaldi provided the motive force. He was the *steam power of the Revolution*.

In the popular prints of the day the four men often divided in politics, co-operators in spite of themselves and frequently ranged in opposite factions, are with the justest perception and the truest popular instinct represented together as the Saviours of Italy: Mazzini, the Ideal; Victor Emmanuel, the constitutional form; Cavour, the political machinery; Garibaldi, the motive force.

IV.

Now the first thing I note is the great and spiritual conception of a free and united country.

A nation so welded together by the highest human instincts, and so conscious of brotherhood, with all its internal and mutual responsibilities, that mere private interests and concerns shall be subordinated to the public weal. This public spirit is required of all faithful and free citizens. You are free to express, while bound to suppress your differences of opinion; you are able to claim whilst willing to forego your personal pleasures and interests in view of the common good; whilst working at self-development you live for others, and on occasion merge your own individuality in the larger life of the State.

This is the great spiritual conception which Garibaldi taught by his life and practised in his person, and he exacted it with inexorable firmness, and patient, pathetic logic, for forty or fifty years, from every one of his followers.

How was this great conception met by Charles Albert, then King of Sardinia and Piedmont? He was afraid of the movement; he rejected it. Piedmont is the most living and visible part of Nörthern Italy; it breathes the spirit of the Alps, the freedom of the mountains. Garibaldi, and all sagacious men, felt, if ever their country was to become free, the regenerating influence must come from the north, and not from the south. Their eyes were fixed upon the hills of Piedmont. But the Piedmontese ruler of that day saw in Mazzini and Garibaldi nothing but revolutionary fanatics. It is quite true that Mazzini's ideal was a republic, and not a monarchy. Garibaldi's ideal was also a republic. But he could grasp the reality behind the shadow, he always said for instance to the English people, "You are a monarchy in name, but in reality you are a great republic under your king," and he had the wit to accept a similar arrangement in Italy.

People speak of his want of political sagacity. In the main his political instinct was unerring, and in one respect he showed a practical sagacity above that of Mazzini, for he had the courage to accept the king, when he saw that Italy could be free and united under a monarchy, but not at that time under a republic.

Charles Albert rejected the patriots; a price was set upon Mazzini's head, and Garibaldi sailed for South America.

On the small arena of those restless republics he acquired that skill in guerilla warfare on sea and land which made the Italian Legion famous throughout the world. In Brazil he went through great sufferings, being on one occasion taken prisoner and inhumanly tortured by Millau, head of the police, who hung him up by the thumbs and had him almost beaten to death. His iron constitution enabled him to survive injuries the effects of which he felt down to the last day of his life. Through the chances

of war the tyrant Millau fell into the hands of his victim, but when brought before him Garibaldi contented himself with fixing upon him a look which the monster might carry to his dying day, that was all his revenge. "Magnanimous," or "great-souled," is a word which oftener than any other rises to my mind in thinking of Garibaldi.

Some persons when they think of the life of this great guerilla warrior, and of people shooting and stabbing each other, see in all this violence nothing but a vulgar manifestation of physical force, and suppose that such deeds have little connection with religion or Christianity.

In all this bloody struggle for Freedom I see nothing but the angelic presence of spiritual forces striving with evil.

Garibaldi.

These fightings and wars, these bullets and swords, are as naught—the mere accidents of time and chance that pass; the spiritual forces—which make the strength of every political, social, and religious revolution—are all in all. It is the old story. Half-a-dozen fishermen by the Lake of Galilee and a few women, on one side, and the might of the Roman Empire on the other—Luther, the monk, and his open Bible in the vernacular, against the Pope, the cardinals, and the Catholic princes—a handful of red shirts pitted against Austria in the North, France and Naples and Sicily in the South! No doubt there were other powerful elements outside the Garibaldian movement contributing to the ultimate liberation of Italy. The rise of Napoleon III. helped the North—his fall liberated Rome; but Garibaldi's prodigious and romantic successes (and chiefly because of the irregularity and physical inadequacy of the means) illustrate conspicuously the triumph of the spiritual over all merely physical forces. Faith that removed mountains;

Hope that could not be paralyzed; Patience that endured for ever; Love that was stronger than death—these were the real watchwords and standards of the Revolution.

v.

In 1847 the Pope, on hearing of Garibaldi's advance, sent an order to throw "that bandit into the sea;" in a few more weeks the Pope himself was a fugitive at Gaeta.

The French general, Oudinot, when he was told that the Garibaldians were in arms to oppose the French occupation of Rome, for at that time the Pope was propped up by foreign bayonets — replied, "Bah! the Italians will never fight." But in a few weeks the French, after several days of hard fighting, in which they entirely failed to oust the Garibaldians from Rome, had to beg for a truce. It was at this time, when Garibaldi left Rome and went south to meet the advancing Neapolitans, that his legendary life began.

If you had been in Italy then, you would have smiled to hear the stories which were gravely circulated about him. That figure on horseback in his red shirt spread terror and dismay wherever it appeared—swords blest by the Pope were shivered to pieces against him; silver bullets fired point-blank would not wound him—it was said that after a fight he would shake them out of his shirt and poncho by the dozen.

At one time the invulnerability of Garibaldi was almost a gospel amongst the people. The fact is he was wounded several times, but his escapes were certainly most miraculous—he came out of the thickest slaughter without a scratch; he sat for hours directing the siege and exposed to the open fire of the French.

He returned to Rome and was beaten after a glorious defence by treachery, not strategy.

Twelve hours before the expiration of the truce the French pushed a column into the city by night, and from that moment all was lost. Garibaldi and his followers resolved to die gloriously in prolonging a hopeless struggle. At any rate they would give the lie to Oudinot's insulting "Bah! the Italians will never fight."

As Garibaldi's moral courage reached a climax on the occasion of his unarmed entry into Naples, so did his physical courage culminate at the siege of Rome.

We can catch glimpses of that heart-breaking time, when the best sons of Italy went into the trenches deliberately to shed their blood in a forlorn hope. We have the account of Vecchi, an eye-witness. I have myself heard details from the lips of Signor Rondi, one of Garibaldi's aides-de-camp at Naples, who was through the whole siege, and we have Garibaldi's own words:—

"I was aroused at three o'clock," he writes, "by the sound of cannon. I found everything on fire. When I arrived at the San Pancrazio Gate the Villas Pamphili, Corsini, and Valentini were all taken; the Corsini was retaken, but lost again. I have seen very terrible fights—I saw the fight of Rio Grande and the Bayada, but I never saw anything comparable to the butchery of the Villa Corsini."

Still the struggle was carried on. As the blood of the martyrs was said to be the seed of the Church, so the blood of these patriots was the most fruitful seed of Italian liberty. They held out day by day, and every day beheld deeds of unparalleled heroism. Colonel Medici was as ubiquitous as Garibaldi. Between the onslaughts Cicero Vacchio, a brave man of the people and fiery orator, in ragged shirt and sword reeking with gore, poured forth a torrent of eloquence, whilst Ugo Bassi, unarmed, in his monk's dress, held the crucifix before the eyes of the dying, and, careless of the bullets that rained about him, pointed to the freedom of the skies. He was taken by the French, but his devotion and courage gained their admiration, and their general restored him to Garibaldi.

On May 13 the French opened the final and overpowering bombardment. How the treasures of the Vatican, the Borghese, and other palazzi museums escaped is a mystery. Little harm seems to have been done to any of the art treasures of Rome. One round shot may still be seen lying where it fell, on a shattered marble step, in the Colonna picture gallery.

The streets of Rome were choked with the dead and the wounded. The batteries answered till every gun was dismounted and every gunner killed. Night brought no cessation of hostilities. A violent storm had been gathering unheeded, and burst at sunset in all its fury over the city. "Ah!" writes Garibaldi, "it was a terrible night. The artillery and fury of the skies mingled with that of the earth; the thunder answered, responding to the cannon; the lightning ran its livid lines across the path of the bombs!" The last struggle was at hand. Then was seen a thing unheard of in the annals of war. A reserve of the wounded volunteered to take their turn in the trenches, and men were seen with blood streaming from their heads and breasts, bandaged, with

broken limbs and arms in slings, spending themselves in a last struggle for freedom.

Garibaldi now resolved himself to die in a hand-to-hand conflict. About midnight he unsheathed his good sword, as he firmly believed for the last time, and went into the Aurelian trench to lead a final charge.

"On that terrible night," writes his friend Vecchi, an eye-witness, "Garibaldi was great indeed; greater than even we had ever known him. His sword flew like lightning, he was like a man inspired, every one he smote fell dead before him, the blood of one washed from his steel the blood of another. We trembled for him, but he was unwounded, he stood firm as destiny."

Signor Rondi, now an Italian artist in London, who fought with him side by side in the trenches that night, told me that at one time Garibaldi was missing for two hours, and all thought that he lay dead beneath the heaps of slain and wounded.

At two o'clock Garibaldi was recalled by the Deliberative Assembly under Mazzini, then sitting in the Capitol.

"When I appeared at the door of the council hall," he writes, "all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me and upon myself to see what had awakened their enthusiasm. I then perceived, for the first time, that I was steeped in blood—my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts—my sword was jagged and stood half-way out of the scabbard, but I had not a scratch about me. It was a miracle."

In all the great crises of Garibaldi's stormy life there was a deep undertone of religious feeling: "God first and the country next," he would often say to his men. He believed that he was raised up for a special purpose, and often protected by divine interposition. He thought he saw his mother praying for him in the thick of the fight—she had taught him noble lessons of religion and patriotism in his childhood. He believed his life was given to her intercessory prayers.

VI.

It has often been said that Garibaldi hated religion and the Church—the Pope and the priests. Garibaldi hated the Pope and the priests as a class, he abhorred the system of the Catholic Church as seen at Rome, because he believed it to be opposed to true religion — true patriotism and liberty. He hated the priests because they kept the people in ignorance and did not teach them to be good citizens. When they were true followers of Jesus he loved them.

He constantly had a priest with him—Ugo Bassi, Gavazzi, Brother John, were all priests—and priests were often to be found at Caprera. What he hated was the filth and misgovernment of the Pope, the idle, effeminate, narrow-minded, debased-looking processions of young men, who to this day are seen issuing from the papal seminaries and perambulating the streets with pale faces and eyes askance. Symbols of an effete system which did nothing but corrupt and degrade Italy. "Better," thought Garibaldi, "to fight for her than to mumble prayers and curses against her liberators!" In return for which the priests denounced him as an American filibuster and the Pope called him a bandit.

"A bandit, forsooth!" exclaimed to me Major Rondi. "That man would allow no smallest theft. On one occasion an officer of his took a poor woman's horse from her and gave her a receipt, which of course was quite worthless. She came in tears to Garibaldi; she had lost all she had. Garibaldi took the paper, had the officer summoned before him, and in the presence of his whole staff, whilst the weeping woman stood by, said: 'Did you take this horse?' 'Yes, General, I was forced to; I had lost mine.' 'Did you write this paper, which you know is worthless?' 'Yes, General.' Then, turning to his aide-de-camp, he said, 'Restore the horse to this poor woman,' and, tearing up the paper with a withering look at the offending officer, he added, 'Is this the way that Italians fight for the freedom of their country? Be no more soldier of mine!' and he sent him back to Rome."

"Ah!" added my friend, "when Garibaldi came into Rome first, and was gathering his followers together, a sight of him was enough. I shall never forget him as he sat on his beautiful white horse in the market-place, with his noble aspect, his calm, kind face, his tall, smooth forehead, his light hair and reddish beard; every one said the same—he reminded us of nothing so much as the pictures of our Saviour's head in the galleries. I could not resist him. I left my studio, I went after him, I would have followed him anywhere. I was a young man then, but thousands of others were the same. He only had to show himself; we all worshipped him, we could not help it!"

"Courage!" he said to a young man I knew at Naples who had fought all through the Sicilian campaign; "nous allons combattre pour la patrie!" Those were the words on which the poor young fellow lived. They were enough to carry him through weeks of privation, wounds, cold and hunger.

I shall not dwell on that masterly retreat

from Rome, nor can we pause over the sad northern disaster. Beaten in the south he made for the north, unchanged in purpose—nothing could dishearten him, no failure stop him. It was the faith that removed mountains. He was surprised by the enemy when landing near Venice; Ugo Bassi and Cicero Vacchio were captured and shot by the Austrians; his devoted wife, Anita, struggled on to the woods and there died in childbirth and was hastily buried; Garibaldi went on alone, a hunted fugitive.

VII.

There was nothing more to be done, and Garibaldi sailed for America and kept a small shop in New York for some years. But in 1854 he saw the time was again growing ripe and "rotten ripe for change." A new day for Italian freedom was already dawning. He came back, offered his services to Victor Emmanuel, and for a short time took service in the King's army. But he soon, with the King's consent, took his old independent line, and devoted himself to the volunteers who gained such brilliant successes up to the fatal peace of Villafranca, which for the time finished the War of Independence in North Italy.

I have an unpublished letter, lent me by Major Rondi, addressed to Marochetti (cousin of the Baron), in which we can see with what prescience he felt and acted at these great crises of the revolution. He did not speculate and risk things as much as some people seemed to think. *He knew* better than any man—he *knew* what Italy *willed* and what she *could*—and this letter shows how he foresaw the coming triumphs over Austria cut short by Villafranca in the north, and how perfectly he controlled the secret springs of the Garibaldian movement:—

"Nice, 4*th Dec.*, 1858.

"DEAR MAROCHETTI,

"Be joyful, prepare yourself, we shall fight the enemies of our country next spring. You, the veterans of Italian freedom, will doubtless bear a glorious part in the struggle. Prepare yourself, and if you have friends, bid them prepare themselves also; spread abroad the good news, but give no details. Italy is about to strike such a blow against her foes, as will find a parallel only in the glorious days of ancient Rome! Farewell!

"From my heart, yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

Venetia seemed on the point of being restored, when to suit the politics of Napoleon III., peace with Austria was suddenly signed, and Nice, the birthplace of Garibaldi, was given up to Napoleon in payment for his services to Italy against Austria.

All true patriots, including Cavour, the King, and Garibaldi, were in despair.

Then it was that Garibaldi, feeling that all was over in the north for the moment, turned his eyes again towards the south. He could hope now for no co-operation from King Victor Emmanuel, who dared not offend France by attacking either Bomba or the Pope.

He determined to attack Sicily and Naples single-handed; and in the teeth of Italian and French diplomacy, steamed out of Genoa in 1860 with the famous 1,000 of Marsala, the remnants of his Italian legion, on board.

Every one said he was mad, but the next news was that he had landed at Marsala. From that moment the war in Sicily was like—indeed it was—a religious crusade. Some very hard fighting took place but no serious disaster.

On one occasion Garibaldi was cut off and surrounded by three Neapolitan dragoons. "Surrender!" shouted one of them. "Surrender yourself!" cried the hero. "I am Garibaldi!" and in another moment his assailants were cut down by some of his own men.

The wave of revolutionary enthusiasm spread rapidly throughout the island. Whenever they came to a church, Brother John used to take the sacrament from the high altar and offer it to Garibaldi, and the General would kneel down with uncovered head in the presence of the people, and then Brother John lifted up his voice and said, "Behold the victor humbling himself before Him who alone giveth the victory!"

Throughout his troops reigned an excellent spirit of order, humanity, and discipline—no theft, no outrage.

These were the stern commands of Garibaldi, and they were seldom disregarded. Garibaldi's words were, "The cause of liberty is sacred, her children must be brave and pure." At this juncture the King of Italy begs him to stop.

But Garibaldi replies, "My mission is too great to be abandoned. I have sworn to my country. My programme is unchangeable. I will never sheathe my sword till Victor Emmanuel is King of Italy."

All the world knows what followed. Between the telegrams one had hardly time to breathe. Palermo fell. Missori landed on the mainland with 4,000 men not far from Aspromonte. They spread themselves over the hills and raised the country. Garibaldi followed with his staff and immediately announced his intention of entering Naples.

The King of Naples offered him fifty million francs and the whole of his navy, if he would consent to stop the invasion. An attempt to arrest the earth's motion might have been about as successful.

At this time I came within the radius of Garibaldi's influence, and like every one else I was touched by his great spirit. I landed at Naples a few days after the poor little King had fled. I heard from the lips of the people who had witnessed the scene, how Garibaldi took Naples.

Four railway carriages conveyed him and his staff to the city. The people turned out *en masse* all along the lines, they clambered up on the engine, they clustered like bees all over the carriages, the train could hardly go slow enough; an immense crowd advanced at a snail's pace and met the whole population of Naples streaming out to salute the liberator. His hour was come. The General, with Cozenz, entered a carriage and pair, and his staff followed in three other carriages.

The King was still in Naples. The Neapolitan police looked on sullen and inactive. The fortress of St. Elmo, commanding the approach, bristled with armed men, and the gunners were all at their posts.

As soon as the Garibaldians came well within range they had orders to fire and clear the streets with grape-shot.

Slowly the carriages moved through the crowded streets amid the deafening roar of "Vivas."

As they came under the guns of the Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen were seen to point them and stand ready with the lighted match.

At that supreme moment the General's voice was heard above the din. "Slower! slower! drive slower!" And again, as the agitated coachman hardly seemed to hear, with that voice unaccustomed to command twice, "Slower!"

The officers could be heard calling upon their men to fire. Then, full in sight, and under the very muzzle of those guns, the General stood upright in his carriage with one hand on his breast and looked steadfastly at the artillerymen. Those who saw it said it was like magnetism. A silence seemed to fall upon the excited crowd. The fate of Italy trembled in the balance.

Three times the order to fire was repeated; at the third the gunners threw down their matches, flung their caps wildly in the air, and shouted, "Viva Garibaldi!"

That picture will last when the works of all the old masters have faded out, for it is painted upon the imperishable canvas of the national soul. It represents for ever, in the glowing tints of unselfish patriotism and stainless honour, the triumph of moral over physical might, the victory of the spiritual forces.

VIII.

The battle of the Volturno, the flight of the King, and the siege of Capua followed in rapid succession.

During the whole of that stirring time I was at Naples. I saw the Dictator of the Two Sicilies at the summit of his power and popularity, and I saw how he used both.

It was commonly said that for a fortnight after he entered Naples no crimes were committed. I stayed long enough to see the place become a sink of iniquity once more.

After the battle of the Volturno there was little to do, except to get into mischief, and plenty of mischief there was—duels, assassinations, gambling, and worse.

But what a spell seemed to fall upon the city whenever Garibaldi was in it! The nights were as a rule noisy and uproarious. One night he sent out word that he could not sleep, and you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement all through that night.

The women brought him their children to bless, he stroked their heads—he rebuked their superstition—but he could never say an unkind word to them.

His care for the wounded was unwearied. He went daily through the military hospitals at Caserta. The doctors said his visits did more for the men than all the physic. They declared his touch and very look were full of healing: the dying heads were lifted to see him pass, and wounded men leaped from their couches to seize his hand.

He was just the same on the battle-field—he always went over it himself to be sure that all the living had been taken up, and all the wounded cared for. This is how he won the great and simple love of his soldiers. His own soul was great and simple!

I remember his life at Naples—the talk of the town. He would live in no palace—he would not even be called your Excellency, although supreme ruler of both Sicilies. He was lodged up in a little attic at the top of the Toledo. He said he liked to be high up to breathe the air.

At Palermo, the costliest wines and viands were prepared for him—he lived on beans, potatoes, and the common wine of the country; he spent on an average eight francs a day, and never had anything in his pocket; any

one who asked him for money got it. He had a simple method. He borrowed of whoever happened to be near him, and gave it away. The people whom he borrowed from generally got paid; but he never spent anything upon, or asked anything for, himself.

One week he was the irresponsible controller of millions, and the next he set sail for Caprera with half a sack of potatoes—his only wealth! I often saw him in the streets when Dictator of the Sicilies. He happened to come to the hotel next to my own on Sunday to dine. It was on the Chiaja. There from his balcony I first heard him address the people of Naples. Imagine a dense throng shouting for two hours, "Viva, Garibaldi!" till at last he came out.

I was close under the balcony in the street—I retained his words; they did not amount to much, but I believe that nobody but myself has recorded them, for I took them down at the time.

Garibaldi said—

"In the midst of such a people I need make no long speeches to excite your patriotism. Let 'United Italy and Victor Emmanuel' be still your motto. I do not need these demonstrations to assure me of your fidelity. We must all act. The people must arise. They must fight for liberty!"

I can see him now as he said, "They must fight for liberty." He pointed with his finger to the skies for a moment, then he quickly stepped in and I saw him no more that day.

I saw him on another occasion when the people came and shouted under his window with carts full of flags and torches. But the King, Victor Emmanuel, was then in Naples. At first he refused to show himself, at last he came out—he was evidently displeased; he said, "Go to the palace, do not come here any more—salute the King. This pains me, you are unfaithful to Italy when you salute me thus, and the King is in Naples."

Indeed it was hard upon the people; every one cared for Garibaldi, and nobody cared much or knew much about the King. Yet the instant Garibaldi said "Go to the King!" they went over to the King's palace and shouted with such feeble hearts and lungs as they had—for obedience more than for love.

IX.

The first meeting of the King and Garibaldi at Naples was striking indeed. The King with the Piedmontese troops came down to finish the campaign; it was understood that Capua was not to fall until he arrived to put the finishing constitutional touch to the conquest.

I was present at the bombardment, and often took the poor Garibaldians in their ragged shirts home to Naples with me at night and gave them a dinner; my own scanty provisions were daily exhausted in the camp by the poor fellows who latterly lacked the common necessaries of life, whilst the King's troops were well fed and covered.

As the King approached, he rode forward in front of his troops, and Garibaldi rode forward in front of his men to meet him.

His head was bare; and in a voice hoarse with emotion, he saluted his sovereign with these words: "Ré d'Italia!" Garibaldi had made those words possible. The King, raising himself in his stirrups, slightly bowed, and lifting his hat, laid his hand upon his heart saying, "General, I thank you!" The Dictator and the King then grasped each other's hands warmly. It was almost the last time they did so; the most bitter jealousies soon developed themselves between the Garibaldians and the King's troops.

I was soon to be witness of a very different meeting between Garibaldi and the King. The morning Victor Emmanuel was to make his triumphant entry into Naples, he had agreed to review the Garibaldian troops. He kept them waiting two hours in the rain. It was a mere caprice; he offered no apology; but the insult was soon known over the whole of Naples, and Garibaldi was so indignant that he refused to accompany the King on his entry into Naples.

Then the King, fully aware of the gravity of the situation, sent to implore the Dictator to sit by his side in the procession, and Garibaldi, putting aside his personal feeling, uttered those sublime and memorable words, "The cause of Italy is greater than the King," and he went.

It was pouring with rain, there was hardly a Garibaldian in the streets, but the Toledo was crowded. I had climbed up on a lamp-post, and looked down on a sea of umbrellas.

Slowly came the procession down the Toledo.

The King and Garibaldi sat in the same carriage; most of the people were shouting for Garibaldi—few for the King.

Garibaldi sat stiff, motionless, angry, his noble heart full of indignation and scorn; he never bowed.

The King bowed stiffly, but looked as angry as Garibaldi. It was a sad ending to so glorious a triumph. But insults seemed now to be heaped upon the hero. His grants

were ignored; his recommendations set aside; even his debts were repudiated. There was no room for him in Naples. "This world," he says, in an unpublished letter, written about this time, "was not meant for honest men!"

X.

On the 8th of November, 1860, Garibaldi formally resigned all his powers into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. On the 9th he sent to the King's stable for a carriage to take him to the place of embarkation. He was told to take a cab. He had to borrow £20 to pay his private debts, and left Naples on board an American ship for the island of Caprera with 14s. in his pocket!

That was the proudest day of his life. He was never greater than at that hour. Italy felt it. It was her misfortune and disgrace to shoot him down afterwards at Aspromonte. The world looked upon Mentana, as it looked afterwards upon the Vosges campaign, with leniency, but without sympathy. But no failures or blunders, or mishaps later on, could ever dethrone him in the hearts of the people, or mar the beauty of a life so wholly sincere, so nobly self-forgetful! A man that could not be bought nor bribed, nor frightened, nor cajoled, who lived for others, who loved his country better than his life, who was tried by both extremes of fortune, and tempted by neither, Italians had never seen the like.

I love to think of him as I saw him when he left Naples that cold foggy morning and went on board Admiral Mundy's flag-ship *Hannibal* to say good-bye to his English friends. His head was already bowed with age and hardships, and he bore the fatigue-marks of the late exciting campaign upon his visage. He left Naples a poor, lonely man, shattered in health, wounded in spirit, insulted by the Prince at whose feet the day before he had laid down the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and leaving behind him a heart-broken population.

But Italy never forgot that day. Remember it, if you are inclined to feel surprise that on receiving the news of Garibaldi's death the Italian Chambers rose, most of the deputies being in tears, the French Chamber suspended its sittings, whilst all the theatres in Italy and all the shops were closed, and one cry of sorrow went up throughout the length and breadth of the land. Remember that it was for this man, so utterly sincere, so unselfish, so true to his country, so faithful to the highest that was in him, and lay your tribute of memory and love, like one more wreath of "immortelles," upon the grave of Joseph Garibaldi.

SOME NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.

PART II.

IT is very difficult for the modern tourist in Egypt—who has been accustomed to measure antiquity by the records of his own land, and when he has looked beyond them to see the Phœnicians and the Hebrews occupying the remotest places in the past—to realise that he is in the midst of monuments testifying to a long-drawn period of architectural art, by the side of which the building of Tyre and Sidon, Jerusalem and Samaria, was the business, so to speak, of yesterday.

History was like a cul-de-sac before Champollion found the key to the interpretation of the ancient Egyptian records. When that was discovered the wall which stood across the end of the road into the past was thrown down, and long vistas of unapprehended civilisation were opened out, and, as I have said, the most astonishing fact then revealed was that the oldest existing monuments were so perfectly finished as to indicate long preceding ages of art-culture and science.

The modern visitor, with his red guide-book and voluble dragoman, can hardly be expected to realise that he sees and touches tokens of a past which was in its grandeur before Moses wrote or Homer sang, and that, moreover, this was, in its way, the most religious nation known in the whole earth.

Let us turn back to its gods. To do this is to meet an incalculable multitude. Any one who has paid even a short visit to the country is impressed, if not bewildered, with the importunate insistence of its manifold and complicated ancient worship. It is not that we find here and there in subterranean tombs an exceptional deposit of idolatrous ages, like the relics of prehistoric man discovered in forgotten caves; but the places which

have been opened and explored reveal an astonishing original atmosphere of intense devotion which covered the whole land.

No wonder Herodotus remarked the religious character of the Egyptians. "Priests," he says, "are held in great honour amongst them. For, indeed, there is no nation in the whole world that is more careful to pay reverence to the gods, and to all holy things." But the father of history has small taste for the niceties and pedigree of theological beliefs. He rambles pleasantly off into the customs and dress of the priests in his time, noting how "they shaved their bodies every third day," and wore only "a garment of linen, and sandals of reeds from the river." In telling us something more about their ritual he remarks that they bathed twice every day and night. "Nevertheless," he adds naively, "they are by no means in evil case," since they had abundant flesh of oxen and geese for food, and were not obliged to drink beer like many other Egyptians, but had "provision of wine." As to the religion of Egypt, though he recognises its antiquity, and says that the "Egyptians were the first people who affirmed the immortality of the soul," he really looks no farther back than to one of the later stages in its course, and misses the great characteristic feature of its origin. According to him, "the Egyptians say that there were in the beginning eight gods, and that of these eight were born other twelve, and that it is seventeen thousand years, reckoned to the days of King Amasis, since these twelve were born." This, indeed, gives us a daring leap into the past, but it has been reserved for the investigators of these latter days to realise that originally the doctrine of the unity of the Godhead was held in Egypt, and that some belief in it was retained, at least by the initiated, even in comparatively recent periods of Egyptian history. The sources from which the proofs of this are deduced were indeed hidden from Greek and Roman travellers and historians; but they are now, since the modern discoveries and translations of inscriptions, found to be numerous. I will refer only to the following. Among the stores of the British Museum are two papyri, containing a hymn in which these sentences are found:—

"He is not graven in marble!
As an image bearing the double crown.
He is not beheld;
He hath no ministrants nor offerings;
He is not adored in sanctuaries;
His abode is not known.
No shrine is found with painted figures (of him).
* * * * *
Unknown is his name in heaven,
He doth not manifest his forms.
Vain are all representations of him."

Canon Cook, the Editor of the "Speaker's Commentary," says, "The whole of this passage is of extreme importance, showing that, apart from all objects of idolatrous worship, the old Egyptian recognised the existence of the supreme God, unknown and inconceivable, the source of all true power and goodness."

As the hymn is referred to the date of the Exodus, may we not ask whether it can in some measure help us to realise the unquestionable dread which Pharaoh is recorded to have had of Moses, who was charged to go to the Israelites with the message, "I Am hath sent me unto you"? A stronger light is, indeed, thrown upon the possible answer to this question when we are further told that the Egyptians themselves never spoke the unknown Name, but used a "phrase" which the late Mr. Deutsch rendered "I am he who I am." At any rate it is conceivable that Pharaoh might well shrink at the august nature of the demands made by one who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

It is true that in time the forms of the Egyptian pantheon were almost incalculable, and the claims to sacredness ran through the whole natural creation. Symbols came to be counted as deities. The pressure of popular demand for visible objects of worship grew too importunate for any pure-minded seer who may have lived in the dim Egyptian past to resist. The people are ever ready to drag down the prophet to their wants. "Make us gods" is a religious cry, ancient and modern. Though a form of sound words was not wholly cast out of the Egyptians' formulæ of faith, it lay like a mummy of truth in the tomb of his belief, while a rank growth of idolatry spread itself over the national mind like weeds in Nile mud, till, in respect to the most vulgar creed, St. Paul's words expressed its state with literal and minute retrospective exactness, "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things."

It must be admitted, however, that some salt was a long time losing its savour in the religion of the Egyptians. In their symbolism was much beautiful allegory which is represented in surviving sculptures, and preserved in odes, hymns, and tales. It must be noted, too, that their religion involved belief in a life to come, and a future judgment in righteousness, which strangely affects the Christian visitor who looks at the many representations

AUGUST.
AN AUTUMN PICTURE.
By G. MONTBARD.

of Osiris now to be seen especially in tombs. But the appreciation of these streaks of light is well-nigh choked by a consciousness that at the same time the adoration of the meanest animals was elaborated with grotesque devotion. Indeed, however pure it may once have been, the belief in a hereafter with which the Egyptians were eventually saturated, would seem to have become so tainted with degrading accompaniment that it was necessary for the Hebrews, who had in some measure shared it, to be brought back to the original foundations of morality and faith when the one God was revealed to them, and they received the law after the Exodus. Moses is then charged with no message concerning another state. Neither the moral nor the ceremonial law appeals to the prospect of preternatural rewards and punishment. The Hebrews were recalled from those visions of a hereafter by which they had been surrounded in Egypt, but which had failed to affect their conversation aright, to the perception of that conduct of life which is due here. It would seem, indeed, as if the memory and use of the Egyptian belief in a future existence was to be clean wiped off their minds before the chosen people could at last be prepared to hear and apprehend the truth about the "Resurrection and the Life."

Some phases of Egyptian religious belief are, however, as they present themselves to us now, deeply interesting, and leave us conscious of an ineffectual attempt to determine the limits of the relationship which might be found between faiths which had at any time involved a belief in the One God. There are gleams of "light shining in a dark place" to be discovered in existing records of the ancient Egyptian religion. One especially appears in a formula, continually repeated in sepulchral engravings and inscriptions, which recalls to our minds other divine words concerning the grounds of final judgment. It is this: "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, shelter to the stranger." A familiar funeral chant of the Egyptians touches the same association in similar terms. They were wont to sing in their prayers for the dead, "He succoured the afflicted, he gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked. He sheltered the outcast, his doors were open to the stranger, he was a father to the fatherless."

We have the whole procedure of the final judgment set forth in a roll which might be called an Egyptian Bible, of which many examples survive, and which goes by the name of "The Book of the Dead." It describes the course of the departed into the inner Hall of Heaven, where the Judge Osiris sat upon his throne. This book, or a portion of it, used to be buried with the mummy, and, with touching evidence of the catholicity of meanness, some specimens of these sacred texts betray the prevalence of sheer greediness of overcharge among the old Egyptian "undertakers" in respect to the costly items of bereavement and sepulture. Divers rolls, lately taken from mummy cases and unfolded, are seen to have been "scamped" by the furnisher of funerals, who, no doubt, charged in his bill for a perfect copy. Anyhow, he either connived at the fraud, or was cheated by his servile scribe. The first few sentences, at which a keen executor might have glanced, are written "fair." The rest are illegible or imperfect. The writer would have been well content with the thought of his cunning being undetected for three thousand years, even if a prophet could have told him that it would be discovered by an expert in the British Museum. In what unexpected ways may we not find a fulfilment of the words, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil!" There was, indeed, something odiously unfeeling in such a fraud, as the roll formed part of the equipment of the departed, with which he should, according to Egyptian belief, find himself provided in the day of resurrection, and the imperfection of which might, it was supposed, cause him irretrievable embarrassment.

The sepulchral ritual of the Egyptians was elaborate and costly. In some instances the dead body was wrapped in as much as 700 yards of very fine linen before it was placed in the mummy case. The national regard for interment, indeed, finds its fullest and richest expression in royal burials. No other kings on the face of the earth have had such stupendous mausoleums as the Pyramids, or such excavations made for the reception of their corpses as are found in the Libyan range of mountains which fringe the necropolis of Thebes. These tombs in some instances extend upwards of 400 feet into the solid rock, and as they contain divers great halls, the labour of cutting them out indicates the profusion of expense attending a royal burial, to say nothing of the finished sculptures and paintings which covered every portion of their walls. Many of these remain to this day nearly as perfect and bright

as when they were last touched with the tool or brush of the artist. Though religion was closely woven into the ordinary routine of their life, the devotion of the ancient Egyptians appears to have been most conspicuous in that which related to the burial of the dead. The temples, indeed, were enormous, one at Karnak being about 1,100 feet long; but their use was seen in priestly or regal ritual rather than in popular worship. We have in the "Records of the Past" an account of a visit of King Pianchi Mer-Amon to the Temple of Ra, or the Sun. After ablutions "he proceeded to the sandy height of Heliopolis, making a great sacrifice before the face of Ra at his rising with cow's milk, gum, frankincense, and all precious woods delightful for scent. He went in procession to the temple of Ra . . . . then the chief priest offered supplications to ward off calamity for the King, girded with the sacred vestments. . . . . The King ascended the flight of steps to the great shrine to behold Ra in the Temple of Obelisks." One, unmoved, stands there now, alone; another has travelled to the Thames Embankment. "The King stood by himself, the great one alone; he drew the bolt, he opened the folding doors, he saw his father Ra in the Temple of Obelisks. Then he closed the doors, and set sealing clay with the King's own signet, and enjoined the priests, saying, 'I have set my seal, let no other King whatsoever enter therein.' Then he stood, and they prostrated themselves before his Majesty."

But though the temples would seem to have been used for priestly or regal ceremonial rather than for popular worship, even the sacred procession in this case not being permitted to enter the temple gates, the routine of every day was intimately mingled with religious ritual among the Egyptians. They had a table of forty-two commandments concerning the conduct of life, and there was a formal catalogue of virtues which they were bidden so to observe that they might repeat it in the day of judgment. It contains these items: "I have not privily done evil to my neighbour. I have not told lies. I have not done what is hateful to the gods. I have not committed murder. I have not committed adultery. I have not stolen. I have not calumniated the slave to his master. I have not been idle." Moreover many quotations might be made from the tombs showing respect to parents. The following is a frequent monumental inscription, "I honoured my father and my mother."

Thus, at least, some professed morality of the Egyptians was excellent, and it was enforced by the prospect of future rewards and punishments. I have already referred to the remarkable silence of the Pentateuch concerning these, and ventured to suggest that what might be called a dry, stern statement of laws was associated with the utterance of the One God, in order that the Hebrews might be called off from the contemplation of the machinery of judgment which revolved around Osiris, whose worship became popularly degraded, and was mixed up with impure rites paid to other deities. Indeed, there is a vein of sensuality running through the ritual of ancient Egypt, of which no one who has visited the country and explored its monuments needs to be told. Many of the Egyptian laws were good, but the aspect of futurity with which they were connected was spiritually demoralising, and gross blots on some temple walls remain to indicate a significant phase of national shamelessness. The Egyptian code contained much truth, which was held in unrighteousness and set in degrading superstition. Thus the Hebrews had the bare law given to them as the will of God, being left to have eternal life made known unto them afterwards in a more excellent way, and to hear, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A word on the literature of ancient Egypt. It is difficult to look at it apart from its religious associations, and much so viewed is very bald. Many a record, however full of interesting information, is as dry as a will. Blue Books were dull four thousand years ago. There is, indeed, regal wisdom tersely put in "The Instructions of King Amenemhati to his Son Userteseni," believed to have been written 3,064 B.C. He advises him not to isolate himself from his subjects, nor "let the landed lords and noblemen only fill his heart." And there are occasional bits of description, utterances of vigour, and passages of pathos which do not lose their vividness even in a severely literal translation. Here is a royal ultimatum to the inhabitants of a besieged city: "Two ways are before you. Choose as ye will. Open and live. Shut up and die. His Majesty does not pass by any closed fort." Again, the excitement of an army is graphically related when the soldiers found Memphis closed, garrisoned, and provisioned. But they make the assault, and the city is "captured as by a storm of rain." Then, too, for gossipy narration, we have, in a papyrus in the British Museum, the Syrian travels of an Egyptian fourteen centuries before Christ, in which his troubles with thieves, breakage of harness,

and other mishaps are told with as true a tourist tone of minuteness and complaint as might be found in Mr. Mudie's library.

For an example of sheer stories, too, there is that of the "Doomed Prince and his Dog." "When the Hathors" (Fates) "came to greet him at his birth, they said he would either die by a crocodile, a serpent, or by a dog." Thereupon the king, his father, shut him up in "a house in the country, provided with attendants and all kinds of good things . . . . that the child should not go abroad." After some time, "when the child grew big, he ascended to the roof of the house, and he saw a dog, which was following a person who was going along the road. He said to his attendant, who was beside him, 'What is that?' He said, 'That is a dog.' The child said to him, 'Let one be brought to me like it.'" In the end he gets his dog and permission to travel. After an adventurous courtship he wins a wife, who dreads the fulfilment of his doom, and wants him to do away with his faithful dog, who must have been getting into years by this time. "He replied, 'I will not cause my dog to be killed.' How should he do it?" After escaping death by a serpent, which his wife kills while he is asleep, he goes out for a walk; but unfortunately the story breaks off at a crisis when the dog, seeing him in danger from a crocodile, leads him to a protecting giant. The date of the story is put at about 1500 B.C., *i.e.* it may have been a favourite nursery tale in the time of Moses.

Another, with larger aim and much more complicated plot, that of the two brothers, Ampu and Bata, is complete. There is much pathos and a vein of poetic imagination in this legend. It rises out of a false accusation, like that which made Potiphar throw Joseph into prison. During its course the beautiful wife of Bata, who had been given to him by Horus when he fled out of the country from his brother Ampu, walks under a cedar by the sea. "And the sea beheld her and dashed its waters in pursuit of her, and she betook herself to flight—and the sea cried to the cedar, saying, O that I could seize upon her! And the cedar carried off one of her fragrant locks, and the sea carried it to Egypt and deposited it in a place where the king's washers were. And the odour of the lock grew into the clothes of the king."

The plot of the story is too long to explain. It turns on the faithlessness of woman, and the brotherly love, which, though estranged thereby, is finally triumphant. The papyrus containing this complicated legend, which, however, vividly illustrates both domestic and regal life, as well as divers supernatural beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, is now in the British Museum, and has been translated into French and German as well as English.

Beside tales, there are some relics of ancient legal procedure, as in an "Abstract of Criminal Proceedings in a Case of Conspiracy," in the time of Rameses III., which is translated by M. Renouf. We do not learn the precise nature of the crime inquired into, but there is perplexing reference to treacherous language which seems to have tainted the whole court, some of the members of the judicial commission themselves coming to be implicated as the trial proceeds. In the end none seem to have been acquitted, as in the case of each the formula recurs, "The magistrates who judged him caused his punishment to be inflicted upon him." The ladies of the bedchamber play a conspicuous part in the whole business, and a frequent count against the accused is that "he heard words and did not report them." All the criminals sentenced to death appear to have been made their own executioners.

Most of the written remains of ancient Egypt are religious. Many consist of hymns to the gods, and have a pathos of their own. Others are lists of oblations, or of spoils taken in war. These have no more literary pretensions than an auctioneer's catalogue or an inventory of furniture. They give us, however, a vivid idea of Egyptian belongings. The manifold productions and riches of ancient Egypt are nowhere set forth in more detail than in what is known as the "Great Harris Papyrus," which contains divers of these summaries. It was found in a tomb, and measures 133 feet long by 16½ inches broad. Here we read of the barge of cedar with rivets of gold-plated brass, and cabins adorned with precious stones; of houses with doors and lintels of gold, surrounded by gardens planted with all kinds of fruits, and tanks for waterfowl and fish.

Beside these are granaries of corn, and treasuries filled, or temples presented, with a surprising amount of miscellaneous property, paint, spirits of wine, honey, oil, linen overcoats, embroidered caps, incense, silver dishes and ladles, rings, onions, cedar harps, bundles of writing reeds, w x, leather sandals, turquoises, perfumes, images, necklaces, wine, coloured bed-clothes, &c., &c. The most careful inventory was made of the several items, and in every case the exact

amount of the articles in store seems to be set down. For instance, in one place we find a record of 825,840 crystal beads; in another of 23,008 pots of frankincense, while one "cedar rule" figures by itself. Beside these dead or dry goods we have astonishing lists of cattle and birds, especially pigeons, ducks, and geese.

Here we are struck by evidence of much that was eminently businesslike and prosaic among the old Egyptians. It is true that their religion especially, at least so far as the offerings made by the king represented the generosity of the people, was marked by marvellous and abundant devotion; the adornments of the temples not being brought to a focus in some inner shrine, but shown in the capping of sacred obelisks with solid gold, and the covering of huge holy walls inside and out with costly sculpture. But though this indicates a certain profuseness of expenditure, nothing is more striking than the minute economy and attention to details exhibited in what may be called the sacred rent rolls, summaries of oblations, and the like. The chronicler carefully distinguishes between the "ducks" and the "ducklings," offered to Ra, the sliced, salted, and prepared fish, the crowns, nosegays, chains, and handfuls of flowers, and the exact amounts of these several items are set down. In the "Great Harris Papyrus," now in the British Museum, and translated in the "Records of the Past," there are many of these entries, and in every case the totals of the goods in question are precisely recorded. There are, *e.g.*, 1,975,800 nosegays of vegetables—it does not say what proportion of these were onions —as against 11,000 nosegays of corn, and 3,410 of lotus. Thus in these chronicles we have evidence of both extreme profusion and precise economy, of the nicest reckoning and the most liberal abundance.

The Egyptians indeed always combined a large way of doing things with attention to the smallest features of the deed. This appears not merely in their written records, but in the construction of their biggest fabrics, such as the Pyramids, where the size of the structure did not tempt them to disregard the most careful and elaborate precision. They were not satisfied with piling up great stones so as to secure a gigantic result, but the blocks were so flattened and smoothed as to insure the perfect contact of their surfaces. The pyramid was as minutely finished as a bracelet. Everything was done as well as possible.

Here we have one secret of Egyptian permanence, and, may it not be added, of form of righteousness or right-doing which raises a nation? In their fabrics, economy and administration, the old Egyptians ma thus be said to have approached closest to Divine fashion, which sees to the leaf of ever tree while it provides a forest, and forms th crystal of each flake of snow throughout th whole of a polar winter. There was nothin coarse, carelessly profuse, or unfinished their art was the nearest approach to natur of anything that has been known in the work of men.

At the same time their art was imperfec in many respects. Their pictures ofte exhibit a childishness of delineation which contrasts strongly with the perfection of thei workmanship. While carefully observant o the laws of geometry and anatomically exact they are grotesquely defiant of perspective When, moreover, the Egyptian artist wante to portray a great personage, such as a god king, or hero, he drew him twenty times a big as the ordinary men by whom he is sur rounded, and his ships, with their crews an cargoes, are drawn with total disregard to th laws of statics. However heavy the load however unequally distributed, the boat i always level and buoyant.

There is, though, remarkable proportion and adjustment shown in another phase o Egyptian art; I mean decoration. They ha no "pictures," as we understand the word In their coloured representations, which wer surprisingly brilliant and numerous, there i no more shading than perspective. Bu Egyptian artists understood the harmony o colours, and decorated their buildings wit admirable skill, the balance of contrast being perfectly kept. The best modern decorator might learn of the ancient Egyptians. Their portrait painters, too, are very true. The Egyptian who represented a fac in terra-cotta or stone does not seem t have flattered his "sitter," if we may judg by his works in the Boulak Museum, but h hits off the countenance and character of th man in a way which speaks much for a love o honesty in those old days. The modern visi tor is entertained in perceiving how conscien tiously the work was done, and feels sur that he looks upon likeness after likenes which perhaps was less appreciated by th personage thus celebrated than by his friends And yet they are not caricatures, but onl unfeelingly just. When the thing wa finished there was nothing more to be said though the critics smiled while they approved

In looking back, from home, after a few

months, on the impressions received, though not perhaps immediately realised, during a visit to Egypt, one of the most vivid is that of the little radical difference between the men of the ancient past and those of to-day. The graphic minuteness of old Egyptian sculpture sets forth the main features of modern domestic and social life, especially country life. There is the same patient industry to fill the basket and the store, as is seen in the market-gardener and farmer of to-day. There are the same sluggish cattle to drive, the same cackling ducks and hissing geese to feed as in Herefordshire or Norfolk. The fish are caught in the net, the goods are weighed in the scales. The pain and terror of those wounded in battle, the attitudes of the suppliant captive, are not curiously historical, but pathetically fresh. There is nothing really antique in the oldest representations of man himself, though his surroundings vary. Even in these there are close touches between the past and the present. M. Renouf, in writing on "Egyptian Civilisation," remarks, "Beerhouses, if we may judge of the frequency with which they are inveighed against in the papyri, must have been as serious a pest in the time of the great Rameses as they are in the England of the nineteenth century."

The chief question, however, which frequently presents itself in seeing relics so old and yet so clean cut as the Egyptian, I have already noticed. It concerns the antiquity, not merely of man, but of what we understand by civilisation. Why may not co-existent but widely diverse conditions have found place in the incalculable past; and the Egyptian have inherited the luxury of generations, while the "drift" and "cave" men barely held their own elsewhere against the beasts of the field? There are now in the United States of America, New York millionaires, and Indian tribes sheltering themselves in bark huts, ignorant of coinage and cultivation, and living on acorns, vermin, and worms. There the white man will exterminate the red in a few generations, but when the means of intercommunication were unused, why may not as great contrasts have existed through enormous periods of time? The Egyptian, who had all that he needed in his isolated strip of watered sunny land, could make it into an oasis of civilised humanity, while others, less happily placed, unnamed, unregarded, and unknown, were long tied down to the rudest conditions of existence; but the unanswered question remains, and carries us peering back into the dim past, When did he begin to rise?

THE BAIRNS A' AT REST.

By JAMES M. NEILSON.

THERE was din, as ye ne'er heard the like,
'Mang our bairns the nicht roun' the fire-en';
A' were busy as bees in a bike;
A' were blithe as the birds in the glen.
What wi' castles and kirks built wi' stools,
What wi' rhyming at spellings a' roun',
What wi' playing at ball and at bools,—*
But there's peace now, they're a' cuddled doun.

Now, the bairns are asleep, and a calm
Has fa'n roun' like a soft gloaming shade,
And a kind Hand unseen sheds a balm
O'er their wee limbs in weariness laid.
On their fair chubby faces we see
Sic an eyely sweetness o' rest,
That ye'd doubt but they'd borrow'd a wee
Frae the far-awa' realms o' the blest.

Like wee birds in a nest do they cow'r,
By ilk other so cozy and kin';
O, their bed's like a rose-bed in flow'r,
And our glances o' love on it shine.
O, awa' wi' your glairy gowd crown,
Frae the cunning cauld fingers o' Art!
But, hurrah for the bairns that hae grown
Like a living love-wreath roun' the heart!

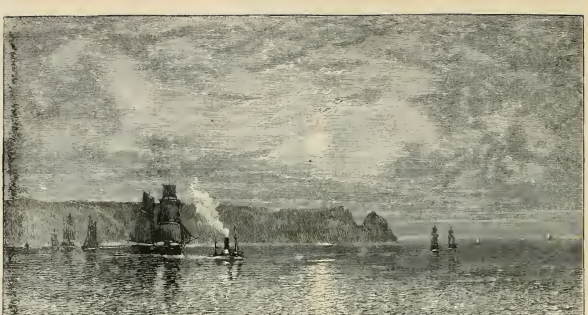
* Marbles.

Ha, let's wheesht.* As we warm in their praise,
We micht waken some flaxen-hair'd loon:
See, already shot out frae the claes
Just as lithe a wee limb's in the toon!
Hap it o'er, hap it o'er. Bonnie bairn,
Whaur awa' may that wee footie pace?
The richt gait o' the world's ill to learn,
And fair Fortune is fickle to chase.

There are bid 'neath these lashes so long,
The full een that are stars o' the day;
There lies silent the nursery song,
On these lips fresh as mornings in May;
And there beats in these bosoms a life
More o' promise than spring-buds are giv'n,
That must meet the world's favour or strife,
And shall make them or mar them for heav'n.

Will ye guard them, ye angels o' Peace,
In this haven, in the curtains o' nicht?
Will ye guide them when dangers increase,
Heaving out in their day-ocean fight?
For O, whaur, frae the bairnie so wee
To the bairnie the biggest of a',
Is the ane we'd first part wi', and see
To a bed in the mools † taen awa'?

* Whisper. † The grave.



Sunrise at the Land's End.

BETWEEN TWO WATERS.

An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees.

PART I.

MY old friend Mr. James is a man of keen sympathies, and the youthful ardour he displays in taking up and carrying out any new idea or project is positively refreshing.

His memory is marvellous. Horace and Burns he knows by heart, embellishing his table talk with epigrams from the one or tender bits from the other with enviable adroitness. A charming companion—*when the wind is not in the east.* When it is, lo! his Horace forthwith becomes ironical and his Burns maledictory.

Now last spring old Eurus certainly gave us a deal of his company. You met him everywhere. Laden with cold and dust he persistently rushed down every street—careered through open spaces, crept into your house, into your throat, into your bones, and some ill-natured people said, into your temper. Well, perhaps they were right! It was certainly tantalising to be tempted day after day by the lovely pink promise of the spring, and know that if you attempted to sketch you would get a slap in the face that might put you *hors de combat* for the whole summer; perhaps, too, the rheumatic twinges and wheezings we had already contracted made us unusually combative; at all events, at a certain visit I paid to my friend at the end of last spring, we could agree upon no single point—everything went wrong; and, to crown it all, somebody put Worcester sauce into the salad, and the claret was corked! At last up starts Mr. James. "This won't do at all!" he cried. "Here we've been at loggerheads all the evening, and the wine, for once, has utterly failed to be an 'efficax eluere amara curarum.' This snell east wind has done it all. It has kept me a prisoner for six weeks, and put everything out of joint. Mr. Kingsley sings its praises, and tells us that the old Vikings throve upon it. Perhaps they did, but we don't. We get hoarse, rheumatic, and cross. Now, being thus confronted with this overwhelming and persistent enemy, the best thing we can do is to make a strategic movement to the rear, or, in other words, to fly hence and seek warmer climes."

"All very well," I replied; "but where would you go to?"

"I'll tell you," he said, resuming his seat with great deliberation. "There are two warm nooks in the Pyrenees, Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes. They are but three or four miles apart, and are not only warm and genial,

but famous for the curative powers of their natural springs. Let us go! Let us emulate John Gilpin—you shall dine at Eaux Chaudes and get quit of your rheumatism, while I shall dine at Eaux Bonnes and get quit of my croaking."

"I should like it well enough, but——"

"But, now no buts! I'm sick of this imprisonment. Just think of your brush, my boy! Would you not seek fresh pastures for your genius? Why, the purple Pyrenees will immortalise you! The thing is settled."

And so it was. A week or so later we were steaming out of Liverpool Basin, on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Galicia*, for Bordeaux.

It is a capital route, not only on the score of economy, but by it is avoided the stoppage in Paris and subsequent tedious railway journey south. No boats could be better kept, and as a great bulk of their passengers embark from Spanish ports there is always plenty of room for those outward bound for Bordeaux. There is plenty to eat and drink—perhaps the cook has a weakness for onions, but what of that? Is it not right that those bound for Spain should have an initiatory probation for the national garlic? Did not the great Henry of Navarre, immediately he was born, have a clove of garlic put into his baby mouth to make him strong and wholesome? If illustrious people have thus set this tasty example, what right have obscure individuals like ourselves to make a noise about a bit of onion? No, we must not quarrel with the cooking; on the whole it was good, and the general comfort and attention would even satisfy invalids.

As for us, we were invalids no longer; for, marvellous to relate, as we got out to sea the wind began to relent, and by the time we had left old England on the lee we were enjoying a balmy sou'-wester on the deck. At the Land's End the sun rose over a perfectly calm sea, and here we began to scrape acquaintance with our fellow-travellers. Some, like ourselves, were in quest of sun and warmth. Mrs. Quilter and her daughter—a quiet, pale-faced girl—were going to Eaux Bonnes. The elder lady looked the picture of health, yet nothing pleased her so much as to be confiding her physical sufferings to some sympathetic ear. She also kept a strict eye on her daughter, who was perpetually turning pale and threatening to be ill. On those occasions the mother would make a rush, and march her quickly up and down the deck till some returning colour came to her cheeks. After a time a certain polite young gentleman—Mr. Robb, bound for Bordeaux—took the cue, and officiated in the march. So did Mr. James—and so did I.

The quantity of exercise that young lady got would have satisfied Weston or any other professional walker—but it didn't prevent the inevitable catastrophe. It became a little rougher as we approached Pauilliac. We were enjoying a siesta in the saloon, when Miss Quilter's pale green face appeared at the door, and broke the silence by saying, rather Hibernically, "Stewardess! If you please, *a lady wishes to be ill!*" Mr. Robb politely rushed forward. He was too late—the lady disappeared, not to be seen again till we anchored at Pauilliac. Here he busied himself with their luggage, and took a tender interest in little Master Quilter, who was perpetually coming to grief with his buttons. Mrs. Quilter did not altogether approve of these attentions.

"Who is he?" she asked us.

"I think he is in the wine trade," replied Mr. James. (He always knew who everybody was.)

"Exactly!" exclaimed the lady; "a commercial traveller!—I thought so. Upon my word, you can never tell what sort of persons you may meet on board these steamers!"

In spite of her animadversions, to us he proved most useful and entertaining. He had crossed the Bay of Biscay fifty or sixty times—was half a Spaniard—played and sang—was a bit of an artist—wrote for the papers—and was up to every possible dodge about wine. He pointed out to us the celebrated vineyards and châteaux as we steamed up the river in the little tug. Close to Pauilliac was the renowned Château Lafitte, and as we went on several others peeped out picturesquely between vineyards and poplars. The district is named Medoc. The soil (probably washings from the big hills, deposited by the rivers) is a sort of white crumbly gravel. There is a good deal of quartz in it, and the poorest soil sometimes produces the richest wine. The object is to have a soil that will allow the long trailing roots to take firm hold, and at the same time to be of such a consistency that the sun's rays will be retained both day and night.

"Just," said Mr. Robb, "as our countrymen speak with more terseness and deliberation after dividing their coat tails before the fire, so our vine produces better wine if it has an equable and placid warmth at its roots."

We were sorry to part with him at Bordeaux. Not so Mrs. Quilter. Notwithstanding one offer personally to superintend the replacement of an important button for Master

Quilter, and another to escort her and her luggage safely to the Hôtel de Nantes, she would have nothing whatever to say to him. His overtures were received with great hauteur, and she finally drove off in a grand sort of huff.

We took his advice, and found the Hôtel de Nantes very comfortable. Mr. James, who is an authority in these matters, pronounced the cuisine to be admirable.

A remarkably handsome town is Bordeaux —clean streets with plenty of open breathing places, public buildings on a palatial scale, and then the broad river, expansive quay, and beautiful bridge, give it quite a character of its own.

What could we do, when the brightest of moons rose over all this, but gaze and gaze, and quote Longfellow, while the clocks were tolling the hour from Les Tours de la Grosse Cloche? This clock-tower is grand in its fine proportions and solidity. The two-spired cathedral is rather disappointing. It is rich enough in external stone chasing, amid which the morning sun makes fantastic shadows, but the interior is poor. Artistically it is far behind a quaint old structure called the Tour de Peyberland, which rears its solemn old head close by.

I believe there are considerably more than 100,000 inhabitants in Bordeaux, but the most important personage in our eyes was this ancient vendor of lucifer matches. What

on earth the old fellow meant by his placard with "Le Bon Dieu" on it we never could discover. In our choicest French (and Mr. James is very proud of his proficiency in the language) we endeavoured to elucidate the mystery, but without avail.

Whether our language was faulty, or the meaning too solemn to be intrusted to foreigners, I don't know, but our inquiries invariably ended in the purchase of lucifers. In other words, they ended in smoke.

Notwithstanding the blandishments of our Chef, who tempted us at breakfast with a wonderful little fish called a rogan (a sort of pilchard), and at dinner with cunningly cooked dishes, splendid asparagus and strawberries, after two or three days we remembered our duty, and forthwith started for Pau, our next and last stage towards our destination of the two waters.

En route we just caught sight of Dax, recently made famous by a celebrated Scotch divine, and farther on of the little tower on the terrible bridge of Orthez, where the Calvinists threw down the Roman Catholics in 1560. We reached Pau in the afternoon, and at once had an unclouded view from the far-famed terrace.

It is superb. The Gave flows in twisted channels at your feet; then the wooded uplands fold and refold on each other, till they finally get lost in the grand range of the

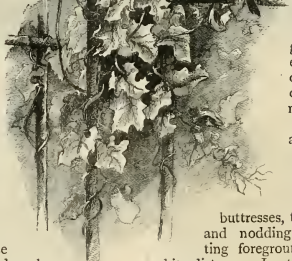
View near Pau.

Pyrenees. As usual, the town was full of English. At the table d'hôte, conspicuous by his politeness and general urbanity, was our friend Mr. Robb. He greeted us with effusion, and subsequently sang Spanish songs in the salon to an admiring audience. He was quite at home here, and good-naturedly showed us the lions. The position of Pau is unrivalled, but the old Counts of Bearn could have had little idea when they commenced to build their manor here, that it was destined to become a grand town of some 26,000 inhabitants, and the Chef-lieu of the Basses Pyrénées. The savants tell us that it is built on the detritus, débris, and what not, which has been hurled down in prehistoric times from the Pic du Midi. Be this as it may, there is no doubt whatever that the town itself is now being built of materials from the same source. Day after day you may see gangs of labourers busily lifting the big boulders from the bed of the Gave, and transporting them in waggons and carts up to the town for building purposes. The Gave itself jumps into life at a wild place called Gavarni, some fifty miles up the mountains, with a single fall of more than a thousand feet. There are but few objects of interest in the town. The park is dull, and the view from it nothing after that from the terrace. The old Château, however, is both picturesque and interesting. What a history its walls could tell. It is five hundred years old. Here, in cold blood, after a sacred promise that their lives should be spared, were murdered the Roman Catholics who had surrendered to Montgomerie at Orthez. This happened in 1570. Here,

Beggar's head.

too, in 1553 was born Henri IV. "Our Henri," as the Bearnais affectionately called him. Here also have dwelt Abd-el-Kader, Isabella of Spain, and the Duke of Hamilton. Mr. Robb was moved to write a drama on the place. With a profound contempt for chronology he mixed up all the afore-mentioned *dramatis personæ* together.

Abd-el-Kader and the Duke were to quarrel over Isabella, upon which they are both beheaded by Notre Henri, and Isabella becomes a saint, with a shrine at Eaux Chaudes. The hospitality of Pau is unbounded. The English club, where we met some kind friends, was open to us, and Mr. Church, the courteous ex-consul, also entertained us at his pretty place just out of the town, where he now employs his leisure by growing exquisite roses, and making occasional sketching excursions up to the mountains. Pau is unrivalled as a point from which to make excursions. If you wish to devote half a day, or a day, or two or three days, there are objects of interest that will exactly fit in with your prescribed time.



Lourdes, with its far-famed shrine and grotto, must of course be visited. It can be done by rail, and there you will hear repeated the true version of Miss Bernadette and her vision. It is curious to remember how recent it all is. Perpignan and Pietat are both within ten miles of Pau, and amply repay the visit. We drove to the former underneath ripe cherry-trees, the driver breaking off branches of the luscious fruit for us, which Mr. James devoured with great gusto. Here we saw a tame crow perched in a melancholy pose on a vine pole. He looked like the evil spirit of drink. There is also a charming drive to Coarraza, where "Our Henri" was brought up hardily with the village children.

Of our many excursions, however, that to Bettarham will perhaps remain longest in our memories. The bright splendour of the day may have had something to do with it, but the world certainly seemed unusually happy. It was Corpus Christi day, and the villages through which our *voiture*, with its bell-bedecked pair, jingled, were hung with green boughs and white cloths. The narrow streets were strewn with green rushes, and the little shrines, fountains, and crosses, made gay with flowers. The men were in holiday attire, the young girls all in the "Virgin's livery," of light blue and white—a regular gala day. One was forcibly reminded, however, of Whit Monday in England.

Mr. Robb, who accompanied us, was in unusually high spirits. Mr. James took an opportunity of privately informing me this exuberance might be traced to a certain little scented note which had been received from Eaux Bonnes the previous evening. But the drive *was* exhilarating. The Pyrenean range, with its assertive Pic du Midi and clear-cut valleys, got bigger and higher every mile. So ineffably clear was it that one could almost trace the mountain roads.

The beauty culminated at Igon, where we crossed the Gave. Here the grey old bridge and buildings with their moss-eaten buttresses, the broad green Gave and nodding poplars, made a fitting foreground for the purple and white distance. I cut a notch in my memory to bid me return here and work, but as yet it is all unaccomplished.

A quaint old place is Bettarham, nestled at the very foot of the mountains. It is famous for processions and pilgrimages—to us it was famous for the excellent trout we got for breakfast. While discussing these and a most excellent *omelette aux herbes*, a distant chanting warned us of the approaching procession. It was an imposing affair. The Jesuits have a large missionary college here, "Calvaire," and their numbers were added to others. The chanting was discordant, but impressive on account of its solemnity. The solemnity, however, was somewhat broken by the sudden appearance of a donkey amongst the nuns, and subsequently by the relighting of one of the huge wax candles (which had been

blown out by the wind) by one of the boys. He effected this by producing an ordinary lucifer match, which he lit by lifting up the next boy's surplice, and striking it on his trousers. After the procession we had a delightful stroll, finding out a curiously picturesque old ivy-covered bridge. We visited St. Calvaire, duly admiring a wonderful relic called the marriage veil of the Countess Chambord, bought many rosaries, and finally climbed the hill and feasted on wild strawberries. Here were several little girls wandering about in a listless sort of manner, all dressed in blue and white, like so many little Bernadettes seeking visions. Here, too, under the influence of the surroundings, Mr. Robb informed us he was, like ourselves, going to Eaux Bonnes.

"Why?" we both exclaimed. "You are not ill!"

"No!" he replied gaily, and producing a franc piece, "but I *must* have a little ailment. Here goes, heads for throat, and tails for rheumatism! Ah, it is heads, so you see I go to Eaux Bonnes."

"I expect," said Mr. James slyly, "that it is an affection of the heart you are suffering from, and you wish to go to Eaux Bonnes to consult a certain Dr. Quilter."

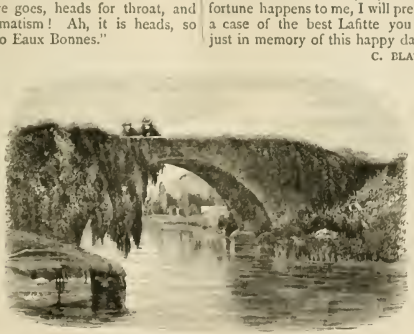
He coloured a little, but soon recovered himself with a laugh.

"Well! and suppose it is so, Mr. James?"

"If it is so," pursued my friend, calmly puffing his cigar, "there will be no need for you to simulate illness. What says Horace: 'In amore hæc sunt mala—bellum, pax rursum.' No, Mr. Robb, don't take upon yourself fresh maladies, and I have no doubt you will speedily get rid of your present one. Let us take you with us to Les Eaux to-morrow, and by-and-by, when you are back in England with Mrs. Robb, you must both come and pay me a visit."

The young gentleman was quite overcome by this combination of a beatific vision and hospitality. At length he grasped Mr. James's hand and said: "Well, sir, if ever such good fortune happens to me, I will present you with a case of the best Lafitte you ever tasted, just in memory of this happy day!"

C. BLATHERWICK.



The Bridge at Bettarham.

SOWING AND REAPING.

By R. W. DALE, M.A.

IT is not safe to assume that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Righteousness and sin always yield their harvests; the moral results of all our actions—of the least as well as of the greatest—are determined by definite and irresistible laws. But as soon as we descend into the lower provinces of human life the steadfastness of the divine order seems to fail us, and nothing is certain. There is a great deal of sowing which is followed by no reaping. The seed rots in the ground; the young wheat is blighted; the harvest, just when it is touched by the autumn sun, is destroyed by storms.

We can make sure of nothing except the supreme ends of life, and this should be taken for granted in all our plans and expectations. A young merchant may resolve to build up a great fortune. He may have all the capital he needs and a perfect mastery of his business: he may be honest, diligent, alert, prudent. And after he has worked hard for twenty years a great commercial catastrophe may ruin in a month the results of all his industry and skill. Or a young politician may resolve to win high political office. He may be animated—not by personal ambition—but by a genuine patriotism, and an unselfish desire to render service to the State. Everything may seem to be in his favour. He may have an ample fortune and adequate intellectual power. He may be laborious, fearless, and upright. Year by year his knowledge of public affairs may become more varied and more exact; and year by year he may win increasing public confidence. But success is not certain. Some physical infirmity, which was unsuspected in early manhood, may begin to show itself, just as he is reaching the maturity of his strength; or some fatal defect of temper; or in the vicissitudes of public affairs a grave difference of opinion emerges between himself and his party; or he has a serious illness from which he never quite recovers; or he meets with an accident, slight in itself, which disqualifies him for the public service; and as far as the great object is concerned, on which he has concentrated all his energy, he is baffled and defeated.

The same uncertainty menaces men in every pursuit. A surgeon acquires a unique knowledge of some special form of disease and a skill as an operator which seems almost supernatural. For fifteen or twenty years he has sacrificed everything to his noble profession. He has been distrusted, and has endured distrust with unflinching courage. He has been thwarted by professional jealousy, and has kept his temper sweet and generous. He has lived a hard and anxious life, but has never stooped to mean and ignoble methods of improving his fortunes. At last his loyal devotion to science, and his generous passion for the relief of suffering, seem on the point of reaping a splendid harvest. His magnificent skill is acknowledged. He has secured the public confidence, which he always deserved. A great position has been fairly won—a position which gives him wealth, reputation, and, what he values more than either, the opportunity of immense usefulness. And just then he happens to be in a railway accident, or is thrown out of a hansom, and he receives a nervous shock, which makes his hand unsteady and his eye untrue. He has been sowing for years, but he never reaps.

Human life has still sadder experiences than these. You may try to get a harvest of affection from your children and friends; but your seed is sown on the "way-side," and those whose love you most long for, and try most earnestly to win, forget your kindest words as soon as they are spoken, your kindest services as soon as they are done. Or your seed is sown on "rocky places;" there is a prompt and cordial response to your affection, but there is no "deepness of earth"—no capacity for strong and enduring love; the love is a passing impulse, and its strength is soon spent. Or your seed is sown "among thorns;" the cares of life or its pleasures so fill the heart and mind that in the crowd of less gentle and less noble interests you and your love are forgotten. All these things happen to God in his endeavours to win *our* love and confidence; they happen to *us* in our endeavours to win the love and confidence of others. In those provinces of life which lie below the eternal and the divine we cannot be sure that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

There are times when we say hard words about the uncertainty and confusion of human affairs. We turn cynical. What is the use of working hard if we cannot make sure of the reward of our labour? Why practise self-denial if we are not certain that anything will come of it? Why qualify ourselves for positions which we may never fill? What practical wisdom is there in laying down plans of life which cover many years, when we are at the mercy of innumerable accidents which in a moment may bring all our schemes to nothing? Why should we take trouble to serve others who, for anything we know, will be ungrateful for all our love and service?

But the disorder which God permits in the lower provinces of human life is a part of that wise and kindly severity by which he disciplines the race for eternal righteousness and eternal joy. The confusion and the uncertainty warn us against spending our strength for objects which are below the true height of our nature and destiny. The low levels of life are swept by destructive floods, are smitten with fatal blight; they are unfenced and unprotected, and are open to the incursions of marauding tribes. What we sow *there* we are never certain of reaping.

But the eternal fields are within our reach; in these we are sure of golden harvests.

God is the only Master who always gives His servants the wages they work for. Work for wealth; it may slip from your hands just when you think that you have achieved the most splendid success. Discipline yourself for professional eminence, and when you are just reaching the height of your hopes you may have a ruinous fall. Resolve to serve the State, and after years of honest preparation the opportunity of service may never come. Try to win the affection of those dearest to your heart, and you may be cruelly disappointed. But serve God and you cannot fail. Serve Him in your business, and every hour you spend in your counting-house or in your works—whether you make money or lose it—will increase your treasure in Heaven. Serve God in your profession, and whether you are successful or not in your professional life, every year of labour will discipline you for the higher activities on the other side of death. In your schemes for serving the public, let it be your supreme object to serve Him, and though you may never be appointed to the obscurest administrative duties, and may never exert any appreciable influence on the course of public affairs, you will make sure of honourable distinctions and honourable functions in the kingdom of God. Serve your children and your friends for the sake of serving Him, and though you may win from them no affection and gratitude, you will hear from the lips of Christ the surprising words: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these . . . . ye did it unto Me. Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

In a world like this, how is it that men who believe in the living God and whose thoughts wander through eternity, can be indifferent to the glorious ages which are their inheritance in Christ and to the will which is their supreme law? Even where emotion is touched and imagination kindled by the solemnities and grandeurs of the invisible and eternal world conduct is often withdrawn from its control. A life of faultless morality, as well as a life of degrading vice, may be uninspired by reverence for God's eternal righteousness and by gratitude for God's eternal love. Deeds good in themselves may be done without regard to Him who has the right to our perfect trust and our unreserved obedience. It may be only by accident that they coincide with the divine will. They may be done to discharge claims arising out of the transient relationships of this life, and to fulfil laws which we should recognise as authoritative if we had never caught sight of the throne of God and had no prevision of the world beyond death. There may be practical Atheism where there is theoretical faith in the divine existence and authority. The disappearance of God from the creed would have no practical effect on life and character. But if there is nothing of the eternal and the divine in our earthly conduct we are sowing no seed from which we have a right to expect a divine and eternal harvest. The connection between sowing and happy reaping is uncertain and precarious, except for those who have passed into the kingdom of God and who have received the life of God, who have made the divine thought and purpose the law of all their actions and the ground of all their hopes.

The harvest they are sowing to-day may not be ready to-morrow or the day after, but "in due season" they will reap if they faint not. I will not press the words so far as to say that there is no harvest to be expected before the "season" comes for reaping that eternal harvest which is absolutely certain. Many Christian people can say with Oliver Cromwell, "I have had plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite."

> "How can they reckon up the grace
> Each hour, each moment brings?
> How store Thy gifts? how find a place
> For all their precious things?
>
> "O boundless treasure, all unearned!
> O wages given for nought!
> Bestowed ere once their hearts have yearned,
> Ere once their hands have wrought." *

But it may sustain the courage and constancy of others to be reminded that the great harvest which they are sowing is to be reaped in the sunlit fields of immortality. There are good men to whom in this world the calm and golden autumn never comes. For them the tree of life does not yield its fruit every month. They seem to labour in vain and to spend their strength for nought. Their life is one prolonged winter, or at best an ungenial spring. They have hardly any sunshine, and instead of the kindly heat of summer in which they might ripen to a beautiful righteousness, they are exposed to keen and cruel winds. One dreary season follows another; there is nothing to break the depressing monotony of the cloudy, cheerless years. They plough the same fields over and over again, and the soil is heavy and the ploughing is hard work. They try to clean the ground, but the roots of the

* T. H. Gill.

weeds refuse to be torn out, and after all their labour the stones seem to be as thick as when they began. They sow good seed, but sow in tears, and they wonder whether the tender green will ever show itself above the bare brown earth.

Let them not despair. The sure promise of God will not be broken. The law of the eternal kingdom will not fail. Let them not grow "weary in well-doing." Let them not become impatient. Impatient! why should they be? Suppose that they have to live a life of sixty or seventy years, ploughing and sowing, in dreary, dismal weather, with dark days and cold nights—what are their labours compared with the everlasting harvest? Let one good deed follow another; let every brave triumph over temptation give heart and courage for the conflict which follows it; let the ascent of one mountain height of moral and spiritual achievement be accepted as little more than the discovery of a loftier height beyond; they have need of endurance, but the end will crown all. In far-off worlds, in far-off ages, among triumphant saints, in the presence of an approving God, they will reap at last the golden harvest of their well-doing.

When we take sides with God, God takes sides with us. Work done for God is never wasted. This truth has very wide applications. With some qualifications it holds good in reference to other harvests than those which are to be reaped in our own personal righteousness and joy. Work of every kind that God cares for is done in alliance with God's eternal wisdom and strength. No doubt God Himself is baffled by the waywardness, the folly, and the sin of men. He sows seed in rocky hearts, in hearts trodden hard by the passing feet of this world's business and custom and pleasure, in hearts infested with the thorns of care and of wealth; and no harvest comes. *Our* endeavours to do good to men are certain to be hindered and defeated by the same causes; but it is a great thing to have God on our side.

And whenever men work for the fulfilment of a divine law—even though they may not recognise it as divine, and may therefore miss the personal rewards which would follow their service if they had meant to serve God—it is wonderful how their unconscious alliance with the divine righteousness and love augments their strength and contributes to their success. I find in this a certain consolation for much of the unfaithfulness of the Christian Church. Those who mean to serve God neglect very much of the work which God wants to have done, and their neglected tasks are taken up by those who never meant to serve Him. Fragments of God's thought come to men who have no knowledge of God Himself. Isolated precepts of His law constrain the obedience of men who have never made His will the universal law of life. They sow the good seed not knowing to whom it belongs; not knowing for whom they are working; and the seed yields glorious harvests.

This is specially true in the province of social and political reform. We are most certain to succeed if we are consciously endeavouring to get the divine will done on earth as it is done in heaven; but those who, without intending that this should be the result of their labours, are working on the lines of the divine thought, achieve large success.

I am clear that the desponding tone in which some men are in the habit of speaking of all schemes for the improvement of the morality and the material condition of the nation is altogether unjustifiable. The law holds that, if we are not weary in well-doing, we reap if we faint not. To tell us that all generous effort is worthless, that things get no better, is to quench the fires of a noble enthusiasm, to paralyze conscientious labour for the public good, and it is to do dishonour to that beneficent alliance of the divine love with common philanthropy which has actually lessened the evils which were the curse of earlier generations.

In due season we reap if we faint not. Read the accounts of the flagrant injustice which disgraced the administration of the law in this country two or three centuries ago, and then say whether the patriots and statesmen who resolved that the injustice should cease have not been successful. Read the descriptions of the prisons of England a hundred years ago, and then say whether John Howard has not reaped the harvest which he laboured for. Read the horrible story of the tortures and agonies inflicted by the slave trade at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, and then say whether it was for nothing that Wilberforce and Clarkson appealed to the humanity and justice of the English people to put a stop to it for ever.

Within the memory of living men, what great and happy changes have passed on the condition of the large masses of people in the manufacturing districts of the country! Their condition is still bad enough. During

the last three winters many of them have suffered severely. Many are still suffering from the prolonged depression of trade. There are many honest and industrious families whose permanent condition is terribly unsatisfactory, and who, in the best times, are barely able to free themselves from the burdens which they have incurred in times of stagnation and disaster. There is still a great deal of roughness, coarseness, and violence among some classes of our population, and among others a great deal of selfishness, extravagance, ostentation, and profligacy.

But the wide wastes of misery and despair have been largely reclaimed. The appalling growth of hereditary pauperism which fifty years ago threatened an early exhaustion of our national resources and the destruction of all manly self-reliance and independence has been checked. Periods of extreme distress recur less frequently, and the area of suffering is narrowed. The turbulence and the savagery of the early part of the century have almost disappeared; the mutual hatred which separated different classes from each other, the fierce jealousy with which a starving population regarded the wealthy, the inhuman scorn and contempt, not unmixed with fear, with which the wealthy regarded their miserable fellow-countrymen, have passed away.

On matters of detail I cannot speak with any great confidence except for my own town. But what is true there must be true elsewhere. The houses in which large numbers of the people are living now are bad enough, and the shops in which large numbers of them are working now are bad enough. But when I compare the sanitary condition of the town to-day with the disgraceful negligence of thirty or forty years ago, which left whole districts to be the nests of foul and destructive diseases; when I compare the abundant supplies of wholesome water which are now generally within the reach of the people with the filthy wells, with sewage filtering into them, which were common in those times; when I compare the large, airy, light workrooms in which thousands of the people are now working, with the close, poisonous atmosphere in which their fathers and mothers worked, and which I used to visit when my ministry began,—I can never say that the reformers have laboured in vain and spent their strength for nought.

Read the preface which Charles Kingsley prefixes to one of the later editions of "Alton Locke." He says that very much that was contained in that vehement and noble appeal for justice and mercy to the poor had become obsolete. The battle was largely won. The worst evils against which he fought had passed away.

It is hardly possible to run by railway through the poorer districts of any of the great towns in the kingdom without seeing the conspicuous monuments and illustrations of the success of a still more recent movement for the public welfare. Every Board School rising above the humbler roofs which shelter our great working-class population should rebuke the despondency and renew the courage of those who are labouring for any Social Reform. About the merits of the School Board system, and about its administration, there are still divisions of opinion which cannot be discussed, and which should hardly be suggested, in these pages. But those to whom the system is most hateful may learn from it the lesson I am anxious to enforce. Fourteen years ago more than half the children in most of our great towns were in no school at all. Many of the schools at which the rest attended were worthless. Religious zeal, sustained and guided by the State, had accomplished great results; but for half-a-century there had been a demand for large measures of educational reform. About the year 1866 or 1867 a few men, inspired with a genuine zeal for popular education, combined together, and, taking up the work of their predecessors, they resolved to make a passionate assault on the indifference and despair of the public mind. They were men without any great public position and without the resources which are commonly supposed to be necessary to produce any great and immediate impression on national policy. They encountered fierce opposition, but they met it with a light heart, seeing before them the harvest which would come if they were not weary in well-doing. And already there is hardly a child in the kingdom for whom there is not a place in a fairly good school; and that compulsory law which, a little more than ten years ago, was denounced in every part of the country as foreign to the temper and traditions of the English people, and certain, if put in force, to provoke popular resistance and tumult, is working quietly and peacefully; and, while inflicting some hardship on individual families, is bringing the whole of our children under civilising and elevating influences.

It is in the highest work of all that there seems to be the gravest reason for despondency. Many weary centuries have gone by,

and the vessel of the Church is still in mid-ocean, labouring heavily and beaten with storms. The happy shores for which she is sailing seem as far off as ever. In the work which lies nearest to every one of us there is very much to chasten the exultation of hope with which, perhaps, most of us began it. To measure the harvest which we have already reaped against the zeal, and energy, and thoughtfulness, and solicitude with which we have laboured, is, indeed, a perilous business. It may be that those of us who have been least successful have no great occasion for surprise. In work of this kind it is the quality, not the amount, of work that tells. And if we have been successful at all—successful, I mean, in winning the trust of a few men for Christ, in persuading them to accept His will as their highest law, in enriching their knowledge of God, in ennobling their conception of Christian righteousness; if we have been successful, here and there, in finding some solitary sheep that had been lost, and successful in keeping a very little flock from going astray—the results of our work are of infinite value. There is no proportion between the worth of our labour and what, through God's infinite goodness, we have been permitted to accomplish.

And however bitter may be our disappointments, we are in the presence of a divine sorrow which silences our complaints. He who laid aside His eternal glory and died on the cross at the impulse of His love for mankind and His love of righteousness, has not forsaken the world which He died to save. Our work is His rather than ours; our successes are His, and His are our defeats. "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man," and if no harvest comes, or seems to come, we should think of His grief rather than our own.

THINKING OF MICHAEL.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

[A LETTER FROM THE "DEAD."—Upon the tin water-bottle of one of the dead men brought out of the Seaham Pit, Michael Smith, there was scratched, evidently with a nail, the following letter to his wife:—"Dear Margaret,—There was forty of us altogether at 7 A.M., some was singing hymns, but my thought was on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in heaven at the same time. Oh, dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, farewell. My last thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible position we are in.—Michael Smith, 54, Henry Street." The little Michael he refers to was his child whom he had left at home ill. The lad died on the day of the explosion.]

IN the chamber of death underground,
Came these words to touch men to the heart,
Bring tears to the eyes, and a sound
Of a sorrow that strikes like a dart.
Hear ye not that low wail coming through
The death-gloom of that chamber so grim?
"I was thinking of Michael and you
When the rest were singing a hymn.

"I thought—not of death that would come—
It was nothing, dear wife, unto me;
I was thinking of you and our home,
And how little Michael would be.
My God, what a fate we can view
In this deep vault that drips like our tears!
But still I was thinking of Michael and you,
With the sound of a hymn in my ears.

"Then I thought I would meet him above,
Both at once enter in at the gate,
Clasp his hand, hear his whisper of love,
With no hint of the earth and my fate,
Lead him into the light of that land,
Where no shadow may enter to dim—
All this in the midst of a band
Of my mates who were singing a hymn.

"Oh, pray for me, wife, when at night
Our children climb up on your knee;
When the hearth is still dark from the blight,
Oh, teach them a prayer for me!
Let their voices go up to our God,
Who through this dark shadow can see;
He will hear from the heights of His sinless abode
Their prayers for you and for me.

"Farewell [illegible] and afar in the years
That will deaden thy sorrow's deep smart,
[illegible]l thine eyes only soften with tears
When my name stirs and leaps at thy heart,
You will say, when you think upon me
And this death-cavern, rugge l and grim,
'He was thinking how Michael would be
When the rest were singing a hymn.'

Oh, fathers and mothers that peer
Down into that terrible mine,
See ye not, far too deep for a tear,
A love that was almost divine?
That father, waiting for death to come,
But still, in the midst of his fears,
Thinking of poor little Michael at home,
With the sound of a hymn in his ears.

FAREWELL TO FUINARY.

By the EDITOR.

IT may not be uninteresting to those readers of Good Words who remember the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, whether as they first appeared in these pages or in their subsequent form,* to hear something more of the old home, although in this case it is the closing chapter in the history of the family of the Manse.

My chief difficulty in writing on such a subject arises from the natural delicacy experienced in speaking of near relatives. But this is in a measure overruled by knowing that the interest springs not wholly from what was personal to them, and that it may not be without use for us who walk in the conventionalisms of modern life to have our thoughts for a while directed to other times and simpler ways.

It is now an open secret that the Highland parish of the Reminiscences was Morven, in Argyllshire. For the long period of one hundred and eight years this parish was under the pastoral care of two men, father and son, respectively named Norman Macleod and John Macleod. Norman Macleod, the grandfather of him who wrote the Reminiscences, was minister there for nearly fifty years. Sixteen children were born to him and to his calm, courageous wife, Jean Morison, in the Manse of Fuinary. Of these only two sons survived manhood. The eldest, named after his father, became distinguished elsewhere;† and the youngest, John, succeeded him, when the old man — having become so blind with age that he had to be placed in the pulpit with his face to the people when he addressed them—retired from active duty. This son, the late Dr. John Macleod, of Morven, continued to minister in the same place for fifty-eight years, till he entered into his rest last May.

Running parallel to the story of the Manse was that of the little cottage by the shore, where "Ruari Beag"—best of boatmen and most faithful "minister's man"—and his son Alastair lived. A hundred and eight years ago Ruari (*Anglicè*, Roderick, or "Rory") had come with the minister from Skye to be his servant, and, by a species of apostolic succession, not without its own sanctities, Ruari's son Alastair succeeded his father in the cottage, with its relative duties, just as the son at the Manse succeeded the old minister. Now, as Alastair predeceased his master by little more than a twelvemonth, we have the rare picture of a service faithfully and continuously rendered for more than a century.

Dr. John Macleod, better known in the Highlands by the *sobriquet* of "the High Priest of Morven," was in many respects a remarkable man, and his life, from its nobility and simplicity, is instructive as it was picturesque. He was a giant in stature—measuring six feet nine inches—and of an iron frame. No one could meet him, however cursorily, without experiencing a certain wonder at the vision of this notable figure, with its grand head of snow-white hair, towering above the crowd. Many of the freshest pictures of that open-air training of the boys of the Manse, which give a charm to the "Reminiscences of the Highland Parish," are borrowed as much from the life of John Macleod as from that of his elder brother.

He had been trained in seamanship by Ruari Beag, taught by him to hold the helm when the weather was fair, or to obey orders when the little boat was steered in the teeth of the gale by the old boatman, with the one eye that glittered in the hour of danger with wakeful anxiety as it took in the force of the coming squall or the "set" of the tide. Trained in such a school he himself became an accomplished steersman, and was possessed of a thorough knowledge of every rock and tide-way for many a league round the stormy Western Isles. He had a passion for the sea, and gave vent to his love in more than one fine boat-song—in Gaelic as well as English *—breathing the very spirit of the waves and of the scenery of the lochs and breezy headlands. In his youth he had been a keen sportsman, and not a few of the best stories he related in his old age were taken from his hunting adventures after wild cats on the hill, or from the feats of favourite terriers dragging out huge

* "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." By Norman Macleod, D.D. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited.

† I do not dwell here on the career and character of our revered father, Norman Macleod, D.D., of St. Columba, Glasgow, as I have had an opportunity of doing so, however briefly, in the Memoir of my brother, Norman Macleod, D.D.

* An English boat-song imitating the effect of the Gaelic rhythm was published in Good Words for February, 1875

otters from their haunts at the Clachorain (Otter-rock) on the lonely shore.

At a very early age he was ordained successor to his father, and the cure of such a parish entailed such toils as are little dreamt of in the rural districts of the Lowlands of Scotland or in the rich English counties. The Highlands had not then undergone the transition which has depopulated the glens and effaced so many of its best traditions. Morven was then—and is even yet in its desolation — intensely Highland. The stream of tourists passes its shores, but few ever care to land there, and the consequence is that, to the present day, little English is heard among the people, while not a few of the older inhabitants scarcely understand it. The parish is enormous, containing 130 square miles, and having something approaching 100 miles of seaboard. At the commencement of his ministry there were in it 2,000 inhabitants (now there are about 600) scattered in hamlets and in lonely cottages. There are two parish churches, nine miles apart, where services have to be maintained. Yet, for many a day, every person in this wide region was regularly examined once a year; a book was kept in which the state of the religious knowledge of each individual was carefully entered, and the subjects noted which had been recommended for preparation before the next "visitation." The labour which these duties implied, in addition to those of visiting the sick, marrying and baptizing, and holding prayer-meetings in distant parts, was very great. Often had the young minister, like his father before him, to be away for days and nights in his open boat, sometimes, when benighted or storm-stayed, being compelled to take shelter behind a wall or rock till the day dawned or the weather moderated. Often had he to stride across mountain and moor to visit some dying parishioner, not completing his thirty or forty miles' march till "late in the gloamin'," when followed by the terriers, his unfailing companions, he returned to Fuinary.

Once a brother minister from the Lowlands was on a visit at the Manse and insisted on accompanying him on one of these long ministerial walks. This Lowlander was a big, soft man, not a little conceited nor indisposed to sneer at the "imaginary" difficulties of a Highland parish. Nothing would now dissuade him from braving the hills and seeing "the worst of it." A cottage here and a hamlet there were visited in passing, and at last the far-off sick bed having been reached, and the chief object of the day being accomplished, a different and shorter route was taken for home. Hitherto the Lowland brother had greatly enjoyed his outing, for the scenery had been wild and romantic. But as evening began to fall his increasing silence betrayed increasing fatigue. At last a point was reached where there was in front a broad tarn and beyond it a dark mountain wall. The terriers plunged into the water and swam straight off. "Where is the road?" anxiously inquired the Southerner. "That which the dogs have taken," was the reply. "What, through that loch?" "There is none other," said Macleod. This was too much for the critical visitor, who then and there declined to budge a foot. There was no help for it, so stooping down and getting the weary Presbyter on his back, the giant minister strode through the loch and deposited his burden on the farther shore. Nor were his adventures then over, for as night fell on the long slope leading down to Fuinary, the strength of the good Lowlander fairly deserted him, and the Manse had to be reached by the parish minister undertaking once more the burden with which he had crossed the tarn. The life indeed of the minister of this Highland parish was more like that of such missionary bishops as Selwyn or Pattison, making a large demand on physical energy as well as on pastoral zeal.

A fine feature in his life was his love of the old home and of his parishioners. The living—never valuable—was long a miserably poor one. Yet although frequently offered promotion to some of the best parishes and offices to which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland could aspire, he never could summon courage to bid farewell to the familiar scenes of his youth or to the flock, every member of which he reckoned a personal friend. There was something of the grotesque in the manner in which, after being at first tempted for the sake of his family to entertain these proposals, he inevitably experienced the rebound of feeling which as inevitably ended in the sudden declinature. Once when he went to see an eligible parish the presentation to which had been put within his power, he overtook an old woman on the moorland road leading to it. "They tell me," said she, seeing he was a clergyman, "that we canna be forced noo to tak' ony minister a patron may present." "That is true—but there is also another law." "And what may that be?" inquired the old body, peering curiously up to the countenance

that towered above her. "Only this, that neither can any minister be forced to take a parish!"

This is not the place, nor is it my object, to speak of his personal or ministerial gifts, nor of the good work he did for his Church and for the Highlands. His power as a preacher, great as it was, was not equal to his gifts as a debater and pleader. "I am thankful that that big uncle of yours was not a barrister," an eminent counsel said to me after an ecclesiastical "case" in which the minister of Morven had gained his point over a strong opposing bar, "for few of us would have had a chance with him." The Church he served bestowed upon him the highest honour in her gift, and the Queen showed her appreciation of his useful and consistent life by conferring on him the offices of Dean of the Thistle, and Dean of the Chapel Royal.

His later years were spent in pathetic loneliness. He had seen his parish almost emptied of its people. Glen after glen had been turned into sheep-walks, and the cottages in which generations of gallant Highlanders had lived and died were unroofed, their torn walls and gables left standing like mourners beside the grave, and the little plots of garden or of cultivated enclosure allowed to merge into the moorland pasture. He had seen every property in the parish change hands, and though, on the whole, kindly and pleasant proprietors came in the place of the old families, yet they were strangers to the people, neither understanding their language nor their ways. The consequence was that they perhaps scarcely realised the havoc produced by the changes they inaugurated. "At one stroke of a pen," he said to me, with a look of sadness and indignation, "two hundred of the people were ordered off ——. There was not one of these whom I did not know and their fathers before them; and finer men and women never left the Highlands." He thus found himself the sole remaining link between the past and present —the one man above the rank of a peasant who remembered the old days and the traditions of the people. The sense of change was intensely saddened as he went through his parish and passed ruined houses here, there, and everywhere. "There is not a smoke there now," he used to say with pathos of the glens which he had known tenanted by a manly and loyal peasantry, among whom lived song and story and the elevating influences of brave traditions. His domestic solitude for twenty years was even more touching. Bereaved of wife and daughters, and with his sons gone from him into life, he was left alone in the old home which had once been so full of happy voices. But those who visited him will not easily forget the patriarchal dignity of his bearing and the courtly manners of this Highlander of the old school, nor those quiet strolls by Fingal's Hill or down to the favourite seat overlooking the Sound of Mull —Rory's cottage nestling on the shore beneath, the white-winged sea-birds screaming over the tide-way, and the grand mountains of Mull beyond flooded with the splendour of the western sky. It was then that the old man delighted to pour forth his stores of anecdote and legend. Sometimes he would point out the blackened ruins of a distant homestead, and recount the annals of the family who had dwelt there. Sometimes he would tell of phases of Highland life and character long passed away—of the old woman, for example, who lived in a far-off glen, and who seemed to be filled more with half-heathen legends than Christian ideas. "Often have I gone to see her, determined to press religion home on her heart, but no sooner had I talked a little than she would break out—'Very true, minister, and what you say puts me in mind of the Black Knight and the Waterfall, and how he was freed from his doom,' and then would she give in graphic Gaelic some legend so remarkable in its mythic teaching that my interest became absorbed, and, to my great discontent, I found when I came away that I had been more of a listener than an instructor. Once to our astonishment the poor body appeared at the Manse. How she came so far I know not, but nothing could exceed her weird look as she addressed the house—'Oh, Fuinary, Fuinary! you are smiling to-day, but well do I remember when you and many another house in Morven was smoking to heaven,' alluding to the suppression of the rebellion in 1745."

The solitude and silence of the place in those later times were quite "eerie," and yet for twenty years he abode there alone without a murmur, doing good work for his Church and country. In his loneliness he made friends with the birds, and it was something to see this gigantic man as he paced down the gravel walk followed by the robins and chaffinches he had tamed, or to notice how they would perch upon his feet or flutter on his shoulder as he sat at the door. The cawing rookery in the trees was a continual study. There was not a crow there whose

character he did not know. "There goes that old scoundrel again," he would say with a ripple of appreciative mirth; "his one object in life is to avoid labour and to steal the sticks the others have carried. Look at the rogue!"

The rest of his life was in sweet keeping with its previous course. He was able, almost to the last hour, to go out and gaze on the scenes he loved so well; but an accidental fall so hurried the close that his sons, who had been constant in their attentions, were unable to reach home before the end came. As he had lived, so he died. Calling his household round his bed, he offered up, with a strong calm voice, prayer in Gaelic for them and all he loved—and soon afterwards, and without speaking another word, he fell asleep in Christ.

His funeral was most impressive. I went with the others to Morven in a day of glory, and there are few grander scenes in Europe than that which meets the eye between Oban and Loch Aline: Linnhe Loch with the massive ranges of Glen Coe and Ben Nevis; Loch Etive with its guardian "Shepherds" and the giant Cruachan; the coast of Lorne and its frontier of scattered islands reaching into the shimmering haze of the Atlantic; and then Mull with Duart; and on to the precipices of Morven, by lonely Unnimore and the grey Ardtornish, till Loch Aline (Loch of Beauty) is reached. The drive to Fuinary was through a portion of the Highland Parish which had become, like so many other districts of the Highlands, sadly depopulated. Even a stranger must be struck by the marks of change; but to those who knew something of "what once had been," all appeared intensely melancholy. A tree and some grassy mounds marked the spot where stood the house of the good Samuel Cameron, the schoolmaster described in the Highland Parish and with whom Norman Macleod lived as a boy and gained most of the little Gaelic he had and an insight into much healthy Highland life. And then came some roofless walls marking the home of the old tacksman of Auchenaha, where the first minister found the best of wives, the good mother of the sixteen children; and then the mill of Savary, where had lived "Donald of the Mill," of whose blood came David Livingstone. Donald had been out with the Prince in "the forty-five," and had secured at Culloden the colours of his chief by running off with them wrapped round his body. Many a story had our father told us of the old tacksman—of how he used to gather secretly his brother Jacobites once a year to drink "a health to Charlie," and after quaffing the whisky, how he would crush the pewter stoup in his hand and fling it away, lest any other name than that of the Prince should be associated with it. When he was old, "Donald of the Mill" was crossing Savary when the stream was in flood. Donald, in his kilt, had got astride between two stepping stones, and, stiff from age, found that he could not lift either foot without falling into the torrent that raged between, and so there and then our father, who was then a boy, found the old savage in a towering passion and pouring out curses in Gaelic on the evils of old age! All are gone, and the place that once knew them knows them no more! The hillside, which had once borne a happy people, and echoed the voices of joyous children, is now a silent sheep-walk. The supposed necessities of Political Economy have effected the exchange, but the day may come when the country may feel the loss of the loyal and brave race which has been driven away, and find a new meaning perhaps in the old question, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" They who "would have shed their blood like water" for Queen and country, are in other lands, Highland still, but expatriated for ever—

> "From the dim shieling on the misty island,
> Mountains divide us and a world of seas,
> But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
> And in our dreams we behold the Hebrides.
> Tall are these mountains and these woods are grand,
> But we are exiled from our fathers' land.

The funeral was next day, and nearly the whole male population of the parish, rich and poor, were there, with others from a distance, and the Roman Catholic priest of the district among them. Old men were there with wrinkled faces and weather-bleached hair, and home-spun garments redolent of peat-reek, and young fisher-lads and strong shepherds with their plaids and *cromachs*. In Highland fashion the huge coffin was carried all the way for five miles to the grave, now shoulder high and again upon stretchers, and borne along by eighteen stalwart men at a time, almost every parishioner taking his turn. As the dark procession left the empty house and wound down the familiar path to the shore, there seemed to be more than the living present there. The forms of the dead and gone, and the happy voices of old times seemed the nearer because of the very solitude of the land through which we moved. The tones of my father's song, written more than seventy years ago, and which ever

West Highlander knows so well, were ringing in my heart :—

"*Eirich agus tiugain, O,*
Eirich agus tiugain, O,
Eirich agus tiugain, O,
Farewell, farewell to Fuinary.
A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fuinary."

And so amid the sunshine and shower which mingled their light and shadow as in sympathy with thoughts at once bright and sorrowful, was the good minister of Morven carried to the church-yard of Kiel, past the green hill crowned with the ancient Iona Cross—standing in relief against the distant landscape of sea and mountain—and there by the reverent hands of those who loved him, his ashes were laid among those of his own dear ones.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER X.—SIR FRANCIS TRAVELS WITH MISS ALTIFIORLA.

MISS ALTIFIORLA was at the station of course before her time. It is the privilege of unmarried ladies when they travel alone to spend a good deal of time at stations. But as she walked up and down the platform she had an opportunity for settling her thoughts. She was angry with three persons, with Mrs. Western, Mr. Western, and with herself. She was very angry with Cecilia. Had Cecilia trusted to her properly she could have sympathized with her thoroughly in all her troubles. She was not angry with her friend in that her friend was afraid of her husband. Would she have reposed herself and her fears on her friend's bosom it might have been very well. But it was because her friend had not been afraid of her that she was wroth. Mrs. Western had misbehaved egregiously and had come to her in her trouble solely because it was necessary. So far she had done naturally. But though she had come, she had not come in any of the spirit of humility. She had been bold as brass to her in the midst of her cowardice towards her husband,—imperious to herself and unbending. She had declined her advice with scorn. And yet one word spoken by herself would have been destructive. Seeing that she had been so treated had she not been wrong to abstain from the word?

Her anger against Mr. Western was less hot in its nature but was still constant. He had not liked her, and though he had been formally civil his dislike had been apparent. He was a man proud of himself, who ought to be punished for his pride. It was quite proper that he should learn that his wife had been engaged to the man whom he had so violently despised. It would be no more than a fitting reverse of fortune. Mr. Western was she thought no better than other men and ought to be made so to understand. She had not quite arranged in her mind what she could now do in the matter, but for "dear Cecilia's" sake she was sure that something must be done.

And she was angry with herself at allowing herself to be turned out of the house before the crisis had come. She felt that she ought to have been present at the crisis and that by the exercise of her own powers she might have hurried on the crisis. In this respect she was by no means satisfied with herself.

She was walking up and down the platform of the little country station thinking of all this when on a sudden she saw Sir Francis Geraldine get out of a brougham. It cannot be explained why her heart throbbed when she saw Sir Francis get out of his brougham. It was not that she thought that she could ask his advice on the matters which filled her mind, but there probably did come to her vague ideas of the possibility of some joint action. At any rate she received him when he came upon the platform with her blandest smile, and immediately entered into conversation with him respecting the household of the Westerns. What a stiff man he was, so learned, so proper, and so distant! It was impossible to get on with him. No doubt he was very good and all that. But what was their poor dear Cecilia to do with a man so silent, and one who hated all amusements? Before the train came up she and Sir Francis were quite on good terms together; and as they were both going to London they got into the same carriage.

"Of course he's a prig," said Sir Francis, as they seated themselves opposite to one another. "But then his wife is a prig too,

and I do not see why they should not suit each other."

"You did not use to think her a prig, Sir Francis."

"No; like other men I made a mistake and was nearly having to pay for it. But I discovered in time,—luckily for both of us."

"You know," said Miss Altifiorla, "that Cecilia Holt was my dearest friend, and I cannot endure to hear her abused."

"Abused! You do not think I wish to abuse her. I am awfully fond of her still. But I do not see why she and Western should not get on very well together. I suppose they've no secrets from each other," he added after a pause. Upon this Miss Altifiorla remained silent. "They tell each other everything, I should think." Still Miss Altifiorla said nothing. "I should imagine that she would tell him everything."

"Upon my word I can't say."

"I suppose she does. About her former engagement for instance. He knows the whole story, eh?"

"I declare you put it to me in such a way that one doesn't know how to answer you."

"Different people have such different opinions about these kind of things. Some people think that because a girl has been engaged to a man she never ought to speak to him again when the engagement is broken. For my part I do not see why they should not be as intimate as any other people. She looked at me the other day as though she thought that I ought not to put myself into the same room with her again. I suppose she did it in obedience to him."

What was Miss Altifiorla to say in answer to such a question? She did remember her promise, and her promise was in a way binding upon her. She wished so to keep it as to be able to boast that she had kept it. But still she was most anxious to break it in the spirit. She did understand that she had bound herself not to divulge aught about Mrs. Western's secret, and that were she to do so now to Sir Francis she would be untrue to her friend. But the provocation was strong; and she felt that Sir Francis was a man with whom it would be pleasant to form an alliance.

"You must know," said Sir Francis.

"I don't see that I need know at all. Of course Cecilia does tell me everything; but I do not see that for that reason I am bound to tell any one else."

"Then you do know."

"Know what?"

"Has she told him that she was engaged to me? Or does he not know it without her telling him?" By this time they had become very intimate and were whispering backwards and forwards with each other at their end of the carriage. All this was very pleasant to Miss Altifiorla. She felt that she was becoming the recipient of an amount of confidential friendship which had altogether been refused to her during the last two weeks. Sir Francis was a baronet, and a man of fashion, and a gentleman very well thought of in Devonshire, let Mr. Western say what he might about his conduct. Mr. Western was evidently a stiff stern man who did not like the amusements of other gentlemen. Miss Altifiorla felt that she liked being the friend of a man of fashion, and she despised Mr. Western. She threw herself back on the seat and closed her eyes and laughed. But he pressed her with the same question in another form. "Does he know that she was engaged to me?"

"If you will ask me, I do not think that he does."

"You really mean to say that he had never heard of it before his marriage?"

"What am I to do when you press me in this way? Remember that I do not tell you anything of my own knowledge. It is only what I think."

"You just now said that she told you everything."

"But perhaps she doesn't know herself."

"At any rate there is a mystery about it."

"I think there is, Sir Francis." After that it was not very long before Miss Altifiorla was induced to talk with great openness of the whole affair, and before they had reached London she had divulged to Sir Francis the fact that Mrs. Western had as yet told her husband nothing of her previous engagement, and lived at the present moment in awe at the idea of having to do so. "I had no conception that Cecilia would have been such a coward," she said, as Sir Francis was putting her into a cab, "but such is the sad fact. She has never mentioned your name."

"And I was therefore dreadfully frightened when I called."

"Oh dreadfully! But I shouldn't wonder if she has told him all about it now."

"Already, you think." He was standing at the door of the cab, detaining it, and thereby showing in a very pleasant manner the importance of the interview.

"Well;—I cannot say. Perhaps not yet. She had certainly not made the communication when I left this morning, but was only

waiting for my departure to do so. So she said at least. But she is terribly afraid of him and perhaps has not plucked up her courage. But I must be off now."

"When do you leave town?"

"This afternoon. You are delaying me terribly at this moment. Don't, Sir Francis!" This she said in a whisper because he had got hold of her hand through the window, as though to say good-bye to her, and did not at once let it go.

"When do you go? I'll see you off by the other train. When do you go, and from where?"

"Will you though? That will be very kind. Waterloo;—at 4.30. Remember the 4.30."

"Sans adieu!" Then she kissed her hand to him and was driven off.

This to her was all very pleasant. It gave an instant rose colour to her life. She had achieved such a character down at Exeter for maidenly reserve, and had lived so sternly, that it was hardly in her memory that a man had squeezed her hand before. She did remember one young clergyman who had sinned in this direction, twelve years since, but he was now a Bishop. When she heard the other day that he had been made a Bishop some misgivings as to her great philosophy touched her mind. Had she done right in repudiating mankind? Would it not have been better now to have been driving about the streets of the episcopal city, or perhaps even those of the metropolis, in an episcopal carriage? But as she had then said she had chosen her line and must now abide by it. But the pressing of her hand by Sir Francis had opened up new ideas to her. And they were the pleasanter because a special arrangement had been made for their meeting once again before they left London. As to one point she was quite determined. Mrs. Western and her secret must be altogether discarded. As for her promise she had not really broken it. He had been clever enough to extract from her all that she knew without, as she thought, any positive statement on her own part. At any rate he did know the truth, and no concealment could any longer be of service to Cecilia. It was evident that the way was open to her now and that she could tell all that she knew without any breach of confidence.

Sir Francis, when he left her, was quite determined to carry his project through. Cecilia had thrown him over with most abominable unconcern and self-sufficiency. He had intended to honour her and she had monstrously dishonoured him. He had endeavoured to escape this by taking upon himself falsely the fault of having been the first to break their engagement. But there was a doubt as to this point, and people said that he had been jilted—much to his disgust. He was determined to be revenged,—or as he said to himself, "he had made up his mind that the broad truth should be known." It certainly would be the "broad truth" if he could make Mr. Western understand the relations on which he, Sir Francis, had but a few months before stood in regard to his wife. "Honesty," he said to himself, "demanded it."

Miss Altifiorla, he thought, was by no means an unpleasant young woman with whom to have an intrigue. She had good looks of her own, though they were thin and a little pinched. She was in truth thirty-five years old, but she did not quite look it. She had a certain brightness of eye when she was awakened to enthusiasm, and she knew how to make the best of herself. She could whisper and be—or pretend to be secret. She had about her, at her command to assume, a great air of special friendship. She had not practised it much with men as yet, but there was no reason why she should not do so with advantage. She felt herself already quite on intimate terms with Sir Francis; and of Sir Francis it may be said, that he was sufficiently charmed with Miss Altifiorla to find it expedient to go and see her off from the Waterloo Station.

He found Dick Ross at his club and lunched with him. "You're just up from the Criterion," said Dick.

"Yes; I went down for the sake of renewing an old acquaintance, and I renewed it."

"You've been persecuting that unfortunate young woman."

"Why a young woman should be thought unfortunate because she marries such a pink of perfection as Mr. Western, and avoids such a scapegrace as I am, I cannot conceive."

"She's unfortunate because you mean to bully her. Why can't you leave her alone? She has had her chance of war, and you have had yours, and he has had his. As far as I can see you have had the best of it. She is married to a stiff prig of a fellow, who no doubt will make her miserable. Surely that ought to be enough for you."

"Not quite," said Sir Francis. "There is nothing recommends itself to my mind so much as even-handed justice. He played me a trick once, and I'll play him another. She too played me a trick, and now I can

play her one. My good fortune consists in this, that I can kill the two birds with one stone."

"You mean to kill them."

"Certainly I do. Why on earth should I let them off? He did not let me off. Nor did she. They think because I carry things in an easy manner that I take them easily. I suffer as much as they do. But they shall suffer as well as I."

"The most pernicious doctrine I ever heard in my life," said Dick Ross as he filled his mouth with cold chicken pie.

"When you say pernicious, have you any idea what you mean?"

"Well, yes; awfully savage, and all that kind of thing. Just utter cruelty, and a bad spirit."

"Those are your ideas because you don't take the trouble to return evil for evil. But then you never take the trouble to return good for good. In fact, you have no idea of duty, only you don't like to burden your conscience with doing what seems to be ill-natured. Now, if a man does me good, I return it,—which I deem to be a great duty, and if he does me evil, I generally return that sooner or later. There is some idea of justice in my conduct, but there is none in yours."

"Do you mean to punish them both?"

"Well, yes; as far as it is in my power, both."

"Don't," said Dick Ross, looking up with something like real sorrow depicted on his face. But still he called for some greengage pie.

"I like to get the better of my enemies," said the Baronet. "You like fruit pie. I doubt if you'd even give up fruit pie to save this woman."

"I will," said Dick, pushing the pie away from him.

"The sacrifice would be all in vain. I must write the letter to-day, and as it has to be thought about I must begin it at once. Whatever happens, do not let your good nature quarrel with your appetite."

"He's a fiend, a perfect fiend," said Dick Ross, as he sate dawdling over his cheese. "I wouldn't have his ill-nature for all his money." But he turned that sentiment over in his mind, endeavouring to ascertain what he would do if the offer of the exchange were made to him. For Dick was very poor, and at this moment was in great want of money. Sir Francis went into the smoking-room, and sitting there alone with a cigar in his mouth, meditated the letter which he would have to write. The letter should be addressed to Mr. Western, and was one which could not be written without much forethought. He not only must tell his story, but must give some reason more or less plausible for the telling of it. He did not think that he could at once make his idea of justice plain to Mr. Western. He could not put forth his case so clearly as to make the husband understand that all was done in fair honour and honesty. But as he thought of it, he came to the conclusion that he did not much care what impression he might leave on the mind of Mr. Western;—and still less what impression he might leave on hers. He might probably succeed in creating a quarrel, and he was of opinion that Mr. Western was a man who would not quarrel lightly, but, when he did, would quarrel very earnestly. Having thought it all over with great deliberation, he went up-stairs, and in twenty minutes had his letter written. At a quarter past four he was at the Waterloo Station to see the departure of Miss Altifiorla. Even he could perceive that she was somewhat brighter in her attire than when he had met her early in the morning. He could not say what had been done, but something had been added to please his eyes. The gloves were not the same, nor the ribbons; and he thought that he perceived that even the bonnet had been altered. Her manner too was changed. There was a careless ease and freedom about her which he rather liked; and he took it in good part that Miss Altifiorla had prepared herself for the interview, though he were to be with her but for a few minutes, and that she should be different from the Miss Altifiorla, as she had come away from the Western breakfast table. "Now there is one thing I want you to promise me," she said as she gave him her hand.

"Anything on earth."

"Don't let Mr. Western or Cecilia know what you know about that." He laughed and merely shook his head. "Pray don't. What's the good? You'll only create a disturbance and misery. Poor dear Cecilia has been uncommonly silly. But I don't think that she deserves to be punished quite so severely."

"I'm afraid I must differ from you there," he said, shaking his head.

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"Poor Cecilia! How can she have been so foolish! He is of such a singular temperament that I do not know what the effect may be. I wish you would think better of it, Sir Francis."

"And leave myself to stand in my present

very uncomfortable position! And that after such treatment as hers. I have thought it all over, and have found myself bound in honour to inform him. And it is for the sake of letting you know that I have come here. Perhaps you may be called upon to say or do something in the matter."

"I suppose it cannot be helped," said Miss Altifiorla with a sigh.

"It cannot," he replied.

"Poor dear Cecilia. She has brought it on her own head. I must get into my train now, as we are just off. I am so much obliged to you for coming to see me start."

"We shall meet each other before long," he said, as she again kissed her hand and took her departure. Miss Altifiorla could not but think what a happy chance it was that prevented his marriage with Cecilia Holt.

CHAPTER XI.—MR. WESTERN HEARS THE STORY.

It was the custom for Mr. Western to come down into the library before breakfast, and there to receive his letters. On the morning after Miss Altifiorla's departure he got one by which it may be said that he was indeed astonished. It can seldom be the case that a man shall receive a letter by which he is so absolutely lifted out of his own world of ordinary contentment into another absolutely different. And the world into which he was lifted was one black with unintelligible storms and clouds. It was as though everything were suddenly changed for him. The change was of a nature which altogether unmanned him. Had he been ruined that would have been as nothing in comparison. The death of no friend,—so he told himself in the first moment of his misery,—could have so afflicted him. He read the letter through twice and thrice, and then sat silent with it in his hand thinking of it. There could be but one relief, but that relief must surely be forthcoming. The letter could not be true. How to account for its falsehood, how to explain to himself that such a letter should have been written to him without any foundation for it, without any basis on which such a story could be constructed, he could not imagine to himself. But he resolved not to believe it. He saw that were he to believe it, and to have believed it wrongly, the offence given would be ineffable. He should never dare to look his wife in the face again. It was at any rate infinitely safer for him to disbelieve it. He sat there mute, immovable, without a change of countenance, without even a frown on his brow, for a quarter of an hour; and at the end of that time he got up and shook himself. It was not true. Whatever might be the explanation, it could not be true. There was some foul plot against his happiness; but whatever the nature of the plot might be, he was sure that the story as told to him in that letter was not true. And yet it was with a very heavy heart that he rose and walked off to his wife's room.

The letter ran as follows:—

"My dear Mr. Western,—I think it is necessary that I should allude to a former little incident in my past life,—one that took place in the course of the last year only,—to account for the visit which I made to your house the other day, and which was not, I think, very well taken. I have no reason to doubt but that you are acquainted with all the circumstances. Indeed I look upon it as impossible that you should not be so. But, taking that for granted, I have to explain my own conduct.

"It seems but the other day that Cecilia Holt and I were engaged to be married." Mr. Western, when he came to this passage, felt for a moment as though he had received a bullet in his heart. "All Exeter knew of the engagement, and all Exeter seemed to be well pleased. I was staying with my brother-in-law, the Dean, and had found Miss Holt very intimate at the Deanery. It is not for me now to explain the way in which our engagement was broken through, but your wife, I do not doubt, in telling you of the affair, will have stated that she did not consider herself to have been ill-used. I am quite certain that she can never have said so even to herself. I do not wish to go into the matter in all its details, but I am confident that she cannot have complained of me.

"Under these circumstances, when I found myself living close to you, and to her also, I thought it better to call and to offer such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighbourhood. It would, I thought, be much pleasanter to meet in that frank way than to go on cutting each other, especially as there was no ground for a quarrel on either side. I have, however, learned since that something has been taken amiss. What is it? If it be that I was before you, that is too late to be mended. You, at any rate, have won the prize, and ought to be contented. You also were engaged about the same time, and my cousin

has got your young lady. It is I that was left out in the cold, and I really do not see that you have any reason to be angry. I have no wish to force myself upon you, and if you do not wish to be gracious down at Ascot, then let there be an end of it.

"Yours truly,

"FRANCIS GERALDINE."

He arose and went slowly up-stairs to his wife's bedroom. It was just the time when she would come down to breakfast and as his hand was on the lock of the door she opened it to come out. The moment she saw him she knew that her secret had been divulged. She knew that he knew it, and yet he had endeavoured to eradicate all show of anger from his face, as all reality of it from his heart. He was sure,—was sure,—that the story was an infamous falsehood! His wife, his chosen one, his Cecilia to have been engaged, a year ago, to such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine,—to so base, so mean a creature,—and then to have married him without telling a word of it all! To have kept him wilfully, carefully, in the dark, with studied premeditation so as to be sure of effecting her own marriage before he should learn it, and that too when he had told her everything as to himself! It certainly could not be, and was not true!

She stood still holding the door open when she saw him there with the letter in his hand. There was an instant certainty that the blow had come and must be borne even should it kill her. It was as though she were already crushed by the weight of it. Her own conduct appeared to her black with all its enormity. Though there had been so little done by her which was really amiss, yet she felt that she had been guilty beyond the reach of pardon. Twelve months since she could have declared that she knew herself so well as to be sure that she could never tremble before any one. But all that was changed with her. Her very nature was changed. She felt as though she were a guilty, discovered, and disgraced criminal. She stood perfectly still, looking him in the face, but without a word.

And he! His perceptions were not quick as hers, and he still was determined to disbelieve. "Cecilia!" he said, "I have got a letter." And he passed on into the room. She followed him and stood with her hand resting on the shoulder of the sofa. "I have got a letter from Sir Francis Geraldine."

"What does Sir Francis Geraldine say of me?" she replied.

Had he been a man possessed of quick wit, he would have perceived now that the letter was true. There was confession in the very tone of her voice. But he had come there determined that it was not true, determined at any rate to act as though it were not true; and it was necessary that he should go through the game as he had arranged to play it. "It is a base letter," he said. "A foul lying letter. But there is some plot in it of which I know nothing. You can perhaps explain the plot."

"Maybe the letter is true," she said standing there, not submissive before him, but still utterly miserable in her guilt.

"It is untrue. It cannot possibly be true. It contains a wicked lie. He says that twelve months since you were engaged to him as his wife. Why does he lie like that?" She stood before him quite quiet without the change of a muscle of her face. "Do you understand the meaning of it all?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is the meaning? Speak to me and explain it."

"I was engaged to marry Sir Francis Geraldine just before I knew you. It was broken off and then we went upon the Continent. There I met you. Oh, George, I have loved you so well. I do love you so truly." As she spoke she endeavoured to take his hand in hers. She made that one effort to be tender in obedience to her conscience, but as she made it she knew that it would be in vain.

He rejected her hand, without violence indeed but still with an assured purpose, and walked away from her to the further side of the chamber. "It is true then?"

"Yes; it is true. Why should it not be true?"

"Heaven help us! And I to hear about it for the first time in such a fashion as this! He comes to see you, and because something does not go as he would have it, he turns round and tells me his story. But that he has quarrelled with you now, I should never have heard a syllable." He had come up to her room determined not to believe a word of it. And now, suddenly, there was no fault of which in his mind he was not ready to accuse her. He had been deceived, and she was to him a thing altogether different from that which he had believed her.

But she, too, was stung to wrath by the insinuation which his words contained. She knew herself to be absolutely innocent in every respect, except that of reticence to her husband. Though she was prepared to bear

the weight of the punishment to which her silence had condemned her, yet she was sure of the purity of her own conduct. Knowing his disposition, she did not care to make light of her great fault, but now something was added, she hardly knew what, of which she knew herself to be innocent. Something was hinted as to the friendship remaining between her and this man, of which her husband, in his pride, should not have accused her. What! Did he think that she had willingly received her late lover as her friend in his house and without his knowledge? If he thought that, then, indeed, must all be over between them. "I do not know what it is that you suspect. You had better say it out at once."

"Is this letter true?" and he held the letter up in his hand.

"I suppose it to be true. I do not know what it contains, but I presume it to be true."

"You can read it," and he threw the letter on the table before her.

She took it up and slowly passed her eyes over the words, endeavouring, as she did, to come to some determination as to what her conduct should be. The purport of the words she did not fully comprehend, so fully was her mind occupied with thinking of the condition of her husband's mind; but they left upon her an impression that in the main Sir Francis Geraldine had told his story truly. "Yes;" she said, "it is true. Before I had met you I was engaged to marry this other man. Our engagement was broken off, and then mamma and I travelled abroad together. We there met you, and then you know the rest."

"And you thought it proper that I should be kept in the dark!" She remained silent. She could not apologise to him after hearing the accusation which rankled in his bosom. She could not go on to explain that the moment fittest for an explanation had never come. She could not endeavour even to make him understand that because her story was so like his own, hers had not been told. She knew the comparative insignificance of her own fault, and yet circumstances had brought it about that she must stand oppressed with this weight of guilt in her eyes. As he should be just or unjust, or rather merciful or unmerciful, so must she endure or be unable to endure her doom. "I do not understand it," he said, with affected calm. "It is the case, then, that you have brought me into this position with premeditated falsehood, and have wilfully deceived me as to your previous engagement?"

"No!"

"How then?"

"There has been no wilful deceit,—no cause for deceit whatsoever. You were engaged to marry the lady who is now Mrs. Geraldine. I was engaged to marry Sir Francis."

"But I told you all."

"You did."

"It would have been impossible that I should have asked you to be mine without telling you the whole story." She could not answer him. She knew it to be true,—that he had told her and must have told her. But for herself it had been so improbable that he had not known of her engagement! And then there had been no opportunity,—no fitting opportunity. She knew that she had been wrong, foolish, ill-judging; but there had been nothing of that premeditated secrecy,—that secrecy with a cause, of which he had hinted that she was guilty. "I suppose that I may take it as proved that I have been altogether mistaken?" This he said in the severest tone which he knew how to assume.

"How mistaken?"

"I have believed you to be sweet, and pure, and innocent, and true;—one in whom my spirit might refresh itself as a man bathes his heated limbs in the cool water. You were to have been to me the joy of my life,—my great treasure kept at home, open to no eye but my own; a thing perfect in beauty, to think of when absent and to be conscious of when present, without even the need of expression. 'Let the wind come and the storm,' I said to myself, 'I cannot be unhappy, because my wife is my own.' There is an external grace about you which was to my thinking only the culture of the woman within."

"Well;—well."

"It was a dream. I had better have married that little girl. She was silly, and soon loved some one better. But she did not deceive me."

"And I,—have I deceived you?"

He paused before he answered her, and then spoke as though with much thought. "Yes," he said; "yes."

"Where? How?"

"I do not know. I cannot pretend even to guess. I shall probably never know. I shall not strive to know. But I do know that you have deceived me. There has been, nay, there is, a secret between you and one whom I regard as among the basest of men of which I have been kept purposely in ignorance."

"There is no such secret."

"You were engaged to be his wife. That at any rate has been kept from me. He has been here as your friend, and when he came, —into my house,—the purport of his visit was kept from me. He asked for something, which was refused, and consequently he has written to me. For what did he ask?"

"Ask! For nothing! What was there for him to ask?"

"I do not know. I cannot even pretend to guess. As I read his letter there must have been something. But it does not matter. While you have seemed to me to be one thing, you have been another. You have been acting a part from the first moment in which we met, and have kept it up all through with admirable consistency. You are not that sweetly innocent creature which I have believed you to be."

She knew that she was all that he had fancied her, but she could not say so. She had understood him thoroughly when he had told her that she had been to him the cool water in which the heated man had bathed his limbs; that she was the treasure to be kept at home. Even in her misery something of delight had come to her senses as she heard him say that. The position described to her had been exactly that which it had been her ambition to fill. She knew that in spite of all that had come and gone she was still fit to fill it. There had been nothing, —not a thought to mar her innocence, her purity, her woman's tenderness. She was all his, and he was certain to know every thought of her mind and every throb of her heart. She did believe that if he could read them all, he would be perfectly satisfied. But she could not tell him that it was so. Words so spoken will be the sweetest that can fall into a man's ear,—if they be believed. But let there come but the shadow of a doubt over the man's mind, let him question the sincerity of a tone, and the words will become untrue, mawkish and distasteful. A thing perfect in beauty! How was she to say that she would be that to him? And yet, understanding her error as she had done with a full intelligence, she could have sworn that it should be so. The beauty he had spoken of was not simply the sheen of her loveliness, nor the grace of her form. It was the entirety of her feminine attraction, including the purity of her soul, which was in truth still there in all its perfection. But she could not tell him that he was mistaken in doubting her. Now he had told her that she was not that innocent creature which he had believed her to be. What was she to do? How was she to restore herself to his favour? But through it all there was present to her an idea that she would not humble herself too far. To the extent of the sin which she had committed she would humble herself if she knew how to do that without going beyond it. But further than that in justice both to him and to herself she would not go. "If you have condemned me," she said, "there must be an end of it,—for the present."

"Condemned you! Do you not condemn yourself? Have you attempted any word of excuse? Have you given any reason why I should have been kept in the dark? Your friend Miss Altifiorla knew it all I presume?"

"Yes, she knew it all."

"And you would not have had her here if you could have avoided it lest she should tell me?"

"That is true. I wished to be the first to tell you myself."

"And yet you had never whispered a word of it. Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis it seems are friends." Cecilia only shook her head. "I heard yesterday at the station that they had gone to London together. I presume they are friends."

Quickly the idea passed through Mrs. Western's mind that Miss Altifiorla had been untrue to her. She had kept her word to the letter in not having told the secret to her husband but she had discussed the whole matter with Sir Francis, and the letter which Sir Francis had written was the result. "I do not know," she said. "If they be more to each other than chance acquaintance I do not know it. From week to week and from day to day before our marriage the thing went on and the opportunity never came. Something would always fall from you which made me afraid to speak at that moment. Then we were married, and I found how wrong I had been. I still resolved to tell you, but put it off like a coward from day to day. Your sister had heard of my first engagement."

"Did Bertha know it?"

"Yes; and like myself she was surprised that you should be so ignorant."

"She might well be surprised."

"Then I resolved to tell you. I would not do it till that other woman had left the house. I would not have her by to see your anger."

"And now this is the way in which the history of your former life has reached my ears!" As he said this he held out in his

hand the fatal letter. "This is the manner in which you have left me to be informed of a subject so interesting! I first hear from Sir Francis Geraldine that he and you a twelvemonth since were engaged together as man and wife." Here she stood quite silent. She did not care to tell him that it was more than twelve months since. "That you think to be becoming."

"I do not think so."

"That you feel to be compatible with my happiness!" Here, again, there was a pause, during which she looked full into his face. "Such is not my idea. My happiness is wrecked. It is gone." Here he made a motion with his hand, as though to show that all his bliss had flown away from him.

"Oh, George, if you love me, do not speak like that."

"Love you! Yes I love you. I do not suppose that love can be made to go at once, as I find that esteem may do, and respect, and veneration."

"Oh, George, those are hard words."

"Is it not so? This morning you were to me of all God's creatures the brightest and the best. When I entered your room just now it was so that I regarded you. Can you now be the brightest and the best? Has not all that romance been changed at a moment's notice? But alas! love does not go after the same fashion." Then he turned shortly round and left the room.

She remained confounded and awe-stricken. There had been that about him which seemed to declare a settled purpose—as though he had intended to leave her for ever. She sat perfectly still thinking of it, thinking of the injustice of the sentence that had been pronounced upon her. Though she had deserved much she had not deserved this. Though she had expected punishment she had not expected punishment so severe. In about twenty minutes her maid came up to her, and with a grave face asked whether she would wish that breakfast should be sent to her in her own room. Mr. Western had sent to ask the question. "Yes," said she, —"if he pleases." There could be no good in attempting to conceal from the servants a misery so deep and so lasting as this.

CHAPTER XII.—MR. WESTERN'S DECISION.

WHAT should she do with herself? Her breakfast was brought to her. At noon she was told that Mr. Western had gone out for the day and would not return till the evening. She was asked whether she would have her pony carriage, and on refusing it, was persuaded by her maid to walk in the grounds. "I think I will go out," she said, and went and walked for an hour. Her maid had been peculiarly her own and had come to her from Exeter; but she would not talk to her maid about her quarrel with her husband though she was sure that the girl knew of the quarrel. Those messages had certainly come direct from her husband, and could not, she thought, have been sent without some explanation of the facts. She could see on the faces of all the household that every one knew that there was a quarrel. Twenty times during the day would she have had her husband's name on her tongue had there been no quarrel. It had been with her as though she had had a pride in declaring herself to be his wife. But now she was silent respecting him altogether. She would not bring herself to ask the gardener whether Mr. Western wished this thing or the other. The answer had always been that the master wished the paths and the shrubs and the flowers to be just as she wished them. But now not a word was spoken. For an hour she walked among the paths, and then returned to her own room. Would she have her dinner in the dining-room? If so, the master would have his in the library. Then she could restrain herself no longer, but burst into tears. No; she would have no dinner. Let them bring her a cup of tea in her own room.

There she sat thinking of her condition, wondering from hour to hour what was to be the end of it. From hour to hour she sat and can hardly have been said to think. She lost herself in pondering first over her own folly and then upon his gross injustice. She could not but marvel at her own folly. She had in truth known from the first moment in which she had resolved to accept his offer, that it was her duty to tell him the story of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine. It should have been told indeed before she had accepted his offer, and she could not now forgive herself in that she had been silent. "You must know my story," she should have said "before there can be a word more spoken between us." And then with a clear brow and without a tremor in her voice she could have told it. But she had allowed herself to be silent, simply because he had told the same story, and then the moment had never come. She could not forgive herself. She could never entirely forgive herself, even though the day should come in which he might pardon her.

But would he ever pardon her? Then her

mind would fly away to the injustice of his condemnation. He had spoken to her darkly, as though he had intended to accuse her of some secret understanding with Sir Francis. He had believed her to be guilty of some underhand plot against his happiness carried on with the man to whom she had been engaged! Of what was it that he had imagined her to be guilty? What was the plot of which in his heart he accused her? Then her imagination looked out and seemed to tell her that there could be but one. Her husband suspected her of having married him while her heart was still the property of that other man! And as she thought of this, indignation for the time almost choked her grief. Could it be possible that he, to whom she had given everything with such utter unreserve, whom she had made the god of her idolatry, to whom she had been exactly that which he had known so well how to describe, —could it be that he should have had every thought concerning her changed in a moment, and that from believing her to be all pure and all innocent, he should have come to regard her as a thing so vile as that? She almost tore her hair in her agony as she said that it must be so. He had told her that his respect, his esteem, and his veneration, had all passed away. She could never consent to live with him trusting solely to his love without esteem.

But as the evening passed away and the night came, and as the duration of the long hours of the day seemed to grow upon her, and as no tidings came to her from her lord, she began to tell herself that it was unbecoming that she should remain without knowing her fate. The whole length of the tedious day had passed since he had left her and had condemned her to breakfast in solitude. Then she accused herself of having been hard with him during that interview, of having failed to submit herself in repentance, and she told herself that if she could see him once more, she might still whisper to him the truth and soften his wrath. But something she must do. She had dismissed her maid for the last time, and sat miserably in her room till midnight. But still she could not tell herself that she had made some effort. She would at any rate write to him one word. So she got up therefore and seated herself at the table with pen and ink before her. She would write the whole story, she thought, simply the whole story, and would send it to him, leaving it to him to believe or to disbelieve it as he pleased. But as she bent over the table she felt that she could not write such a letter as that without devoting an entire day to it. Then she rapidly scrawled a few words :—

"DEAREST GEORGE,—Come to me and let me tell you everything.—Your own CECILIA."

Then she addressed it to him and put it under her pillow that she might send it to him as soon as she should wake in the morning. Having done so she got into her bed and wept herself asleep.

When the girl came into her room in the morning she at once asked after her husband. "Is Mr. Western up yet?" The maid informed her with an air of grave distress that Mr. Western had risen early and had been driven away from the house to catch a morning train. More than that the girl could not say. But she believed that a letter had been left on the library table. She had heard John say that there was such a letter. But John had gone with his master to the station. Then she sent down for the letter, and within a few minutes held it in her hand.

We will now go back to Mr. Western. He, as soon as he had left his wife's room in the morning went down-stairs, and began to consider within himself what was the cause of this evil thing which had been done to him. A very evil thing had been done. He did feel that the absolute happiness which had been his for the last few days had perished and gone from him. He was a man undemonstrative, and silent in expressing his own feelings, but one who revelled inwardly in his own feelings of contentment when he was content. His wife had been to him all that he had dreamt that a woman should be. She had filled up his cup with infinite bliss, though he had never told even to her how full his cup had been. But in everything he had striven to gratify her, and had been altogether successful. To go on from day to day with his books, with his garden, with his exercise, and above all with his wife, had been enough to secure absolute happiness. He had suspected no misfortune, and had anticipated no drawback. Then on a sudden there had come this wicked letter, which had made him wretched for the time, even though he were sure that it was not true. But he had known that it was only for the time, for he had been sure that it was untrue. Then the blow had fallen, and all his contentment was banished. There was some terrible mystery, —some mystery of which he could not see the depth. Though he was generous and confiding and honest when left at peace, still

he was painfully suspicious when something arose of which the circumstances were kept back from him. There was a secret here,—there was certainly a secret; and it was shared between his wife, whom of all human beings he had loved the best, and the man whom he most thoroughly despised. As long as it was possible that the whole tale might be an invention he would not believe a word against his wife; but, when it appeared that there was certainly some truth in it, then it seemed that there was nothing too monstrous for him to believe.

After his solitary breakfast he walked abroad, and turned it all over in his mind. He had given her the opportunity of telling him everything, and she had told him nothing. So he declared to himself. That one condemning fact was there,—clear as daylight, that she had willingly bestowed herself upon this baronet, this creature who to his thinking was vile as a man could be. As to that there was no doubt. That was declared. How different must she have been from that creature whom he had fancied that he had loved, when she would have willingly consented to be the wife of such a man? And this had been done within a year,—as he said. And then she had married him, telling him nothing of it, though she must have known that he would discover it as soon as she was his wife. It suited her to be his wife,—for some reason which he could not perceive. She had achieved her object;—but not on that account need he live with her. It had been an affair of money, and his money she might have.

He came back and got his horse, as the motion of walking was not fast enough for him in his passion. It was grievous to be borne,—the fact that he had been so mistaken in choosing for himself a special woman as a companion of his life. He had desired her to be all honour, all truth, all simplicity, and all innocence. And instead of these things he had encountered fraud and premeditated deceit. She was his wife indeed;—but not on that account need he live with her.

And then his curiosity was raised. What was the secret between them? There must have been some question of money, as to which at the last moment they had disagreed. To his thinking it was vile that a young woman should soil her mind with such thoughts and marry or reject a man at the last moment because of his money. All that should be arranged for her by her friends, so that she might go to her husband without having been mixed in any question of a sordid matter. But these two had probably found at the last moment that their income was insufficient for their wants, and therefore his purse had been thought convenient. As all these things, with a thousand others, passed through his mind he came to the determination that at any rate they must part.

He came home, and before he ate his dinner he wrote to her that letter, of which the contents shall now be given. It was a most unreasonable letter. But to him in his sorrow, in his passion, it seemed that every word was based upon reason.

"Dear Cecilia," the letter ran,

"I need hardly tell you that I was surprised by the facts which you at last told me this morning. I should have been less pained, perhaps, had they come to me in the first instance from yourself instead of from Sir Francis Geraldine. But I do not know that the conclusion to which I have been forced would have been in any way altered had such been the case. I can hardly, I fear, make you understand the shock with which I have received the intelligence, that a month or two before I proposed to you you had been the promised wife of that man. I need hardly tell you that had I known that it was so I should not have offered you my hand. To say the least of it, I was led into my marriage by a mistake. But a marriage commenced with such a mistake as that cannot be happy.

"As to your object I cannot surmise. But I suppose that you were satisfied, thinking me to be of a nature especially soft and gentle. But I fear I am not so. After what has passed I cannot bring myself to live with you again. Pray believe it. We have now parted for ever.

"As to your future welfare, and as to the honour which will be due to my name, which you must continue to bear, I am quite willing to make any arrangements which friends of yours shall think to be due to you. Half my income you shall have, and you shall live here in this house if it be thought well for you. In reference to these things your lawyers had better see my lawyers. In the meantime my bankers will cash your cheques. But believe me that I am gone, not to return.

"Your affectionate husband,
"George Western."

These words he wrote, struggling to be cool and rational while he wrote them, and then he departed, leaving the letter upon the table.

"That's no true, Babbie Howison."

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.—MRS. WESTERN PREPARES TO LEAVE.

CECILIA, when she first read her husband's letter, did not clearly understand it. It could not be that he intended to leave her for ever! They had been married but a few months,—a few months of inexpressible love and confidence; and it was impossible that he should intend that they should be thus parted. But when she had read it again and again, she began to perceive that it was so; "Pray believe it. We have now parted for ever." Had he stopped there her belief would have only been half-hearted. She would not in truth have thought that he had been in earnest in dooming her to eternal separation. But he had gone on with shocking coolness to tell her how he had arranged his plans for the future. "Half my income you shall have." "You shall live here in this house, if it be thought well for you." "Your lawyer had better see my lawyer." It was, in truth, his intention that it should be so. And she had already begun to have some knowledge of the persistency of his character. She was already aware that he was a man not likely to be moved from his word. He had gone, and it was his intention to go. And he had declared with a magnanimity which she now felt to be odious, and almost mean, what liberal arrangements he had made for her maintenance. She was in no want of income. She told herself that she would rather starve in the street than eat his bread, unless she might eat it from the same loaf with him; that she would rather perish in the cold than enjoy the shelter of his roof, unless she might enjoy it with him.

There she remained the whole day by herself, thinking that something must occur to mitigate the severity of the sentence which he had pronounced against her. It could not be that he should leave her thus,—he whose every word, whose every tone, whose every look, whose every touch had hitherto been so full of tenderness. If he had loved as she had loved how could he live without her? He had explained his idea of a wife, and though he had spoken the words in his anger, still she had been proud. But now it seemed as though he would have her believe that she was wholly unnecessary to him. It could not be so. He could not so have deceived her. It must be that he would want her as she wanted him, and that he must return to her to satisfy the cravings of his own heart.

But as time went on her tenderness gradually turned to anger. He had pronounced the sentence, the heaviest sentence which his mind could invent against her whom he had made his own. Was that sentence just? She told herself again and again that it was most unjust. The fault which she had committed deserved no such punishment. She confessed to herself that she had promised to become the wife of a man unworthy of her; but when she had done so she had not known her present husband. He at least had no cause of anger with her in regard to that. And she, as soon as she had found out her mistake and the man's character had become in part revealed to her, had with a terrible courage taken the bull by the horns and broken away from the engagement which outward circumstances had made attractive. Then with her mother she had gone abroad, and there she had met with Mr. Western. At the moment of their meeting she had been at any rate innocent in regard to him. From that moment she had performed her duty to him, and had been sincere in her love, even as such a man as Mr. Western could desire,—with the one exception of her silence. It was true that she should have told him of Sir Francis Geraldine;—of her folly in accepting him and her courage in repudiating him. Day by day the days had gone by, and there had been some cause for fresh delay, that cause having ever reference to his immediate comfort. Did she not know that had she told him, his offer, his love, his marriage would have been the same? And now, was she to be turned adrift and thrown aside, rejected and got rid of at an instant's notice, because, for his comfort, the telling of her story had been delayed? The injustice, the cruelty, the inhumanity of such a punishment were very plain to her.

Could he do it? As her husband had he a right so to dismiss her from his bosom? And his money? Perish his money! And his house! The remembrance of the offers which he made to her aggravated her wrath bitterly. As his wife she had a right to his care, to his presence, and to his tenderness. She had not married him simply to be maintained and housed. Nor was that the meaning of their marriage contract. Before God

he had no right to send her away from him, and to bid her live and die alone.

But though he had no right he had the power. She could not force him to be her companion. The law would give her only those things which she did not care to claim. He already offered more than the law would exact, and she despised his generosity. As long as he supported her the law could not bring him back and force him to give her to eat of his own loaf, and to drink of his own cup. The law would not oblige him to encircle her in his arms. The law would not compel him to let her rest upon his bosom. None of those privileges which were undoubtedly her own could the law obtain for her. He had said that he had gone, and would not return, and the law could not bring him back again. Then she sat and wept, and told herself how much better would have been that single life of which Miss Altifiorla had preached to her the advantages.

The second day since his departure had passed and she had taken no step. Alone she had given way to sorrow and to indignation, but as yet had decided on nothing. She had waited, still thinking that something would be done to soften her sorrow; but nothing had been done. The servants around her moved slowly, solemnly, and as though struck with awe. Her own maid had tried to say a word once and again, but had been silenced by the manner of her mistress. Cecilia, though she felt the weight of the silence, could not bring herself to tell the girl that her husband had left her for ever. The servants no doubt knew it all, but she could not bring herself to tell them that it was so. He had told her that her cheques on his bankers would be paid, but she had declared that on no account should any such cheque be drawn by her. If he had made up his mind to desert her and had already left her without intending further communication, she must provide for herself. She must go back to her mother, where the eyes of all Exeter would see her. But she must in the first instance write to her mother; and how could she explain to her mother all that had happened? Would even her own mother believe her when she said that she was already deserted by her husband for ever and ever because she had not told him the story respecting Sir Francis Geraldine?

On the third morning she resolved that she would write to her husband. It was not fit, so she told herself, that she should leave his house without some further word of instruction from him. But how to address him she was ignorant. He was gone, but she did not know whither. The servants, no doubt, knew where, but she could not bring herself to ask them. On the third day she wrote as follows. The reader will remember that that short scrawl which she addressed to him from her bedroom had not been sent.

"Dear George,—This is the first letter I have written to you as your wife, and it will be very sad. I do not think that you can have remembered that yours would be the first which I had ever received from my husband. Your order has crushed me altogether. It shall, nevertheless, be obeyed as far as I am able to obey it. You say something as to your means, and something also as to your house. In that you cannot be obeyed. It is not possible that I should take your money or live in your house unless I am allowed to do so as your wife. The law, I think, says that I may do so. But the law, of course, cannot compel a man to be a loving, tender husband, or even to accept the tenderness of a loving wife. I know what you owe me, but I know also that I cannot exact it unless you can give it with all your heart. Your money and your house I will not have unless I can have them together with yourself. Your bread would choke me. Your roof would not shelter me. Your good things would be poison to me,—unless you were here to make me feel that they were yours also as well as mine. If you mean to insist on the severity of your order, you will have to get rid of me altogether. I shall then have come across two men of which I do not know whether to wonder most at the baseness of the one or the cruelty of the other. In that case I can only return to my mother. In that case you will not, I think, care much what may become of me; but as I shall still bear your name, it is, I suppose, proper that you should know where I purpose living.

"But, dear George, dearest George,—I wish you could know how much dearer to me in spite of your cruelty than all the world besides,—I cannot even yet bring myself to believe that we can for ever be separated. Dear George, endeavour to think how small has been my offence and how tremendous is the punishment which you propose. The offence is so small that I will not let myself down by asking your pardon. Had you said a word sitting beside me, even a word of anger, then I could have done so. I think I could have made you believe how altogether accidental it had been. But I will not do so now. I should aggravate my own fault till it would appear to you that I had done some-

thing of which I ought to be ashamed, and which perhaps you ought not to forgive. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed, and nothing certainly which you ought even to think it necessary to pardon."

When she had got so far she sat for a while thinking whether she would or would not tell him of the cause and the manner of her silence. Should she refer him to his sister, who understood so well how that silence had been produced? Should she explain to him that she had in the first case hesitated to tell him her story because her story had been so like to his own? But as she thought of it all, she declared to herself that were she to do so she would in truth condescend to ask his pardon. What she required of him was that he should acknowledge her nature, her character, her truth to be such that he had made a grievous mistake in attributing to her aught that was a just cause of anger. "You stupid girl, you foolish girl, to have given yourself and me such cause for discomfort!" That he should have said to her, with his arm round her waist;—that and nothing more. Thinking of all this she resolved not to go into that subject. Should she ever do so it must be when he had come back to her, and was sitting with his arm around her waist. She ended her letter, therefore, very shortly.

"As I must wait here till I hear from you, and cannot even write to my mother till I do so, I must beg you to answer my letter quickly. I shall endeavour to go on without drawing any cheques. If I find it necessary I shall have to write to my mother for money.

"Your most affectionate wife,

"CECILIA WESTERN."

"Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!"

Then, as she did not like to send the letter out among the servants without any address, and thus to confess to them that she did not know where her husband had gone, she directed the letter to his club in London.

During the next day or two the pity of her servants, the silent, unexpressed pity, was very hard to bear. As each morning came her punishment seemed to become more and more intolerable to her. She could not read. There were none among her friends, not even her mother, to whom she could write. It was still her hope,—her faintest hope, that she need confess to none of them the fact that her husband had quarrelled with her. She could only sit and ponder over the tyranny of the man who by his mere suspicions could subject a woman to so cruel a fate. But on the evening of the third day she was told that a gentleman had called to see her. Mr. Graham sent his card in to her, and she at once recognized Mr. Graham as her husband's attorney. She was sitting at the open window of her own bedroom, looking into the garden, and she was aware that she had been weeping! "I will be down at once," she said to the maid, "if Mr. Graham will wait." "Oh, ma'am, you do take on so dreadfully," said the girl. "Never mind, Mary. I will come down and see Mr. Graham if you will leave me." "Oh, ma'am, oh, Miss Holt, I have known you so long, may I not say a word to you?"

"I am not Miss Holt. I am still entitled to bear my husband's name." Then the girl, feeling herself to have been rebuked, was leaving the room, when her mistress jumped up from her seat, took her in her arms, and kissed her. "Oh, Mary," she said, "I am unhappy, so unhappy! But pray do not tell them. It is true that you have known me long, and I can trust you." Then the girl, crying much more bitterly than her mistress, left the room.

In a few minutes Cecilia followed her, and entered the parlour into which Mr. Graham had been shown, without a sign of tears upon her cheeks. She had been able to assume a look of injured feminine dignity, of almost magnificent innocence, by which the lawyer was much startled. She was resolved at any rate to confess no injury done by herself to her husband, and to say nothing to Mr. Graham of any injury done by him to her. Mr. Graham, too, was a gentleman, a man over fifty years of age, who had been solicitor to Mr. Western's father. He knew the husband in this case well, but he had as yet known nothing of the wife. He had been simply told by Mr. Western to understand that he, Mr. Western, had no fault to find with the lady; that he had not a word to say against her; but that unfortunately circumstances had so turned out that all married happiness was impossible for him. Mr. Graham had endeavoured to learn the facts; but he had been aware that Mr. Western was a man who would not bear to be cross-examined. A question or two he had asked, and had represented to his client how dreadful was the condition to which he was condemning both the lady and himself. But his observations were received with that peculiar cold civility which the man's manner assumed when he felt that interference was taken in matters which were essentially private to himself. "It is so, Mr. Graham, that in this case

it cannot be avoided. I wish you to understand that all pecuniary arrangements are to be made for Mrs. Western which she herself may desire. Were she to ask for everything I possess she must have it,—down to the barest pittance." But at this moment he had not received his wife's letter.

There was a majesty of beauty about Mrs. Western by which Mr. Graham was startled, but which he came to recognise before the interview was over. I cannot say that he understood the cause of the quarrel, but he had become aware that there was much in the lady very much on a par with her husband's character. And she, when she found out, as she did instinctively, that she had to deal with a gentleman, dropped something of the hauteur of her silence. But she said not a word as to the cause of their disagreement. Mr. Graham asked the question in the simplest language. "Can you not tell me why you two have quarrelled so quickly after your marriage?" But she simply referred him to her husband. "I think you must ask Mr. Western about that." Mr. Graham renewed the question, feeling how important it was that he should know. But she only smiled, and again referred him to her husband. But when he came to speak to her about money arrangements she smiled no longer. "It will not be necessary," she said.

"But it is Mr. Western's wish."

"It will not be necessary. Mr. Western has decided that we must—part. On that matter I have not a word to say. But there will be nothing for any lawyer to do on my behalf. If Mr. Western has made up his mind, I will return to my mother. I can assure you that no steps need be taken as to money." "No steps will be possible," she added, with all that feminine majesty which was peculiar to her. "I understand from you that Mr. Western's mind is made up. You can tell him that I shall be ready to leave this house for my mother's, in—let me say a week." Mr. Graham went back to town having been able to make no other arrangement. He might pay the servants' wages,—when they were due; and the tradesmen's bills; but for herself and her own peculiar wants Mrs. Western would take no money. "You may tell Mr. Western," she said, "that I shall not have to encroach on his liberality." So Mr. Graham went back to town; and Mrs. Western carried herself through the interview without the shedding of a tear, without the utterance of a word of tenderness,—so that the lawyer on leaving her hardly knew what her wishes were.

"Nevertheless I think it is his doing," he said to himself. "I think she loves him."

CHAPTER XIV.—TO WHAT A PUNISHMENT!

Mr. Western, when he received his wife's letter, after having given his instructions to the lawyer, was miserable enough. But not on that account did he think of changing his purpose. He had made up his mind,—as men say,—and having made it up he assured himself that he had done it with ample cause. He could not quite explain to himself the reasons for his anger. He did not quite know what were the faults of which he accused his wife. But he was sure that his wrath was just, and had come from sins on her part which it would be unbecoming as a man and a husband that he should condone. And his anger was the hotter because he did not know what those sins were. There had been some understanding,—so he thought,—between his wife and Sir Francis Geraldine which was derogatory to his honour. There had been an understanding and a subsequent quarrel, and Sir Francis Geraldine had been base enough to inform him of the understanding because of the quarrel. Sir Francis no doubt had been very base, but not on that account had his wife been less a sinner. What was it to him that Sir Francis should be base? No vice, no lies, no cruelty on the part of Sir Francis were anything to him. But his wife;—that she whom he had taken to his bosom as his own, that she in whom he had believed, she who was to be the future depository of all his secrets, his very second self, that she, in the very moment in which he had exposed to her the tenderness of his heart, that she should then have entertained a confidential intercourse with such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine, an intercourse of which she had intended that he should know nothing,—that, that was more than he could endure. It was this—this feeling that he was to know nothing of it, which was too much for him. It seemed to him that he had been selected to be a stalking-horse for them in their intercourse. It was not that he ever accused his wife of illicit love. He was not base enough to think her so base as that. But there had been some cause for a mysterious alliance as to which he had been kept in the dark. To be kept in the dark, and by his own wife, was the one thing that was unendurable. And then the light had been let in upon him by that letter from Sir Francis, in which Sir Francis had offered "such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighbourhood"! The intention had been that this

old friendship should be renewed under his roof, and be renewed without any information being given to him that it had ever previously existed. This was the feeling that had made it incumbent on him to repudiate a wife who had so treated him. This was the feeling which forbad him to retire from his suicidal purpose. His wife had had a secret, a secret which it was not intended that he should share, and her partner in the secret had been that man whom of all men he had despised the most, and who as he now learnt had been only the other day engaged to marry her. In fostering his wrath he had declared to himself that it was but only the other day; and he had come to think that at the very moment in which he had told Cecilia Holt of all his own troubles she had then, even then, been engaged to this abominable baronet. "I have got another man to offer to marry me, and therefore our engagement, which is a trouble to us both, may now be over." Some such communication as this had been made, and he had been the victim of it.

And yet as he thought of all this, and nursed his rage, and told himself how impossible it was that he should even pretend to live with such a woman with continued confidence, even then he was at moments almost overcome by the tenderness of his recollections. He had loved her so entirely; and she to his outward eyes and outward ears had been so fit to be loved! He had thanked his stars that after running into so great a peril with that other lady it had at last been given to him to settle his heart where it might dwell securely. She had required from him no compliments, none of the little weaknesses of love-making, no pretences, had demanded from him the taking of no trouble which would have grated against his feeling. She had been everything that his very soul desired. And she had played her part so well! She had been to him as though it had been a fresh thing to her to love a man with all her heart, and to be able to talk to him of her love. And yet she, the while, was in secret and most intimate communication with a man to whom he had been in the habit of applying within his own breast all the vilest epithets which the language could afford. "Swindler, thief, scoundrel," were the terms he had thought of. In his dislike to the ways of the world in general he had declared to himself that the world admitted such as Sir Francis within its high places without remark. The woman who had coolly connived at the intimacy with her, and had been on the point that she had done so in order that he might maintain his acquaintance with his wife!

We know how wrong he was in these thoughts;—how grievously he wronged her of whom he was thinking. Of the worst of all these sins she was absolutely innocent;—of so much the worst that the fault of which she had not been innocent was not worth regarding when thought of in reference to that other crime. But still it was thus that he believed, and though he was aware that he was about to submit himself to absolute misery in decreeing their separation, yet there was to his thinking no other remedy. He had been kept in the dark. To the secrets of others around him he was, he declared to himself, absolutely indifferent. They might have their mysteries and it would be nothing to him. He had desired to have one whose mysteries should be his mysteries; who should share every thought of his heart, and of whose secret thoughts he desired to keep the only key. He had flattered himself that it was so, and this had been the result! It may be doubted whether his misery were not altogether as bitter as hers. "Of course she shall live with her mother if she pleases it," he said to Mr. Graham on the following morning. "As to money, if she will name no sum that she requires I must leave it to you to say what in justice ought to be allowed to her. You know all the circumstances of my property."

"But I know none of the circumstances of your marriage," replied Mr. Graham.

"They were altogether of the usual kind."

"None of the circumstances of your separation, I should have said."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Western, gloomily.

"It will be very difficult to give her any advice."

"You may take it if you will that the fault is all mine. I would provide for her as I should be bound to do if by my own cruelty or my own misconduct I had driven her from me." He had no idea as he said this that by his own cruelty and his own misconduct he was driving her from him.

"My conviction is that she will take nothing," said Mr. Graham.

"In a matter of business she must take it. The money must be paid to her, let her do what she will with it. Even though it should be thrown into the sea, I must pay it."

"I think you will find that she has a will of her own." "And so will find that I have," said Mr. Western with a frown. It was an ex-

being separated. He had thought that she had calculated that when once they were married she had carried her purpose in spite of his will. But he would let her understand that it was not so. She had so far succeeded that she was entitled to bear his name, but she had not mastered him in the matter, and should not do so.

"It is a thousand pities, Mr. Western. You will allow me to say so, but it is a thousand pities. A most handsome lady;—with a fine lady-like air! One in a thousand!"

Mr. Western could not endure to hear the catalogue of his wife's charms set forth to him. He did not want to be told by his lawyer that she was "handsome" and "one in a thousand!" In that respect their quarrel made no difference. No gentleman wishes another to assure him that his wife is one in a thousand. An old mother might say so, or an old aunt; hardly any one less near and less intimate could be allowed to do so. Mr. Western was aware that no man in the ordinary course of events would be less likely to offend in that way than Mr. Graham. But in this case Mr. Graham should not, he thought, have done it. He had come to Mr. Graham about money and not about his wife's beauty. "I hardly think we need discuss that," he said, still with a heavy frown on his brow. "Perhaps you will think over what I have said to you, and name a sum to-morrow."

"At the risk of making you angry I have to speak," continued Mr. Graham. "I knew your father, and have known you all your life. If this is to make her miserable, and if, as I gather, she has committed no great fault, will it not be—wicked?" Mr. Graham sat silent for a few moments, looking him in the face. "Have you consulted your own conscience, and what it will say to you after a time? She has given all that she has to you, though there has not been a shilling,—and no money can repay her. One fault is not pardonable,—one only fault."

"No, no. I do not accuse her."

"Nor dream that she is guilty,—if I understand the matter rightly."

"No, I do not. But I did not come here to be interrogated about her after this fashion, —nor to be told that I am wicked. For what sins I commit I must be myself responsible. I am unable,—at any rate unwilling,—to tell you the circumstances, and must leave you to draw your own conclusions. If you will think over the matter, and will name a sum, I shall be obliged to you." Then he was about to leave, but Mr. Graham interposed himself between his client and the door.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Western. I know that you are angry, but pray excuse me. I should ill do my duty to an old client whom I respect did I not dare, as being older than he is, to give the advice which as a bystander I think that he requires." Mr. Western stood perfectly silent before him but clearly showing his wrath by the frown upon his brow. "I venture to say that you are taking upon yourself as a husband to do that which the world will not pardon."

"I care nothing for the world."

"Pardon me. You will care for it when you come to consider that its decision has been just. When you have to reflect that you have ruined for ever the happiness of a woman whom you have sworn to love and protect, and that you have cast her from you for some reason which you cannot declare and which is not held to justify such usage, then you will regard what the world says. You will regard it because your own conscience will say the same. If I mistake not you still love her."

"I am not here to discuss such points," said Mr. Western angrily.

"Think of the severity of the punishment which you are inflicting upon one whom you love; and of the effect it must have on her feelings. I tell you that you have no right to do this,—unless she have been guilty, as you confess she has not." Then he seated himself in his arm-chair and Mr. Western left the chamber without saying another word.

He went out into Lincoln's Inn, and walked westward towards his Club, hardly knowing in his confusion whither he was going. At first his breast was hot with anger against Mr. Graham. The man had called him wicked and cruel, and had known nothing of the circumstances. Could it be wicked, could it be cruel for him to resent such treachery as that of which he had been the victim? All his holiest hopes had been used against him for the vilest purposes and with the most fell effect! He at any rate had been ruined for ever. And the man had told him about the world! What did he in his misery care for the world's judgment? Cecilia had married him,—and in marrying him had torn his heart asunder. This man had accused him of cruelty in leaving her. But how could he have continued to live with her without hypocrisy? Cruel indeed! What were her sufferings to his—hers, who had condescended to the level of Sir Francis Geraldine, and had trafficked with such a one as that as to the affairs of their joint happiness! To such a woman it was not given to suffer.

Yes; she was beautiful and she looked as a lady should look. Mr. Graham had been right enough in that. But he had not known how looks may deceive, how noble to the eye may be the face of a woman while her heart within is ignoble, paltry, and mean. But as he went on with his walk by degrees he came to forget Mr. Graham, and to think of the misery which was in store for himself. And though at the moment he despised Mr. Graham, his thoughts did occupy themselves exactly with those perils of which Mr. Graham had spoken. The woman had trusted herself to his care and had given him her beauty and her solicitude. He did in his heart believe that she loved him. He remembered the last words of her letter—"Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!" He did not doubt but that those words were true. He did not suppose that she had ever given her heart to Sir Francis Geraldine,—that she had truly and sincerely devoted herself to one so mean as that! Such heart as she had to give had been given to himself. But there had been traffic of marriage with this man, and even continued correspondence and an understanding as to things which had put her with all her loveliness on a level with him rather than with her existing husband. What this understanding was he did not he said care to inquire. It had existed and still did exist. That was enough to make him know that she was untrue to him as his wife,—untrue in spirit if not in body. But in truth he did care to know. It was, indeed, because he had not known, because he had been allowed only to guess and search and think about it, that all this misery had come. He had been kept in the dark, and to be kept in the dark was to him, of all troubles, the most grievous. When he had first received the letter from Sir Francis he had not believed it to be true. From first to last it had been a fiction. But when once his wife had told him that the engagement had existed, he believed all. It was as though she had owned to him the circumstance of a still existing intimate friendship. He had been kept in the dark, but he did not know how far.

But still there loomed to him as to the future, vaguely, the idea that by the deed he was doing now, at this present moment, he was sacrificing her happiness and his own for ever,—as regarded this world. And the people would say that he had done so,—the people whose voices he could not disregard. She would say so, and her mother,—and he must acknowledge it. And Lady Grant would know that it had been so, and Mr. Graham would always think so to the end. And his heart became tender even towards her. What would be her fate,—as his wife and therefore debarred from the prospects of any other future? She would live with her mother as any widow would live,—with much less of hope, with less chance of enjoying her life, than would any other widow. And when her mother should die she would be all alone. To what a punishment was he not dooming her!

If he could die himself it would be well for all parties. He had taken his great step in life and had failed. Why should he doom her who was differently constituted, to similar failure? It had been a great mistake. He had made it and now there was no escape. But then again his pity for himself welled up in his heart. Why had he been so allured, so deceived, so cozened? He had intended to have given all good things. The very essence of his own being he had bestowed upon her,—while she, the moment that his back was turned, was corresponding with Sir Francis Geraldine! That thought he could not stand. She, in truth, had been greatly in error in her first view of the character of Sir Francis Geraldine; but it must be a question whether he was not so also. The baronet was a poor creature, but not probably so utterly vile as he thought him. As he turned it all over in his mind, while wandering to and fro, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Graham was wrong, and that it was impossible that she, who had been the sharer of the thoughts of Sir Francis Geraldine, should now remain to share his.

CHAPTER XV.—ONCE MORE AT EXETER.

THREE weeks had passed and much had been done for Mrs. Western to fix her fate in life. It was now August, and she was already living at Exeter as a wife separated from her husband. Of much she had had to think and much to determine before she had found that haven of rest. Twice during the time she had received letters from her husband, but each letter had been short, and, though not absolutely without affection in its language, each letter had been absolutely obdurate. He had been made quite sure that it was not for the benefit of either of them that they should attempt to live together. Having come to that decision, which he represented as unchangeable, he was willing, he said, to do anything which she might demand for her future satisfaction and comfort. "There is nothing you can do," she had said when she had written last, "as you

have refused to do your duty." This had made him again angry. "What right has she to talk to me of my duty, seeing that she has so grossly neglected her own?" he said to himself. Then he had suddenly gone from England, leaving no address even with his sister or with his lawyer. But during this time his mind was not quiet for one instant. How could she have treated him so, him, who had been so absolutely devoted to her, who had so entirely given himself up to her happiness?

Lady Grant, when she had heard what was to be done, had hurried up to London but had not found them. She had gone to Exeter and there she had in vain endeavoured to comfort Cecilia. She had declared that her brother would in time forgive. But Cecilia's whole nature had by this time apparently been changed. "Forgive!" she had said. "What will he forgive? There is nothing that he can forgive; nothing that can be spoken of in the same breath with his perfidy and cruelty. Can I forgive? Ask yourself that, Lady Grant. Is it possible that I should forgive?" After two days spent in conversations such as these Lady Grant went back to town and discussed the matter with Mr. Graham. They did not at present know her brother's address; but still there was a hope that she might induce him to hear reason and again to consent to live with his wife. "Of all men," she said to the lawyer, "he is the most honest and the most affectionate; but of all men the most self-willed and obstinate. An injustice is with him like a running sore; and, alas, it is not always an injustice, but a something that he has believed to be unjust."

Cecilia had written at great length to her mother, telling her with all details the story as it was to be told, and sparing herself in nothing. "That wicked man has contrived it all. But, oh, that such a one as my husband should have been weak enough to have fallen into a pit so prepared!" Then Mrs. Holt had come up to town and taken her daughter back with her to Exeter. Now, at last, on this occasion, the old woman was both energetic and passionate. There had been much discussion before they had both decided, that they would again venture to live together among their old friends in their old home. But here Cecilia had shown herself to be once again stronger than her mother. "Why not?" she said. "What have I done to make it necessary that you should be torn away from your house? I am not at all ashamed of what I have done." In this she had blazoned forth her courage with almost a false conviction. She knew that she had done wrong;—that she had done that of which among wives she ought to be ashamed. But her sin had been so small in comparison with the punishment inflicted upon her that it sunk to nothing even in her own eyes. She felt that she had been barbarously used. The people of Exeter, or the people of the world at large, might sympathise with her or not as they pleased. But under such a mountain of wrong as she had endured, she would not show by any conduct of her own that she could have in the least deserved it. "No, mamma," she said; "let them stay away or let them come, I shall be ready for either. I am a poor wretched woman, whom to crush utterly has been within the power of the man she has loved. He has chosen to exercise it, and I must suffer. But he shall not make me ashamed. I have done nothing to deserve his cruelty."

And then when she had been at Exeter but a few days there came another source of trouble,—though not of unmitigated trouble. She told her mother that in due course of time her cruel husband would become the father of a child. She would not write to him. He had not chosen to let her know his address; nor was it fitting to her feelings to communicate such a fact in a letter which she must address secretly to his banker or to his club. Yet the fact was of such a nature that it was imperative that he should know it. At last it was told by Mrs. Holt to Lady Grant. Cecilia had herself attempted it, but had found that she could not do it. She could not write the letter without some word of tenderness, and she was resolved that no word of tenderness should go from her to him. It would seem as though she were asking for money, and were putting forward the coming of the little stranger as a plea for it. She would ask for no money. She had appealed to his love, and had appealed in vain. If he were hard, she would be so too. In her heart of hearts she probably entertained the idea of some possible future in which she might yet put the child into its father's arms;—but it should be done not at her request. It should be at his prayer. At least there was this comfort to her,—that she no longer dreaded his power. He had so contrived that to her thinking the fault was altogether on his side. Forgive! Oh yes; she would forgive! Oh yes; she would forgive, so readily, so sweetly, with the full determination that it should all be like a black nightmare that had come between them and troubled their joys. But in the

bottom of the heart of each it must be understood that it had been hers to pardon and his to be pardoned. Or if not so, then she must continue to live her widowed life at Exeter.

Mrs. Holt was energetic and passionate rather than discreet. She would not admit that her child had done any wrong, and could not be got to understand but that the law should make a husband live with his wife in the proper way. It was monstrous to her thinking that her daughter should be married and taken away, and then sent back, without any offence on her part. In the resentment which she felt against Mr. Western she filled quite a new part among the people of Exeter. "Oh, mamma; you are so loving, so good," said her daughter; "but do not let us talk about it. Cannot you understand that, angry as I am, I cannot endure to have him abused?" "Abused!" said Mrs. Holt, kindling in her wrath. "I cannot hold myself without abusing him." But it very soon did come to pass that Mr. Western's name was not mentioned between them. Mrs. Holt would now and again clench her fist and shake her head, and Cecilia knew that in her thoughts she was executing some vengeance against Mr. Western; but there was a truce to spoken words. Cecilia indeed often executed her vengeance against her husband after some fashion of her own, but her mother did not perceive it.

Among their Exeter friends there soon came to be an actual breach with Miss Altifiorla. Miss Altifiorla, as soon as it was known that Mrs. Western had reappeared in Exeter, had rushed down to greet her friend. There she had been received coldly by Cecilia, and more than coldly by Cecilia's mother. "My dear Cecilia," she had said, attempting to take hold of her friend's hand, "I told you what would come of it."

"There need be nothing said about it," said Mrs. Western.

"Not after the first occasion," said Miss Altifiorla. "A few words between us to show that each understands the other will be expedient."

"I do not see that any words can be of service," said Mrs. Western. "Not in the least," said Mrs. Holt. "Why need anything be said? You know that she has been cruelly ill-used, and that is all you need know."

"I do know the whole history of it," said Miss Altifiorla, who had taken great pride to herself among the people of Exeter in being the best informed person there as to Mrs. Western's sad affairs. "I was present up to the moment, and I must say that if Cecilia had then taken my advice things would have been very different. I am not blaming her."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Holt.

"But things would have been very different Cecilia was a little timid at telling her husband the truth. And Mr. Western was like other gentlemen. He did not like to be kept in the dark by his wife. You see that Cecilia has given mortal cause for offence to two gentlemen."

This was not to be endured. Cecilia did not exactly know all the facts as they had occurred,—between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis,—and certainly knew none of those which were now in process of occurring; but she strongly suspected that something had taken place, that some conversation had been held, between her friend and Sir Francis Geraldine. She had been allowed to read the letter from Sir Francis to her husband, and she remembered well the meaning of it. But she could not remember the terms which he had used. She had, however, thought that something which had passed between himself and Miss Altifiorla had been the immediate cause of the writing of that letter. She did think that Miss Altifiorla had, as it were, gone over to the enemy. That she had been prepared to pardon. The enemy had, in fact, told no falsehood in his letter. It had been her misfortune that the story which he had told had been true;—and her further misfortune that her husband should have believed so much more than the truth. For all that she did not hold Miss Altifiorla to be responsible. But when she was told that she had given cause for mortal offence to two gentlemen, there was something in the phrase which greatly aggravated her anger. It was as though this would-be friend was turning against her for her conduct towards Sir Francis. And she was just as angry that the friend should turn against her for her conduct to her husband. "Miss Altifiorla," she said, "I must request that there be no further conversation between us in reference to the difference between me and my husband."

"Miss Altifiorla! Is it to come to that Cecilia—between you and me who have enjoyed so much sweet friendship?"

"Certainly; if you make yourself so offensive," said Mrs. Holt.

"It is the only mode by which I can show that I am in earnest," said Cecilia. "If it does not succeed, I must declare that I shall be unwilling to meet you at all. I told you to be silent, and you would not."

"Oh, very well! If you like to quarrel it

will quite suit me. But in your present condition I hardly think that you are wise in throwing off your old friends. It is just the time when you ought to cling to those who would be true to you."

This was more than Cecilia could bear. "I shall cling to those who are true to me," she said, leaving the room.

"Oh, very well! Then I shall know how to conduct myself." This was addressed to Mrs. Holt. "I hope you will conduct yourself, as you call it, somewhere away from here. You're very fond of meddling, that's the truth; and Cecilia in her present condition does not want to be meddled with. Oh, yes, you can go away as soon as ever you please!" Thereupon Miss Altifiorla left the room and withdrew. It must be explained that this lady, since she was last upon the scene, had learned to entertain new hopes, very exalted in their nature. It had first occurred to her during those ten minutes at the Paddington railway station, that it might possibly be so if she played her cards well. And then how glorious would be the result! Sir Francis Geraldine had squeezed her hand. If he might be made to go on squeezing her hand sufficiently, how great might be the effect produced! Lady Geraldine! How beautiful was the sound! She thought that within all the bounds of the English peerage,—and she knew that those bounds included the baronets,—there was no sweeter, no more glorious, no more aristocratic appellation. Lady Geraldine! What a change, what a blissful change would that be! When she thought of the chill of her present life, of its want of interest, of its insipid loneliness, and then told herself what might be in store for her should she live to become Lady Geraldine, she declared to herself that even though the chance might be very small, the greatness of the reward if gained would justify the effort. Lady Geraldine! And she saw no reason why her chance should be so very small. She had a cousin with a pedigree longer than even that of Sir Francis, Count Altifiorla,—who, indeed, had no money, but was a genuine Count. She herself had a nice little sum of money, quite enough to be agreeable to a gentleman who might be somewhat out of elbows from the effects of Newmarket. And she did not think too little of her own personal appearance. She knew that she had a good wearing complexion and that her features were of that sort which did not yield very readily to the hand of time. There were none of the endearing dimples of early youth, none of the special brightness of English feminine loveliness, none of the fresh tints of sweet girlhood; but Miss Altifiorla boasted to herself that she would look the British aristocratic matron very well. She certainly had not that Juno beauty which Cecilia Holt could boast, that beauty which could be so severe to all chance comers but which could melt at once and become soft and sweet and easy to one favonred individual. Miss Altifiorla acknowledged to herself that it was her nature always to remain outwardly the same to all men. But then dress and diamonds, and all the applied paraphernalia of aristocracy would, she felt, go far with her. If Sir Francis could be once got to admire her, she was sure that Sir Francis would never be driven to repent of his bargain from any falling off on her part. She thought that she would know how to be the master; but this would be an after consideration, and one as to which she need not at present pay especial attention. Sir Francis had squeezed her hand most affectionately, and there had been a subsequent meeting at Exeter, where he had stayed a couple of hours as he went through to his own property. And she was sure that he had stayed for the purpose of meeting her. Since that affair with Cecilia Holt he had not been made warmly welcome at the deanery. Yet he had stayed and had absolutely called upon Miss Altifiorla. He had found her and had discussed Mr. and Mrs. Western with much sarcastic humour.

"Now you haven't!" Miss Altifiorla had said, when he told her of the letter he had written. "How could you be so hard upon the poor man?" "Perhaps the lady may think that I have been hard upon her," Sir Francis had replied. "Perhaps she will know the meaning of tit for tat. Perhaps she will understand now that one good turn deserves another. It was not that I cared so much for her," he said. "I'd got to feel that she was far too virtuous for me,—too stuck up, you'll understand. I wasn't at all disappointed when she played me that trick. She didn't turn out the sort of girl that I had taken her for. I knew that I had had an escape. But, nevertheless, tit for tat is fair on both sides. She played me a trick, and now I've played her one, and we are even. We can each go to work again. She began a little too soon, perhaps, for her own comfort; but that's her affair, not mine."

In answer to all this, Miss Altifiorla had only laughed and smiled and declared that Cecilia had been served right, though she thought,—she said that she thought,—that

Sir Francis had been almost too hard. "That's my way of doing business," he had added. "If any one wants me to run straight, they must begin by running straight themselves. I can be as sweet as new milk if I'm well treated." Then there had been a moment in which Miss Altifiorla had almost expected that he was going to do something preparatory to declaring himself. She was convinced that he was about to kiss her; but at the very moment at which the event had been expected, Mrs. Green had been announced and the kiss did not, alas! come off. She could hardly bring herself to be civil to Mrs. Green when Sir Francis declared that he must go to the station.

WORK AND OVERWORK.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

WORK, fairly proportioned to the powers, is good and healthy for the organism; no matter whether it be brain-work or body-work.

The full exercise of the powers, mental and bodily, is desirable and improves them; so long as the demand is not excessive. But when the powers are called upon too freely, then danger looms ahead. Bodily fatigue manifests itself in lassitude, in unfitness for exertion, compelling rest until the sense of vigour is once more experienced. Certainly, so far so good. But these sensations are not always attended to, and too frequently are fought off by determination; and sometimes by resort to stimulants. Baron Justus von Liebig wrote thirty years ago about the workman who resorts to spirits in order to enable him to complete his task—"He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must be always renewed, because for want of means he cannot take it up; he consumes his capital instead of his interest; and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body." The system contains a reserve fund of energy upon which we can draw in emergencies; and this is known by the term "physiological capital." The body-income is paid in daily from the food we eat; the body expenditure is the daily out-goings. The excess of income over expenditure is the body-capital. When the outgoings are less than the incomings an accumulation of capital takes place in the body-bank; just as is the case in the money-bank, when more is paid in than is taken out an accumulation follows. The excess is termed the balance. Now when business firms reduce their balance too far they are in danger of failure if any sudden and unforeseen demand be made upon them. In fact if their balance be unequal to the demand, they may become bankrupt. They usually meet the demand by drawing a bill payable at a certain date. In the meantime they set to work to provide the means to meet the bill when it falls due. If they succeed all is well. If their outgoings just equal their incomings such accumulation of means is impossible, and they become bankrupt unless they succeed in practically staving off payment by meeting the bill coming due by drawing another. Yet the debt remains; and bill-drawing is a costly device which means absolute ruin at no very distant period. But during all this time there is the grave danger of some new demand, for which no similar scheme will or can provide; for their credit is already mortgaged up to the hilt. Smash then they must. Bankruptcy is the natural end of trading upon fictitious capital.

Now this illustration will make clear to the reader what is here meant about physiological bankruptcy. It means the exhaustion of the body-capital, and collapse before some new demand. Daily we pay into the body-bank so much; and every day we draw out so much. Some days the paying in is far in excess of the withdrawal; then we feel energetic. Many persons so circumstanced feel a craving for something to do. A walk, a row in a boat, a game of tennis; anything that will safely take away the surplus energy is acceptable. Animals are just the same. After a day or two in the kennel the dog delights in a long day's hunting. So with the horse; after a day or two in the stable he is "fresh," as it is termed, and quite frolicsome when first taken out. The cup is brimming over! On the other hand, man and animal alike enjoy a rest after severe and prolonged exertion. But when the horse must work every day, his owner feeds him up; gives him more stimulant food. This, however, cannot go on for ever. The horse is at last found unequal to his work; the veterinary surgeon is called in, who pronounces him "used up," and prescribes a complete change. Perhaps the horse-dealer may have a long holiday, a rest in the trade, until he is strong again.

Plenty to eat and nothing to do enables the horse to reaccumulate a store of body-capital; which once more fits him for work. He is then taken into the stable, put on hay and corn, *i.e.* a more liberal dietary to increase the body-income, and soon is at work again—a good serviceable horse.

Just the same occurs with man! Why do we hear so much nowadays about holidays? Some little time ago, not more than a generation, holidays were associated with school children. Rarely did any one of adult years talk of a holiday. Such person was looked upon as quite luxurious; a holiday was a species of extravagance. Nowadays the autumn holiday is the rule with all who can afford it. The necessity for such holiday is now becoming quite imperative. Nay, longer periods of rest are becoming actually necessary. We inquire after an enterprising acquaintance. "How is Mr. Vigor?" we ask. "Oh, he is abroad. His doctor has ordered him away for a voyage to Australia." "How was that?" we inquire. "The old story—overwork. Beginning to tell here!" And the speaker taps his forehead significantly. "Could not sleep. Began to find business too much for him." Pondering the matter over, it seems at first odd, inexplicable, that Mr. Vigor, of all persons, should have had to seek rest. Always at work, fond of toil, never sparing himself, pushing, energetic, industrious, thrifty; whatever could have brought this about? The simile of the over-worked horse flashes upon the mental processes—Mr. Vigor is turned out to grass! That is what it is. After a good rest, plenty to eat, plenty of fresh air, and little to do on shipboard, with plenty of sleep, Mr. Vigor will come back with a new store of body-capital; and go to business again with the same sense of energy as of yore. A new man, indeed!

Now what has Mr. Vigor being doing to get into this condition of physiological bankruptcy, or an approach thereto? He has been working until he has reached the point of overwork. He has drawn upon his physiological capital until he can no longer accomplish his daily tale of work; and feels exhausted by the small amount he actually accomplishes. He is approaching a breakdown, in other words, becoming a body-bankrupt. If any sudden demand were to come he has no funds with which to meet it. So his medical man has ordered him away from business altogether for a protracted period. Probably small rest-intervals of absence from business have been tried, with good effect; but still are inadequate to complete restoration of the health; just as a few days' rest in the stable are tried for the overworked horse, till the device is no longer sufficient. A prolonged rest then becomes essential and imperative.

Some time ago, when talking with Mr. Duguid at the Brown Institution for Animals, at Vauxhall, he informed me that horses which had already had a number of years of work in London showed much less resistive power to disease than was manifested by other horses recently come from the country. The latter could fight successfully with the disease while the overworked town-horse soon succumbed. Mr. Duguid's observation fell like seed on ground prepared to receive it, for just then I had been studying the subjects of "Physiological Bankruptcy," and "Overwork," for two chapters thereupon in a work, "The Maintenance of Health;" and these identical effects upon the horse that were exhibited by man, were most suggestive and interesting to me.

Since then I have watched with heightened interest, yet with saddened feelings, how frequently this sudden collapse occurs in overworked men before the impact of acute disease. Many men in the prime of life, in the midst of the greatest intellectual activity, are dead before their friends realise that they are seriously ill. It is rumoured that Mr. So-and-so is ill; next, that there has been a consultation of several medical men, and that little hope is held out for recovery; then, before the sense of shock is almost realised, that the fatal event has occurred. This is very terrible, and creates intense interest on the part of his friends, who are stunned by the intelligence, and cannot comprehend how the disaster has happened. It turns out that early in the case asthenic symptoms showed themselves, and that the poor gentleman sank swiftly despite everything that could be done for him. Nor is such a history unknown among the medical profession. Several rude shocks of this kind have occurred within recent years. Two especially suggest themselves in conspicuous men, hospital physicians, and writers of eminence. First they were ill, but nothing sinister was apprehended. Then an asthenic type of disease was recognised of an erysipelatous character; a sense of apprehension was suddenly experienced, not without good and valid reason; and soon it was whispered that they were sinking, and the fears were quickly realised. Both had been systematically overworking themselves, trusting no

sudden demand would come. It did come in each case in the form of blood-poisoning; and then the real condition was revealed, and the sufferers quickly sank. These medical men both succumbed to the onslaught of an acute condition against which they would, in all probability, have successfully struggled, had not both been physiologically bankrupt. Overwork, systematic and persistent, for good and praiseworthy objects, had sapped the powers in each case.

"Nature knows nothing of extenuating circumstances." Physiological bankruptcy is a physical fact which is in no way a matter of ethics. Whether a man is exhausted by labour of the most laudable character, or by a persistent course of drunkenness and debauchery, matters nothing as regards the conditions of physiological bankruptcy with its train of dangers. Indeed such conditions are commonly associated with most praiseworthy efforts. But Nature is pitiless! It is a sad and sorrowful reflection that motives can exercise no influence, put in no plea of extenuating circumstances, when disease has laid its fell hand upon the organism; and the scythe of death is including in its merciless sweep the hard-working husband, the self-denying widow's son, the loving father struggling hard to win a competency, and provide for his growing offspring.

Work then is healthful; but overwork is destructive. It now remains to describe the effects of overwork: first, physical overwork; then mental overwork.

Physical overwork is common, and met in a variety of forms. It may be the result of toil, in order to make a living, to provide for wife and children; or it may be the result of self-imposed exertion, as in amateur rowers or runners and athletics of all sorts. It matters not what the motive for exertion; if sufficiently severe and long sustained it will work its effects in time. Stealthily, unperceived, nay, unsuspected, the ruin is being accomplished. But not always in the same way, nor by identical means. In one case there is a general impairment of the health, a diminution of the physiological capital, only revealed by the collapse of the powers before the impact of some acute disease, as congestion of the lungs, pneumonia, or it may be bronchitis, especially in elderly persons. Disease of the respiratory organs always tests the powers very severely. Bronchitis is comparatively free from danger, except at the extremes of life (when it is always serious), or in the invalid, or in persons with impaired powers. The embarrassed respiration requires extensive and sustained efforts to maintain life, and any cessation of the breathing for a few minutes is followed by death. It is a hard, cruel way of torturing a healthy man to artificially embarrass his breathing, as the pitiless Spanish Inquisitor well knew; but when the constitution is broken or undermined then the effort soon exhausts the powers. I have been told by eminent medical men from the United States that pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) is especially dreaded among their overworked population living continuously at high pressure. It is also a common cause of death amidst the worn-out inmates of infirmaries and sick-asylums. The decayed organisms which drift into these refuges are the social failures, the waste products of our social workshop; and their decadence is quickly manifested when disease of the respiratory organs fastens upon them. Decay has been instituted before death. They are literally worn out, while still alive!

Overwork may manifest itself in a totally different manner. It is a notorious fact that severe effort is liable to produce inflammation of the valves of the heart. Strain, as a cause of much disease of the circulatory apparatus, is now universally recognised. Some years ago a discussion took place in the public press as to the amount of heart disease among the crews of the University eights, past and present. The outcome of this discussion was such as rather to encourage rowing; for the crews seemed as a body to be very hale individuals. But then it must be remembered that these crews consist of picked men, very carefully selected; men who are as sound as any men in the world. It is when strain is thrown upon men chosen promiscuously as workmen are that the results are so different. Workmen choose an occupation because of some attraction for them, or because they must work at something, to make a livelihood, without regard to special fitness. See the bargeman labouring with his sweeps to propel or guide his lumbering, awkward craft on the Thames. For a time, during the ebb or flow of the tide, as the case may be, his efforts are veritable strains; from his feet which are fixed, to his shoulders from which the arms pull on the oars. For six hours at a spell this general strain is maintained. A certain form of valvular disease of the heart, well recognised as constantly linked with strain, is notoriously common with these men. Go into a foundry and see the men wielding the "big" hammer, "strikers" as they are called in the trade. During the time the red-hot

iron is upon the anvil, the efforts of these men are most violent. Examine them at the end of a "heat," as it is technically termed, and they are found to be bedewed with perspiration, blowing like a greyhound after a course, their hearts beating violently. They are very liable to the same form of inflammation of the heart's valves (aortic) as are the bargemen. It occurs in men given to violent effort in other occupations. Even one of these aortic valves may be actually torn down by violent effort. Overwork is, then, a common cause of grave organic disease of the heart. All men who work at occupations entailing violent effort, certainly do not perish from such disease of the heart. But that a very large proportion unfortunately do so perish is a well-recognised fact in medicine.

Before the introduction of the Half-time Act the growing population of our industrial hives was notoriously deformed. Things are somewhat better now; but still the manufacturing population, along the back-bone of England, is seriously deteriorated as compared with the rural population of the English agricultural counties. In the black country and in the potteries the same degeneracy can be seen. True it is that improper food in infancy, the vices of manhood before growth is complete, are not without effect in the production of these deplorable results. Still, early toil beyond the powers has a great deal to answer for in the production of this degeneracy.

The consumption of ardent alcoholic drinks by such populations is notorious. The monotony of their labour is answerable to some extent for the craving after alcoholic stimulants; that must not be overlooked. But it is not the complete or full answer to the question—Why do these town-populations crave after spirits? Beer is the drink *par excellence* of rustics, of the inhabitants of small towns, and even of the Cockney who follows light pursuits. Liebig has something to say on this subject well worthy of deep consideration. "The use of spirits is not the cause but an effect of poverty. It is an exception from the rule when a well-fed man becomes a spirit drinker. On the other hand, when the labourer earns by his work less than is required to provide the amount of food which is indispensable in order to restore fully his working power, an unyielding, inexorable law or necessity compels him to have recourse to spirits. He must work; but in consequence of insufficient food, a certain portion of his working power is daily wanting. Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up the deficient power *at the expense of his body*, to consume to-day that quantity which ought naturally to have been employed a day later." His physiological capital is clearly being exhausted; and it is no wonder that, under such circumstances, he dies comparatively early, and certainly prematurely. Not only is such a plan essentially and radically bad, but alcohol is a terribly dear form of food. Alcohol in such concentrated form is a potent aid to the already existing tendency to tissue-degeneration. When overwork calls in alcohol to its help the unholy alliance quickly works the most disastrous results, and brings the organism swiftly to general decay. Even when the evil results of the deadly combination are not so marked, general deterioration is manifest in impaired power of labour, in inferior work, in lessened hours of toil. The tendency is to saunter away working hours in the ale-house; partly because work is found so irksome that it is pleasant to do nothing—perhaps worse than nothing; partly because the capacity to labour has been undermined. Of course here again there is not uniformity; one organism yields more readily than another. Toil and alcohol, and sometimes the alcohol with very little toil, soon reduce one man to the condition of a social pariah; while in another case a hale old man will be found who works hard every day—"never misses any time," his fellow-workmen say—yet who drinks daily an amount of spirits which would soon tell sorely on an average person. But such a case does not militate against the general soundness of the statement that overwork, combined with alcohol, is a sure and certain road to body-ruin.

Now, it is time to consider mental overwork, a matter manifesting a rapid growth at the present time. Already the subject of holidays and of more prolonged periods of rest has been spoken of in relation to the high-pressure existence in recent times. In the present eager struggle for existence, still more in the ambitious race for pre-eminence, overwork is manifesting itself on all sides, and in all positions in life. Overstudy is telling upon our students in this crazy age of examinations, when every young person has to be a perambulating encyclopædia; no matter what the state of the physique when the educational course has terminated. The number of cases of self-destruction from anxiety and nervousness among young men preparing for modern examinations is appalling. Of old the young man who had "overstudied" was a weak-minded youth, whose brain broke down before an ordinary com-

mon place educational course, easily surmounted by an average intellect. Now it is no uncommon thing to know young men who complain that they no longer feel an interest in their work, and that they cannot remember what they read; that their sleep is broken, and that they no longer possess the power of self-control they once enjoyed. When such loss of self-control is found along with periods of deep depression, then the temptation to suicide may become irresistible. Such breakdowns after a more or less brilliant scholastic career are unfortunately now no uncommon event. Indeed it may be laid down as a broad rule for the guidance of youthful students that so soon as the interest in their studies flags, or the memory is becoming less retentive, they are distinctly overworking. In athletics the terms used are to "train on," and to "train off." To "train on" indicates growing power and increasing fitness for exertion; in other words, "improvement." To "train off" signifies waning power, or "falling off" in capacity. So long then as study carries with it waxing capacity, it is "work;" when, on the other hand, the student feels "training off," then the boundary has been passed and the domain of "overwork" entered. Still more urgent does the case become when, along with a sense of waning power, the sleep is broken and unrefreshing, or the digestion is upset. The danger-signals have, indeed, been run through, in railway phraseology, when these things are experienced. Such are the usual phenomena of overwork, manifested along with symptoms peculiar to each case.

Very frequently great irritability of temper is exhibited, which is merely a form of the loss of self-control just spoken of. It is very trying to the individual who is quite aware of it. This and the consciousness of impaired brain power are commonly found together. Da Costa, the eminent physician of Philadelphia, thus describes this condition at an early stage—"Its manifestations are a slight deterioration of memory and an inability to read or write, save for a very short period, although the power of thought and judgment is by no means perverted. Nor is the power of attention more than enfeebled; the sick man is fully capable of giving heed to any subject, but he soon tires of it, and is obliged from very fatigue to desist." This is brief and succinct. The condition is one of failing power, and is often surmised to be the commencement of the condition commonly spoken of as "softening of the brain." Betwixt the symptoms of brain-exhaustion and those of the early stage of the actual organic change there is little to discriminate; and possibly the one, if neglected, may run on into the other.

Failure of the intellectual powers, when accompanied by a condition of sleeplessness, is a sufficiently serious matter to cause the sufferer therefrom to consult his medical man; and this he always certainly should do before resorting to the deadly chloral. When chloral hydrate was announced with a flourish of trumpets as a perfectly innocuous narcotic, the sleepless folk hailed its advent with eager acclamation. But a little experience soon demonstrated that the innocuous, harmless drug was far from the boon it was proclaimed! In fact, the impression of its harmlessness was the outcome of ignorance, and not of knowledge of its properties. That it brings sleep with it, is true, especially at first. But the poisoned chalice carries with it a whole train of evil consequences. The mind is further enfeebled by its use; the condition of sleeplessness becomes more pronounced, as a part of the increased irritability; the individual feels worse and weaker, further and further emasculated by resort to the enervating drug, to which he is fast becoming a slave. Death after death among medical men themselves, as well as non-professional persons, have already resulted from the use, or rather misuse, of this narcotic agent; which is a valuable and potent medicine when used in its appropriate place and with proper precautions. Nor are these remarks on chloral hydrate out of place here. Sleeplessness is so marked a symptom of brain exhaustion and is now so common; and resort to chloral for its relief so universal, that these words of warning are absolutely called for at the present time.

Over and beyond this exhaustion of the nervous system induced by overwork, there is the failure of the digestive and assimilative organs so often found accompanying it. The effects of mental toil or anxiety upon the digestion have long been known to physiologists and physicians, especially from the writings of Prof. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.; but there is not as yet any general familiarity therewith on the part of the public, who are liable to suffer therefrom. The consequence of this is that the mental condition is further aggravated. The brain is ill-fed, from impaired assimilation and a deficiency in the normal products of digestion. Beyond this, it is positively poisoned by the abnormal products formed by the deteriorated digestive organs. Between the two a condition of intense misery is established, until the patient is weary of life.

The spectre of brain-softening is ever at hand ready to present itself whenever the sense of depression is keen. The consciousness of present disablement is deepened by apprehension of coming evil. Between the two the patient is weary of life; and not rarely voluntarily puts an end to it.

It is not merely the effect of overwork telling upon the physique which we at present have to dread. A more serious and widespread evil is the impairment of the mental powers induced by overwork, or worry, which is even more destructive; especially when it is associated with the loss of sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," and with deterioration and perversion of the digestive organs, in consequence of which the body is at once ill-fed and poisoned. Such a complex condition is now becoming established, with every prospect of further spread, unless the public themselves can be induced to take the matter in hand in good earnest. To conceal the condition from one's self even, and to seek relief by secret resort to chloral, are the means at present largely pursued; and disasters overhang them, like vultures over a retreating army. Some acquaintance with the reality of the condition is essential to the adoption of wiser measures. The reader must know that what is written here is no alarmist or sensational picture of "overwork" as it actually exists among us.

IN THE FOREST.

THE wind had gone with the day,
And the moon was in the sky,
As I walked last night, by a lonely way,
To a lonely path in the forest grey,
That we loved, my love and I.

They said, "She had gone to her home
In a land that I did not know."
And the winds were still, and the woods were dumb,
But I knew that she could not choose but come
To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,
And she came and met me there,
And I felt once more the swift blood burn
Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern
And a whisper stirr'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed
She passed, and never a trace,
Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,
And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed
For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,
And I cried in my weary pain,
"Is there—away in the unknown lands,
A heaven, where Time reverts his sands
And the past returns again?"

S. REID.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

I.—LAMENNAIS.

"SOCIALISM," said a writer in GOOD WORDS in 1875, "is a word which, to many persons, has an alarming sound, and which has undoubtedly been associated at different times with some ugly practices. Yet in itself the term would seem to imply only a laudable desire for an improved organization of society; it is necessary to remember that there is a healthy as well as an unhealthy way in which the object may be sought."

It is in this better sense of giving expression, either in theory or in practice, to social

ideals, that "Christian Socialists," past and present, have endeavoured to improve society on religious principles. Readily recognising existing social grievances, they try to find a remedy for them in the adjustment of social relations on a Christian basis. Whilst admitting that the existing state of things is not all that it ought to be, they differ widely from other socialists as to the methods to be adopted with a view to improve society. Their type of social union is not a "Society of Equals," which simply secures to each member an equal amount of material enjoyment, but the social idea of the New Testament, where "Christ's Kingdom" is represented as "a true brotherhood founded on devotion and self-sacrifice." Christian Socialists take note of the *duties* as well as the *rights* of individuals. Accordingly, in their endeavour to realise a higher social ideal, their chief aim is to reconcile, by means of mutual concessions, existing class-differences, rather than forcibly to remove them; to reform social abuses in reforming individual character, rather than to reconstruct society on an entirely new basis; to reunite the scattered social units, each pursuing its own selfish ends, by a common faith and hope in a common effort, rather than by a new social mechanism—a new "organization of labour." In short, they trust more to the effects of internal change of character and the moral influences of the Christian idea, than the external pressure of social institutions, limiting the voluntary action of individuals. Their methods, therefore, are constructive rather than destructive, guiding rather than governmental, and in most cases theoretical rather than experimental.

In these papers we are only concerned with Modern Christian Socialists in the three foremost countries of Western Europe, and among these France occupies the first place, as to time, in the history of the movement. Here we naturally turn to Lamennais as the principal figure in that small band, of whom Buchez, Périn, Lamartine, and, for a short time, Lacordaire and Montalembert, were the most prominent representatives.

Hugues Félicité Robert de Lamennais, afterwards known as le père Lamennais, was the son of a well-connected shipbuilder of St. Malo. Brought up chiefly in the library of an eccentric uncle of rather sceptical tendencies, he became acquainted, early in life, with Voltairian views on religious subjects, and Roussean's theories of society. Having lost his mother when he was seven, those who influenced him most for good were his aunt and elder brother, both of whom were noted devotees. Born with the religious instinct of the Breton, and inclined by natural disposition to contemplative and retiring habits, the young Félí, as Lamennais was called in the home circle, bethought himself early to embrace the religious life. Still, for a long time, from over-conscientious doubts and scruples as to his faith and fitness for the office, he delayed taking Orders.

An early incident in his child-life appears to have given a peculiar bent to his character, and to have powerfully influenced his conduct in the successive phases of his eventful career. In 1793, when he was eleven years old, a scene was transacted before his eyes which must have been a by no means uncommon occurrence, during that period of revolutionary frenzy, when the churches were closed, the clergy a proscribed order, and the assembling of the faithful for Divine worship attended by imminent danger. One evening a priest, the venerable Abbé Viel, entered the paternal mansion in disguise, to celebrate private mass at midnight, whilst an aged servant watched without to prevent surprise and discovery. A table, with two lighted candles, served as an altar. The priest, assisted by Lamennais' brother, performed the ceremony. All prayed fervently, and, after pronouncing the blessing, before daybreak, the worthy man took his departure. This scene was so deeply impressed on Lamennais' mind, that he could never allude to it without deep emotion. It, no doubt, from an early age, coloured his views of men and things, and, to some extent, accounts for that exaggerated dread of persecution and oppression which haunted him throughout life, and often made him see dangers and enemies to freedom which only existed in his fertile imagination. The misfortunes and ruin of his house, caused by revolutionary tyranny, stimulated an innate tendency to moroseness and misanthropy, and produced in his writings what has been aptly called an eloquent hatred —*haine eloquente*—against all governments resting on force. With a highly sensitive organism and the restless excitability of a melancholy temperament, Lamennais combined in his character a haughty obstinacy, and polemical aggressiveness, which made him the earnest and eager advocate of any cause he took up; it also produced those sudden transitions from one mode of thought to another, which arose not from weakness or fickleness of character, but from the very intensity of his new convictions. The stirring times in which he lived, moreover, had a disturbing effect on

a naturally impetuous temperament, and each of the revolutionary waves which passed over France during his lifetime, left their impression on his susceptible nature. In their reflex action they, in turn, became the cause of social agitation in Lamennais, as the impatient leader of public opinion in a restless age.

Perhaps no better key to Lamennais' character could be given, than the picture of the man himself as drawn by one of his contemporary admirers, a lady famous for her power of delineating human character. George Sand speaks of the "austere and terrible face of the great La Mennais," with his brow like that of an unbroken wall, "a brass tablet —the seal of indomitable vigour" upon it. She compares the stiff and rigid inclination of his profile and the angular narrowness of his face with his inflexible probity, hermit-like austerity and incessant toil of thought, ardent and vast as heaven. But, she adds, "the smile which comes suddenly to humanise this countenance changes my terror into confidence, my respect into admiration."

We note three distinct epochs in Lamennais' personal development and public career, which may be called the Reactionary, the Reformatory, and the Revolutionary periods. They correspond to three contemporary events in the history of modern France. Lamennais became successively the warm defender of the Restoration, and of the Reactionary Government in Church and State; the champion of Church liberty under Louis Philippe; and lastly the advocate of the popular sovereignty, when he had become an irreconcilable republican in politics, and a radical, as we should say now, in social philosophy and religion.

Like his celebrated neighbour Chateaubriand, Lamennais shared the religious enthusiasm of young Frenchmen of the period, and became a Royalist and Ultramontanist, the uncompromising opponent of the Napoleonic idea and of the fervid atheism of the Revolutionary era. One of his earliest literary efforts is a tract on the relation of Church and State, conceived in this spirit (1811). Three or four years later a pamphlet written in the seminary of St. Malo against Napoleon sent him into exile to England, where he found shelter under the hospitable roof of his friend and tutor, the Abbé Carron. Here he remained till 1816.

On his return to France, and after a short stay in the seminary of St. Sulpice, apparently engaged in tuition and self-culture, he gave to the world the outcome of his reflections in the famous Essay on Indifference in Religious Matters, the first volume of which appeared in 1817. It created an immense sensation. In it the reactionary tendency of the Restoration period appears to the greatest advantage. The authority of Throne and Altar are maintained in opposition to the growth of excessive individualism; and here, too, Lamennais struck the keynote, so to speak, to most of his subsequent writings on the regeneration of society by the power of Christianity and the Christian Church. Here Lamennais condemns the growing indifference to moral distinctions and religious beliefs of men engaged in the selfish struggle for existence, and the practical denial of rights and duties in the race for wealth as a means of sensuous self-indulgence. Running to the opposite extreme, and confounding Christianity with the Papacy, Lamennais proceeds to make the Roman Pontiff the keystone of society. His principle is as concise as it is comprehensive: "Without Pope there can be no Church, without Church no Christianity, without Christianity no religion, without religion no society." But then, like De Maistre, Lamennais tried to present Christian dogma as the Divine expression of the general laws of the universe. In his view the voice of the Pope is the voice of the people, which is the voice of God. Hence the Church must become a more vigorous organizing power in society, and "rise up strong enough to renew the face of society, to breathe life into the old corpse of the world."

In thus claiming for the Church the right of social reconstruction on the ground that her infallible voice only re-echoes the common reason of the race, Lamennais unconsciously became the advocate of an alliance between Papal supremacy and the sovereignty of the people. He thus became the inaugurator of a policy for which the timid though astute ecclesiastics of that day were not yet quite prepared, for it amounted to a concordat between Rome and Democracy, and is tantamount to the clerical conservative radicalism of our own day.

The claims put forward in this work with much brilliancy and force gained at first for Lamennais the distinguished title of the "New Bossuet." Soon, however, it aroused the suspicions of the orthodox clerical mind in France and the jealousy of the Jesuits at the Roman Court. Lamennais, alarmed at the effect certain misrepresentations might produce on the Holy Father, hastened to Rome in 1824. He was received with open

arms at the Vatican. Leo XII., it was said at the time, even offered him the Cardinal's hat. There can be no doubt, however, that Lamennais left Rome not only reassured, but encouraged to devote the remainder of his life to the cause he had taken in hand. Neither the flattering friendship of the Pope nor the prospect of a distinguished ecclesiastical career could detain him in Italy. Lamennais returned to the sombre woods of his Breton retreat, watching with interest the social and political movements which were preparing for the Revolution of July 1830. He was engaged at the same time in a translation of Thomas à Kempis and in controversial writing against the Gallican clergy.

The Revolution came as Lamennais had predicted, and with the rise of the "Bourgeoisie" into power under the Citizen King growls of discontent rose from the masses, who demanded a larger share in the distribution of national wealth as well as the extension of civil rights in the government of the country. It was the age of Utopias, the golden age of French Socialism, and no wonder that the popular ferment and the unbounded hopes of social amelioration among all classes reacted on the minds of religious philanthropists like Lamennais. He thought that now at last the hour had struck for social regeneration through the power of the Divine word. The enthusiasm of the young men who had with him joined the religious reaction of former days was now to be diverted into a different channel. Then, rising poets like Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset had sung the praises of the restoration. Under the new régime all this was changed. Something like the modern *Culturkampf* in Germany threatened to destroy the amicable relations between Church and State. A small group of men, with Lamennais for their leader, rose up to defend the liberties of the Church against the encroachments of an ostensibly anti-clerical government. They established *L'Avenir*, as the organ of their party and announced their work to be at once "catholic and national." Their aim was to liberalise the Church in order to catholicise the liberal State. They were determined to fight liberalism with its own weapons. Hence they demand. Non-intervention of the civil authority in religious matters with the suppression of State salaries paid to the clergy; freedom of education; the right of association and popular elections; an unfettered press, and liberty of conscience. They formed "*L'Agence Générale pour la Défence de la Liberté Religieuse*," a society having the same objects in view which the English Church Union, the Church Defence Society, and the Christian Socialists following Maurice, all taken together, represent in this country.

Henceforth Lamennais occupied the position mainly of a social reformer, similar to that taken up formerly by Dr. Chalmers in Scoland, as claimant for Church liberty and the "rights of labour" from a Christian point of view. Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Ozenam, together with Lamennais and a small but select band of volunteers, endeavoured to give effect to these principles. But the opposition was too strong for them. Lamennais found himself in the same predicament as Fénélon had done in the previous century, though for dissimilar reasons. The attitude of the Pope in both cases was antagonistic for State reasons; their doctrines were pronounced dangerous, because Rome wished to be at peace with the ruling powers in France. Lamennais, however, had not Fénélon's gentle spirit of patient acquiescence. When his clients in the Holy City, frightened by his too vehement defence of Ultramontanism, stood aloof, leaving him to fight their battles against the Government unassisted, Lamennais, enraged at the fear and feebleness of the rulers in the Church, who, as he thought, bargained away faith and freedom for pomp and power, exclaims, "I will show you what a priest can do." But he could do very little, because he was *only* a priest, and as such utterly powerless.

Leo XII., Lamennais' protector, was now dead, and the new pope, Gregory XVI., was less eager than his predecessor to shield the non-accredited champion of the Papacy. The publication of *L'Avenir* was suspended, after thirteen months' existence, and the fact is announced in the following words:—

"If we retire for a moment, it is not through weariness, still less through failing of heart; it is to go, as formerly did the soldiers of Israel, to consult the Lord in Shiloh. Doubts have been thrown on our faith, and even our intentions, for in these times what is not attacked? We leave for a moment the battle-field to fulfil another duty equally urgent. The traveller's staff in our hand, we take our way towards the Eternal City."

The reception at Rome was very different from that which he had met with eight years before. Diplomatic notes from several European courts had warned the Pope against the pernicious revolutionary theories of the pilgrims. They were scarcely admitted into the presence of the Holy Father, and only on condition that no allusion should be made to the business which brought them

to Rome. Lamennais' ardent and fearless nature was repelled by the temporising, circuitous, back-stair policy of the Curia, its wordliness, and its cowardice. Week after week he waited in vain for a decision, and at last, wearied with endless delays, he left the city of the Tiber—a disappointed man. Montalembert accompanied his friend, and they met Lacordaire at München. It was there, at a repast provided by distinguished writers and artists of the city for the three distinguished friends, that a messenger of the Nuncio presented Lamennais with the Pope's Encyclical letter, dated August 15th, 1832. A glance told him that it was unfavourable. Without further examination he said in a low voice "I have just received an Encyclical of the Pope against us; we must not hesitate, but submit." On his return home he drew up the act of submission, which satisfied the Pope. Another and more stringent form of declaration was extorted from Lamennais in the course of the following year. He agreed to it, with some reservations, for the sake of peace; but its effect on his own mind was damaging to the cause of Rome. He arrived at the sad conviction that he had mistaken the principles of the Catholic Church, that his attempt to reconcile the cause of humanity with that of Rome had proved a complete failure. With the knowledge and at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Paris he gives in a simple, unconditioned adhesion to the Pope's Encyclical in all matters spiritual, but reserves to himself the right of doing his duty to his country and humanity. Henceforth the full vigour of Lamennais' mind is given to the popular cause.

The renewal of society was still to be accomplished by religious agency. Speaking of the abject egotism and excessive individualism of the time, and of the duty of self-denial for the common good, in a letter dated 1836, he says truly enough what F. D. Maurice said independently twelve years later, "Be very sure of this, that no human creature will be found saying sincerely our *brothers* who are on earth, unless they have said previously 'our *Father* which art in heaven.'" But Rome no longer satisfied his spiritual cravings, and in anger and in sorrow he bade farewell to the religious system he had defended so warmly and so ably.

This brings us to the third and last stage of Lamennais' mental development, marked by the appearance of his most popular work, "Les Paroles d'un Croyant" (1834). It is the product of the age as well as of the man, and is impregnated with the political aspirations and socialistic ideas of the time. In it for the first time Lamennais appears as the exponent of militant Christian socialism. In his solitary walks under the Druidical oaks of La Chenaie he feels, so to speak, the palpitations of the human heart all over the civilised world. He cannot refrain from uttering his prophetic warnings and exhortations. An English Quarterly reviewer of the time remarks that the work in question exhibits a "monstrous alliance between a false Christianity and a real Jacobinism," and calls Lamennais "a priest in a bonnet rouge." The work itself he styles "a silly and profane rhapsody;" but we are not told why the "infamous volume" passed rapidly through fifteen editions, and was received all over the Continent in various translations with universal rapture.

The fact is, the volume enjoyed this unprecedented popularity because it expressed a wide-spread feeling of the times; that the world was out of joint; that a new order of things had become necessary; that the professed principles of Christian morality would have to replace the all-prevailing rule of selfishness in the industrial world, so as to avert a social revolution as the result of class-antagonisms provoking civil war.

To organize labour on the principle of fraternal association was now the dream of philanthropists; to substitute self-sacrifice for self-seeking as the ruling motive of human activity, and to remove the evils of competition by encouraging friendly co-operation, became now the aim of all. Like Carlyle, in the Essay on Chartism, and in his Latter-day Pamphlets, social reformers in France watched with pain and sorrow the "living chaos of ignorance and hunger" in the lower strata of society. For this reason Buchez, President of the National Assembly and a disciple of St. Simon, made attempts to establish associations with a common fund from 1828 to 1848, and apparently with some success. Socialists like St. Simon in his "Nouveau Christianisme," and philosophers like Comte, the friend both of St. Simon and Lamennais (for a time at least), humanitarians and orthodox Churchmen, all felt that some form of religious self-forgetfulness could alone save society. For this the frigid systems of the economic theorists had no prescription, and the philanthropist at best could but offer paltry palliatives. It was felt, in short, that in the feverish condition of the social organism, the calming and soothing influences of Divine remedies were needed. According to Lamennais it is the absence of faith and

love, and of the love of justice which causes the suffering and deprivations of the many to satisfy the extravagant demands of the few. If the weak will only unite in brotherly love, this feeling of solidarity will be the safeguard against the tyranny of the strong. On the other hand, "if you separate," he says, "each only considering himself, you have nothing to expect but suffering, misfortune, and oppression."

It has been said that in the name of religion Lamennais became almost the prophet of social rebellion. It would be more correct to say that what he aimed at was to spiritualise democracy as he had previously tried to Christianise liberalism and to Romanise the society of the Restoration period. The Pope called "Les Paroles" "a work of immense perversity," but the people of Europe received it with joy. The fiery language of the book, its "poetical pictures in Biblical prose," rendered it extremely popular in form. The relief it afforded Lamennais in thus unburdening his soul, and its unexpected success, produced a feeling of joyous placidity such as Lamennais had rarely enjoyed. At this season he speaks calmly of his enforced solitude and the sweet monotony of his retreat, far away from great iniquities, turpitudes, and crimes, breathing at ease, walking, reading, and working to fill up vacant hours. "The song of birds, the hum of insects, the noise of the wind passing through the foliage, the moon peeping through the branches of ancient oaks, the passing clouds at even, all this has a wonderful restorative power for the troubles of the mind. Thus I have never been able to understand why so few people like to live with nature alone."

But this temporary lull did not last very long. His mind was too eager, and the march of events too rapid, for Lamennais to enjoy a restful, contemplative life in communion with nature. As his brother said of him, "repose is impossible to him, God has made him a soldier." This pugnacious temperament, now that he had become the people's advocate, makes him attack society, and chiefly that section of it for which St. Simon had lately coined a new name, the "Bourgeoisie," or moneyed middle-class, regarded ever since by all socialists with mingled aversion and contempt. "Le Livre du Peuple," published in 1837, and "L'Esclavage Moderne," published three years later, are all full of it. "In passing through the earth," Lamennais begins the opening chapter of the former work, "as we all do, transitory passengers of the hour, I heard awful groanings. I opened mine eyes and saw unheard-of sufferings without number. Pale, sick, failing, covered with the garments of mourning, stained here and there with blood, Humanity rose before me, and I asked myself: 'Is that man as God has made him?' And my heart was deeply moved, and this doubt filled me with anguish." His doubts are allayed, and he shows how human ignorance and passion are the main causes of suffering. Unlike some other "true demagogues," Lamennais speaks not only of rights, but also of duties. He reminds the poor that they must be up and doing to remove the weight of evils under which they are groaning; that they have themselves to blame if the burden is to be borne by their children through their own ignorance, neglect, egotism, and cowardice. After the manner of most socialists, he attributes all the evils to a vicious arrangement of the social order, brought about by the selfishness of the ruling classes.

The new era which he pictures is to be brought about by the spiritual forces of the Christian Religion, as "l'énergie organisatrice" in the harmonious development of society. "When you shall have succeeded in giving to your organization the Christian equality of rights, the regeneration (of society) intended by you, and which God commands you to aspire after, will be accomplished of its own accord in those three inseparable branches, the mental, moral, and material order of things."

Like most enthusiasts who have written on social life, Lamennais has been more successful in describing social evils and laying down general principles of social improvement than in the way of giving hints for practical experiment. In social politics Lamennais was a failure. Often allied by force of circumstances to men of inferior mark he wasted much of his genius and power in journalism and pamphleteering, a task for which he was but imperfectly equipped by previous habits and training. But what he did he did with energy and to the best of his abilities, though at times even in the face of humiliating defeats. Thus in the same year which saw the publication of "Le Livre du Peuple," he also takes the editorship of the "Monde," which he conducted for three months. Some of the articles which appeared then were published in a separate form under the heading "Le Pays et le Gouvernement," which led to a lawsuit, condemnation, and a year's imprisonment in St. Pelagie. Here another little volume was written conceived in the same spirit, "Une Voix de Prison," giving expres-

sion to the complaints and aspirations of the Proletariat.

In 1848 Lamennais' long-cherished wish to represent "the people" in the council of the nation was fulfilled at last: he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. Here his peculiar deficiencies which had stood in the way of success before, impeded his movements once more. An admirable poet, following the inspiration of his severe and irritated muse, Lamennais could rouse the passions and set a popular movement going, but he did not possess the calm and cautious *savoir faire* of the practical politician, nor the circumspect deliberation of the discriminating philosopher to guide and direct men and events. As M. Rénan remarks, referring to this grave fault in his character, Lamennais is inexplicable unless it be acknowledged that a man may be at the same time a superior artist, a mediocre philosopher, and an incensed politician.

The quick irritability of genius is little calculated to fit a man for co-operation with ordinary men of the world, dealing with public measures on common-sense principles in a calculating spirit. With the quickness of an eager mind Lamennais detected too readily motives and gave utterance too rashly to harsh criticisms, which offended and estranged the men with whom he worked. He is too much like one of the knights of the Middle Ages, or like one of those austere anchorites of an earlier period, who imagined themselves constantly assailed by lurking enemies and Satanic powers which they are sent to combat, and thus he strikes right and left without fear and without mercy, and still more often without discrimination. If he roused profound sympathies he also provoked implacable hatreds, and thus injured the cause he advocated in losing one after another of his supporters. He failed as soon as he descended from the rostrum to enter the arena of constructive legislation. Even the mob found it hard to recognise in this modern John the Baptist, with his haughty airs of spiritual exclusiveness, their true leader. When his proposals did not meet with that complete acquiescence which he demanded as a right, he turned away from his democratic coadjutors as before he had done from the ecclesiastical superiors, dissatisfied and disappointed.

The *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. silenced Lamennais' voice as a popular agitator. Henceforth in the solitude of his retirement he sought the consolations of philosophy and religious contemplation. He endeavoured to drown the bitter recollections of those stormy and sterile Parliamentary discussions in speculative inquiries. The result of these labours is the unfinished work of his latter days, "L'Esquisse d'une Philosophie." As old age crept upon him the soothing effects of time softened the asperities of his irritable temperament. A serene calm succeeded, during which Lamennais turned to more congenial studies, the translation of the New Testament, portions of which had appeared already in 1846, and the study of Dante's Divine Comedy. It was whilst engaged on an introduction to the latter that he was struck with the fatal disease from which he never recovered.

The principles which helped him to bear the burden of life, and to deliver himself of the task assigned him, may be gathered from the following letter to a young man, who had confided to him, the story of his own sufferings:

"And you, too," he writes, "mingle your own voice with the solemn voice of nature which is heard across the centuries like one long funereal lamentation. You have suffered much, you still suffer much, as all human beings suffer in body and in soul, not only sufferings which bear a name of their own, but also that unknown something which all of us carry about us within ourselves; and this is life, and the beauty and grandeur, the ineffable grandeur of life. For are we to be satisfied with that hungering after something which seems to devour us daily and yet without being able to be satisfied, that which fills the short space between the cradle and the grave? Oh, no, no! A beneficent power compels us to soar higher. Sometimes, however, seduced by airy illusions and the inexperience of youth, we persuade ourselves that this good so much desired is close by our side, that we can take hold of it, that we have seized it already; then, all of a sudden, as Pascal says, it escapes our grasp, and sadly we acknowledge that it was only a shadow. Then the deceived heart is troubled, and worn out with the bitterness of its grief. Because the image of the trembling star has disappeared in the flood beneath, which for a moment reflected it, we cease to believe the existence of the star itself. Lift up your eyes, my dear child, you will find it risen a little higher. It would be reasonable, all the same, to inquire whether there be some object in our existence, and what it is. This end certainly is not the individual self in each case, as the centre of all things; for each individuality cannot be that. But every one of us to be what he ought to be must propose to himself, in everything he does or desires, another object outside himself: and thus at once *duty* presents itself rising above life and illuminating it with a new light, it fills it with joys, severe undoubtedly, but profound, too, and inexhaustible."

The malady which first compelled Lamennais to take his bed on the 16th January, 1854, had now made rapid progress. The end was at hand, and found Lamennais ready, calm, collected, and consistent. To the last he repelled firmly some friendly, but injudicious attempts, to reconcile him to the Church. This was

the only irritant disturbing the quiet ebbing away of life. After forty-three days of suffering, supported with stoical resignation, and mostly spent in cheerful conversation with the few friends who gathered round his bedside, Lamennais expired in full possession of his intellectual powers, and unswerving in his convictions to the last moment.

His whole mind, we are told, during his illness, was absorbed in thoughts on God. The night before his death he had, as it were, a vision of beatitude, of which he speaks to Barbet: "These were happy moments!" The instructions of his will were: "I wish to be buried among the poor, and like the poor—nothing shall be placed on my grave, not even a simple stone; my body shall be carried direct to the cemetery, without being presented in a church previous to burial." His injunctions were strictly obeyed. On the last day of February his funeral passed through the streets of Paris. Crowds of people, whom the Imperial police were sent to disperse, if necessary, watched the mournful procession. They showed their profound respect by uncovering their heads as the last remains of the tribune of the people were carried to their resting-place.

What has been the result of Lamennais' work as a Christian Socialist, in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the people of France? Of direct results of a positive kind there are none. His was rather the imperious and aggressive temper of the iconoclast, who lays bare the faults and falsities of existing systems, than the calm, constructive energy of the practical reformer. The vehement thoroughness of the man, however, produced a powerful and lasting effect on others, especially the young men of his own time, and since, in stirring them up to activity in the cause of social reform. Lamennais, moreover, succeeded in popularising the ideas of the Neo-catholic Socialists in France, as Charles Kingsley was instrumental in disseminating the theories of Maurice and the Christian Socialists in this country.

Thus Lamennais may be said to have brought about, indirectly, a *rapprochement* between the Church and the working classes, as indeed the principles of the "Agence Catholique" have virtually, if not always officially, been adopted since by the Romish Church. At all events it is Lamennais' merit to have emphasised, with all the fervid earnestness of his strong nature, the important truth that religious convictions and enthusiasm are the most powerful elements of social progress. Others have taken up the work where Lamennais left it, though not always in Lamennais' spirit. Still, the guiding principle of his life, of making religion the great regenerating power in society, has been adopted, in one form or another, by a considerable number of young and able writers, whose works must ultimately influence the course of social reform.

Whatever may be the faults of Lamennais' style, declamatory as the occasion required, and vehement because the writer felt so intensely, and endeavoured to excite passion and pity in an age indifferent to the sorrows and suffering of the masses; whatever may be the errors of judgment in the course of his public career, arising from his limited knowledge of human nature and the principles which govern conduct in average men, we cannot help admiring the sustained force of his disinterested zeal, his masculine courage and candour, added to the charm of almost childlike simplicity and feminine sensitiveness, his high moral tone, and persistent piety throughout the various phases of his development as a man and a social reformer.

If the outlook was dark and the retrospect not reassuring, as the dark shadows gathered round the death-bed of the aged warrior, one gleam of sunlight, at least, might brighten up the darkness without and within, the consciousness of having done his duty, as far as he had understood it, and giving utterance to the sad convictions of a bewildered soul, very much in the spirit of one of the characters in *King Lear*:

> "The weight of this sad time we must obey
> Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say."

THE SCOTTISH HERRING FISHERY.

SECOND PAPER.

THE fishery for herrings in Scotland may be described as being in the main a shore fishery. There are a number of boats, I believe, which capture the fish and proceed with the cure on board, but the greater number leave port in the evening and return with their catch—obtained during the night—in the early hours of the morning, when "the cure" at once commences, it being a rule of the fishery that all herrings brought in must be cured the same day. The grand moving power of the whole industry is "the

The Boats going out.

curer;" he is the person who may be said to set in motion the machinery which is constantly at work, rifling the seas to provide food for mankind. As a rule, owners of fishing boats are largely under his thumb, fishing for him at a prescribed rate per *cran* or barrel. One curer, or half-a-dozen, or twenty for the matter of that, will squat down at some little fishing village and in time "grow the place" into a town and port of some importance, having a fleet of from probably seventy to three hundred and fifty boats fishing for them. At one time the conjoined towns of Wick and Pulteneytown sent out a fleet of twelve hundred boats on some nights during the six or seven weeks of the season, and there are two or three ports at the present time that have a fishing fleet of from six hundred to a thousand boats. As may be supposed, these are very busy places during the short season of herring fishing. "All of a sudden" they awake from the winter's torpor to a new life; the curers and their assistants begin to prepare for the great work of the season; ships with materials for the making of barrels have been for some time arriving at the little port; cargoes of salt have also come to hand, as well as "cutch" for the dyeing of the herring nets, in order to keep them from rotting. Half a score of new herring boats which have been on the stocks for a month or two are launched and numerous stranger crews arrive to fish for the various curers; hundreds of men too come upon the scene from distant parts of the country to secure engagements during the fishing, some as sailors, some as labourers. The coopers, who perform a chief part in the cure, start into a wondrous state of activity, and work with avidity at the making of many barrels; the gutting troughs are cleared out and prepared for action; and in due season scores of women find employment in gutting, salting, and packing the fish. "Buyers" at length come upon the scene ready to purchase either fresh or cured fish in large or small quantities; cadgers, too, with their "cuddy carts," are at the place waiting on fortune, ready to hawk the herrings round the country; old women as well assemble with their baskets to do a share of the trading; even the children can speak of

A Curer.

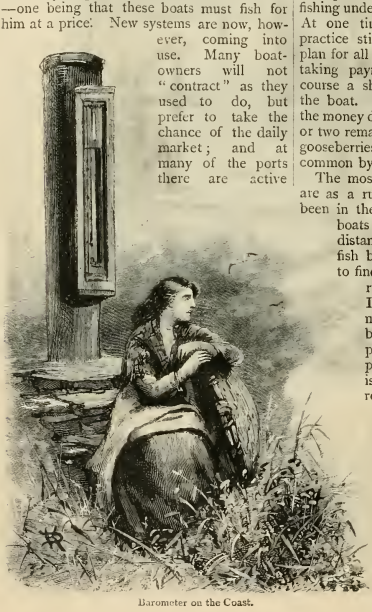
little else than "the fishing," and as for their parents they are bound up in its success. A successful fishing indeed means a comfortable winter to thousands, and to some it means fortune, just as to others an unsuccessful season spells ruin. Yonder lively girls who stand nightly on the brachead to see the boats depart in the early evening are deeply interested, for should there be a great catch on one or two evenings they will be married women when next year's fishery begins.

As already stated the curer is the chief moving power in the business of the herring fishery. He is usually a "man of means," or a person who possesses a considerable

The First Boat.

amount of capital or bank credit. He sets up a curing yard and straightway proceeds to business, providing, of course, all the sheaps and appliances of the cure, so far as he thinks will be judicious. He contracts with a certain number of boat-owners to fish for him exclusively, the bargain being usually made for a supply of two hundred crans (or barrels) at so much per cran, to be delivered at his yard, morning by morning, as soon as the boats come home. A curer may have from ten to a hundred boats fishing for him, according to the extent of his business, so that on some days of the season when there is (as there usually is twice or thrice a year) a "big fishing," the scene is a busy one, for all herrings which are destined to be *branded* must be dealt with at once. Although the bargain is generally arranged for each boat to deliver two hundred crans in the course of the season, it is not often on the average that so many are obtained, but that is a fact which all curers take into account while making the

requisite arrangements. The best laid schemes of captains and curers sometimes, however, come to grief; in some years there occur such enormous captures that the supplies of salt become exhausted, or barrels run short, and the work in consequence is for a time quite paralyzed; while, to add to the grief, prices fall and profits fade away to a fraction of what had been calculated upon. It must be explained before going further that the price to be paid for the fish is often arranged many months before the fish can be caught, founded of course on some sort of average of the preceding years—the curer often bargaining for the herrings he cures one year, at the close of the previous year's fishery. The curer has sometimes to advance money to the boat-owners when there is a bad season; he will also build boats for ambitious young men on certain conditions—one being that these boats must fish for him at a price. New systems are now, however, coming into use. Many boat-owners will not "contract" as they used to do, but prefer to take the chance of the daily market; and at many of the ports there are active buyers, who purchase as the boats come to port, so that the skippers of free boats can frequently make an advantageous deal for their cargoes, especially if they have been fortunate on a night when the take all over the general run of boats has been scanty.



Barometer on the Coast.

Our artist has provided an admirable illustration of the boat which is still in general use in the herring fishery; it is an open clinker-built boat of considerable dimensions, with a couple of masts, bearing as a rule three sails. There is usually besides the captain, who is generally the owner or part owner of the vessel, a crew of four men, who are hired to help during the fishing season. Many of the boats are "family concerns." A father and two of his sons, or two brothers and a brother-in-law, may own one or more between them, and go from port to port during the herring season, fishing under contract with some of the curers. At one time—indeed in some places the practice still prevails—it was the common plan for all the crew to share in the venture, taking payment by result, there being of course a share, or perhaps two shares, for the boat. So rigorously in some places was the money divided, that when an odd copper or two remained, the sum was expended in gooseberries or apples to be partaken of in common by the captain and his crew.

The most prominent herring fishery ports are as a rule near to where the fish have been in the habit of appearing, but herring boats have sometimes to sail a long distance in search of the shoals, the fish being on occasions exceedingly ill to find. Nor have the fishermen any rule to guide them in their search. If the herrings are thought to be near the shore, the sea birds will be found sitting low down on the precipitous cliffs, which in some places girdle the waters. If there is an oily gleam on the heavy rolling waves, the men feel assured they are just on the shoal, but all such appearances are more or less deceptive, and men have been known to sail about, tacking and wearing, and not find a single fin during their long and weary voyage. On occasions a prodigious shoal has been worked upon for a few nights and then it has all at once disappeared, per-

haps never to return, much to the amusement of the fishermen! Many curious reasons have from time to time been advanced for the disappearance of the shoals; it is said, for instance, that herrings were driven from the Baltic by the battle of Copenhagen, and that in other localities they were frightened away by the fires used in burning kelp; it is also affirmed by the superstitious that they at once leave a coast where blood has been needlessly spilt. One of the quaintest reasons ever given for the non-appearance of these fish in their wonted haunt was given by a Member of Parliament in a debate on a little bill the story was that a clergyman having obtained a living on the coast of Ireland, at once signified his intention of taking his tithe of fish, and since that declaration was made not a single herring has ever visited that part of the coast!

Heaped up with their fleets of nets, and the big bladders which serve to keep them in position after they have been paid into the water, the herring-boats commence to leave for their night's work about four o'clock in the afternoon; those boats which have not been at the herring-ground on the previous evening being usually the first to leave. There is always a large concourse of spectators taking stock of the interesting spectacle; wives, and mothers, and children as well, who have a deep interest in the venture, besides a crowd of idlers very glad of an excuse for a chat, or to pass an hour in the open air. Good wishes follow the venturous mariners, and silent prayers for their success and safety are offered up by more than one well-wisher. Many in the crowd will doubtless have memories of sad misfortunes, and should calamity ensue it would not be the first time on which a fair departure had resulted in a bitter ending. The public barometers, which are now conspicuous in every fishing port, offer such warnings to the fishermen as often compels them to stay at home rather than face the threatened storm, but on such evenings as it is safe to seek the shoals the work goes on apace. As I have stated, the men have only a very crude idea as to where the fish may be found. Some skippers as they gain the open sea will turn to the right, or the left, just as the whim seizes them. For twenty-five or thirty miles, if there is a brisk breeze, the boats will proceed before sail is slackened and the nets are thrown overboard. The sun will have gone down and the shades of evening will have gathered over the waters ere the great work of the fishing can be begun. At last the nets are paid over the boat, breadth by breadth, by two of the hands, whilst other two laboriously propel the vessel, the skipper being at his post, which is the helm. An hour or two elapses before the great perforated wall is "standing perpendicular" in the water waiting the enmeshing of the fish. The fabric floats by means of a series of bladders affixed to each joining of nets, whilst it is kept taut by means of lead sinkers, and is fixed to the boat by a back-rope. The nets being got into the water, the crew take

Herring.

supper, and often sing a psalm or hymn before they go to rest, the boat with its machinery of capture being left for an hour or two to drift with the tide, during which time it is hoped the fish will strike and the crew be rewarded with a rich take of herrings. By-and-by the anxious skipper will "pree" the nets, *i.e.* look if there are fish; he will probably also examine the nets of some of his neighbours to see if they have hit the shoal. Should there be no appearance of a *take* the nets will be all hauled on board, and the boat will shift its quarters, the crew having again to undergo a repetition of their hard work, and even then a score of fish may not be obtained to reward them for their assiduity. The "luck" of the fishery is often astounding; of three boats fishing within a stone's throw of each other one may obtain fifty or sixty barrels of herrings whilst the other two will not take as many fish! The nets of the one will have intercepted the shoal, while the nets of the other two have missed it. Some boats will fish their two hundred crans (the quantity usually contracted for) before ten days of the season have elapsed, whilst other skippers will toil on for weeks and never be within hail of the fish. When the nets have caught the matter of three score or more barrels the work of hauling them in becomes toilsome, but the prospect of the reward in store enlivens the toil, and soon the boat is homeward bound, the crew being welcomed as they step ashore by the smiling faces of all interested in the venture, and particularly by the wives and bairns glad to see husband and father once more safely in the harbour.

As early as four o'clock in the morning the boats begin to arrive with their cargoes of herrings, and no sooner have the fish been delivered than the work of the cure begins. Our illustrations in this and the preceding paper will give the reader a good idea of the busy scene presented at a herring-fishing port on the morning of a big take. Countless basketfuls of glistening herrings are poured into the gutting vats, where brawny men dash them about with wooden spades, and fling over them great handfuls of salt. As the boats keep coming in the excitement becomes more and more intense; men rush wildly about with note-books making entries, bands of fishermen come from the boats with still more bountiful supplies of fish, while carts and waggons are being loaded with dripping nets carrying them to the drying-ground. Rushing to and fro, from gutting-trough to packing place, may be seen the anxious gutters. In their working-clothes some of them look so withered and wild in their attire, that they might be taken for Macbeth's weird sisters, but when their work is over and they have washed away the blood and slime which encrust them in their time of labour they look like what they are, comely Scotch lasses many of them, glad to earn a pound or two in the herring season. They usually work by results, and a gang of four or five will eviscerate and pack a barrel containing from seven to eight hundred fish with wonderful dexterity and rapidity. The "cure" is carefully superintended by the officers of the Fishery Board, and must be carried out according to the rules prescribed, otherwise the "brand" will be refused. This "hall-mark," as I may call it, is a certificate of merit, which is unhesitatingly accepted by foreign buyers as a proof of quality. A fee of four pence has to be paid on each barrel so certified, and as these fees bring in an annual revenue of from five to seven thousand pounds it will be seen that the brand is thought to be of some value. The business of the herring fishery, especially on the north-east coast of Scotland is annually becoming less stereotyped; better and larger boats are coming into use, even steam-vessels are now being tried, and, wonderful to relate, pigeons are in use to carry quick intelligence of big takes from the boats to the curer's office.

It would be easy to extend these details of the Scottish herring fishery, but I fancy enough has been said to convey to readers unacquainted with that particular branch of industry an idea of its leading features as a source of labour and food supply. It may be added that our fisher folk, although somewhat superstitious, and not very intellectual, are an industrious and God-fearing people.

J. G. BERTRAM.

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

NO. IV.

By the Late ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains.

IT is refreshing in times when men are perplexing themselves about questions which lie at the foundation of all religion, to withdraw into the inner life of a man whose heart was at rest in regard to all that shakes and tries the faith.

When St. Paul says "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" it does us good to listen to such words which come from a man who feels all he says, and who has arrived at these strong convictions through many difficulties and in spite of many doubts. In reading words which are so real one feels as if they served for argument enough. A conviction so deep in the heart of a man like St. Paul, whose life was in itself so noble and self-denying, counts for much. It recalls us to a sense of the intense reality of the life of faith; it makes us ashamed of our halting and our wavering; it rebukes our fears, and by the very power of sympathy it raises us above ourselves into the higher life in which he lived and moved.

There are times and ways in which we seem to be separated from the love of God, and when it requires often more faith than we possess to believe that His love is unchanged. There are great sorrows which overtake men in life, and which all men would fain escape and from which they pray to be delivered: and these sorrows come so heavily and last so long that it is very hard indeed to hold fast by one's confidence in the unerring love of God.

Love measures its dealings somewhat by the wishes of its object. When the father loves his child, and the friend his friend, he studies what the child or friend likes. In the case of a child indeed the father seeks, above the mere gratification of its desires, to *guide* the desires of his child and to train them; and the training of the child is of far more importance than his momentary enjoyment.

No man would lay upon his child burdens or sorrows merely to give him pain; each task has its purpose, each correction or restraint is connected with a special object in life, which can be easily seen, and which is afterwards fully understood. That is true of our human life and of our earthly homes, where there is the spirit of affection and wisdom. But there are thousands of cases, where it is impossible to see the same love and wisdom and purpose in our own training under the Hand of God. Take with you even such a portion of the Bible as that quoted above, and enter some house where a human creature lies crushed under some painful illness which has lasted long, and which is incapable of alleviation. Carry with you in your heart a deep conviction of the love of God, Who afflicts none willingly, and with this conviction full in view try to explain how it is that a helpless patient should be subjected night and day to a degree of suffering from which the strongest man might well shrink. What purpose, you may well ask, does this serve? who is the better for it, and in what is the sufferer improved? Indeed the suffering is in thousands of cases wholly unconnected with any sin; it is often the fault of some one else, it has arisen from neglect, from the wickedness or carelessness of a parent, from many other causes, nay, from the very desire to do what was right. Where, you may ask, is the Love, of which we speak and read so much, in a case like this?

And that is but a solitary case. I take this text, or the truth it contains of God's deep and unerring love, and I turn it like a torch of light upon the thousands of poor creatures who, after a few years of a miserable existence, pass out into the wilderness and darkness of the unknown and unseen world; and I inquire whether this truth has helped to clear up any of those difficulties which gather around the providence of God. I can partially understand how, after the rough training of life, men should openly confess that it was good for themselves to be tried; but can we, in any remote degree, apprehend how it should be, that without an effort of their own will to do right or wrong, human beings born in the image of God, and under His dominion, should be so unconscious of His presence, and so unhappy in His world?

But even this difficulty is far lighter and less perplexing to the conscience than the moral evil which exists in the world. We may call in the aid of a great future world to counterbalance the misery of the few years which human life suffers here, and, by degrees,

we feel that light begins to rise upon the universe, as we consider that all sorrow has an end, and that a period is coming when the sufferings of this state shall be found not worthy to be compared with the glory that is revealed. We may also take comfort from the sorrows of life, that they are inevitable if the human race is to exist under its present conditions, where the welfare of one part of it is essentially bound up in the welfare of the whole. But are there not aspects of our human life which refuse to be made more cheering by such arguments? What of all the enmity to God's divine will? What of the lawless and wild passions of men? What account are we to give of the awful abysses of human degradation into which our nature may sink, and into which it is sinking in countless instances at this moment? What do we think of a love which can bear to witness all this long history of evil, for age after age, without interfering to stop it and to cure it effectively? Is the existence of a divine and infinite love to continue side by side with sin and sinful men, and to leave this mass of wrong and impurity and crime, untouched?

God's love does not remain unmoved: God's love does not remain idle or inactive: the struggle of God's love *with ourselves*, which *is a fact of our experience*, may indicate to us the great truth that, everywhere, in one form or other, God's divine love has come into collision with human evil, and has been resisting it and conquering it. I cannot tell why the contest is not ended in the world: but neither can I tell why in my own heart the contest is not ended. We ask, and very naturally, for an explanation of the long continued battle between Good and Evil in the world, and we call it a religious or a theological difficulty which has yet to be solved. Perhaps it is; but it may as well be called a difficulty of human nature, a difficulty of the human will, and we may ask each individual why the great conflict between good and evil within his own soul rages yet—and why the heart and will have not finally surrendered to the might of the Spirit of God. This is the difficulty which St. Paul has put and overcome, and he falls back in it on the love of God. This is to St. Paul the anchor of life: if that fails all fails: and all may fail whilst that holds fast. The love of God underlies all human faith in the universe. Lose that and you lose everything. This love which has so many aspects is under all aspects the same. It is the same love which corrects us and which heals our troubles; the same love which darkens our sky with clouds when the soul is impure, and which drives away the clouds when repentance is awakened in the soul.

And the measure of that love is the measure of it as seen and revealed in the person and life of Jesus Christ. What was seen there, in His goodness, His self-forgetfulness, and in His full and entire surrender of all that life had, for the good of man—that was the perfection of human and divine love. God has manifested His love "in that whilst we were sinners, Christ died for us." "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." The love of God as exhibited in *that one life* took hold of St. Paul, held him fast and filled his soul with conceptions of God which he had never formed before. All that he had seen and experienced hitherto in his own life, seemed to him an inadequate measure of God's love. The love which was seen in the gifts of nature and of providence, in light and the sense of enjoyment, was a love which was by comparison feeble; but the love which sought and found a channel for its outflow in the holy and stainless life of Jesus Christ, and in His works of mercy in the face of enmity, that seemed to him the only adequate measure of a love which was worthy of God. When God revealed His Son in the heart of the apostle, his eyes were opened to discern a power and a light he had never seen before.

In the presence of a love so great, the apostle has imagined to himself several events or forms of existence, which in the estimation of some might interfere with the continuance of this love of God.

Let me refer to two of them, the two first in order. "I am persuaded, that neither death nor life shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Death.—We know the power of death to *separate*. It divides the present from the past. It loosens every mortal tie, it breaks every contract, it dissolves the bonds of dearest and holiest relationships. Even in the case of friendships which were once thought eternal, there comes a time, after long years, when former memories grow dim. Faces which were once familiar are remembered vaguely, sorrows which were once keen are mellowed by the lapse of time, and a period comes in the history of our losses when they can be spoken about with calmness. It is marvellous how the best and greatest men cease to be missed, and how soon the world becomes accustomed to their absence. Death separates men from human interests and human affections, and by degrees the dead

are forgotten, or linger only in the recesses of a few affectionate and true hearts.

But even then, there is within us a witness to the fact that death cannot destroy all that is most precious in life. We cease to have a response to our love, but we do not cease to love; we are not conscious of any influence arising from their thoughts, we no more hear the voice that cheered us, no more find life lighted up by their presence, no more rejoice in their companionship, or return to their society to have our souls refreshed by their communion. But in the absence of all that gave our own hearts joy, we have not ceased to think of them, to follow them in thought, to dwell on their virtues, to go over again and again in our inward hearts the scenes of other days. Their memories are not shadows, their former life and conversations with us are not a dream. We spend many hours in recalling their words and acts, their counsels, their virtues, their faith, their influence with us; and we are conscious in our own hearts that if affection is a reality, that reality still exists, and their departure has not affected one whit our profound love for them, and for all that was noble in them; nay, their removal from us has only helped us to see more clearly many excellencies and graces to which in their lifetime we were blind. Thus we have a witness in our own hearts that there is a love to others from which death cannot separate. How much more must this be said of the love of God. What is life, what is death to Him, that they should change His mind? When we enter into this world, we come under His authority; when we quit it, we only proceed to a different part of His realm. Life and death, which to us express the widest opposites of thought and being, can be no more to God than two mansions in His own great house. To Him, past and future, here and hereafter, are not the mysteries they are to us. The dead who die to us live to God; His presence is everywhere, all are before Him; and they go no more out. Death does not touch His influence, His power of communion with them, or His love to them. Death can no more alter God's interest and care for us than the shadows of night change the loving heart of a mother for her child. If there can be any change it must be that the affection is more intense and more powerfully shown. As the boy thrusts his hand into his father's when he enters the thick forest or goes into the strange crowd, and feels it grasped more firmly, so does the soul cling more closely to God in childlike trust as it nears that unknown shore, and finds in His Divine love a deeper response. This assurance has introduced a new life into the world. It has changed the whole conditions and relationships of human existence, and it has furnished hope and resignation where otherwise there would have been darkness.

Life.—It might seem at first sight as if there were nothing special in life to make it a matter of strong faith in St. Paul, that life would not separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. But life is the cause of many bitter sunderings. Many friendships are broken by life, more perhaps than by death: quarrels which were unthought of arise, and even when there is no quarrel, old sympathies fade, early friendships droop, and companions who in their youth spent days in each others' society without exhausting those subjects which they viewed in common, can meet in later years and find that after a few minutes' intercourse they have little more to say. Different pursuits, different sympathies, have engrossed the minds of each since they parted, and they find themselves widely sundered from each other's love.

Much more have we occasion to say this of ourselves and of our former lives. While it may be true that some have risen above the follies and vices of earlier years, many more have to confess that since they were children, or young, and little experienced in the world's ways, there has been less of heaven about them than there was. Long dealing with the cares and riches and pleasures of life has dulled and deadened the spirit; the finer edge of spiritual life has been worn off; the clearer light of heaven has been dimmed; we have grown too familiar with the baser and more earthly views of life, and the effect has been to separate us from all that was once reckoned good and divine. And all this while, if we had taken time to think of it, God's love has not changed towards us. All this while it has been shining on us, and speaking in reproof, that is yet affection. Our dulness, our want of true spirituality, our indifference to the highest truths, have sunk us lower, but they have not deprived us of that love which is unwearied and eternal.

Neither life nor death, says St. Paul, shall separate us from the love of God, and nothing else in heaven or in earth shall. It is on this faith that all human hopes rest. Higher than this we cannot go; short of this we may not stay. Apart from such a hope and faith, what is life worth?

With such a faith, on the other hand, what

may not a man do? He needs to fear nothing: he is in possession of that secret which soothes the trials and cares of life: he faces all tasks with more courage, he meets all labours more cheerfully, and he accepts the chastenings and disappointments of his lot in a spirit which is fuller of hope. To a man who lived in this faith of the apostle, or to a man who lives in it yet, the universe is not chaos, the past is not a mere chasing of shadow after shadow, each melting into air, and the future is not darkness and nothingness, but all things past and present, above us and around us, are distinct with meaning. The forms which have passed away have passed elsewhere, and we are to follow them and overtake them; the events of the present, even when they seem most perplexing fall into shape and order, and appear but a part of that endless succession of events which are embraced under the all-shadowing love of the Eternal Father. Nothing is purposeless, nothing lost. Well is it for us if we can place ourselves under a love so pure, so righteous, so strong and unfailing. And why not? Nothing hinders us; nothing but that secret doubting and unbelief of heart, which measures everything by itself, and forgets that the love and power of God are measureless, and that the proof of this love has been before the world for ages, and has been confirmed to mankind in the life and death, in the gift and sacrifice of One in Whom we have eternal life.

LÉON LHERMITTE.

ALL the greatest painters the world has known have been splendid colourists, but the glamour of their example must not mislead young painters and students into the belief that, in a picture, colour is everything. A good colourist may be a greater artist by nature than one who is merely a good draughtsman, for appreciation of colour comes more by instinct than by education; but it is much easier for presumptuous ignorance to arrive by trick and haphazard processes at sufficiently striking effects in colour, than it is for it to conceal its shortcomings in drawing. Long training and faithful self-discipline alone can insure accuracy in draughtsmanship, and training and self-discipline lie at the very foundation of true excellence in Art. They make a man thorough and earnest; and only so far as he is thorough and earnest is he entitled to the noble name of artist.

Thanks not a little to an increasing acquaintance, on the part both of our students and of that portion of the public that takes an intelligent interest in Art, with the productions of French artists, whose power of drawing, as an outcome of their thorough training, is generally admirable, we are beginning to see that, in pure black and white, artistic effects can be secured which, while they may fall short of the *best* work in colour, are infinitely more wholesome and instructive than all crude attempts where colour is made the sole attraction. The improved "quality" and style of the illustrations in our books and magazines and the various Black and White Exhibitions that have been held in London, Glasgow, and Manchester—in themselves among the results and evidences of a growing appreciation of what can be attained by draughtsmanship—have, in return, exercised a very healthy influence in promoting public taste and knowledge.

Among the materials used in the production of black-and-white drawings, charcoal, for the effective results obtained by it, deservedly takes first rank. Mr. Hamerton, in his latest book, points out that the "graphic arts contain three distinct languages"—the language of the line, the language of relative lightness and darkness in spaces, and the language of colour; and "that it has been found by experience that charcoal is one of the surest and most convenient means for shading spaces correctly." Mr. Hamerton dilates with great truth and detail on all the advantages the artist secures by the legitimate use of charcoal—the closeness with which textures can be imitated by it, the beauty of light and shade it can render, and the refinement and immateriality of its tones, which are a perfect luxury to the eye.

Charcoal-drawing as now practised is the development into an independent art of the rough and often hasty method that artists have employed, since the earliest times, of sketching the preliminary outlines of their pictures. It is really what Mr. Hamerton terms it: "a painter's art and the daughter of painting." To this special branch of Art the French have devoted particular attention, and, in consequence, it is they who have achieved in it the greatest success. For his landscapes in charcoal, Lalanne, the celebrated etcher, has a world-wide fame, and,

The Flower Market of St. Sulpice."

to quote Mr. Hamerton again, "Amongst painters of the figure who have made a separate reputation by their drawings in charcoal I do not know of one who excels Léon Lhermitte in every important quality." This is high praise, but not too high.

The story of Léon Augustin Lhermitte's career is the record of a life devoted to Art, and is full of instruction to all young painters, who are so possessed by the true artistic spirit as to feel that the production of a good picture is a task demanding the patient exercise of a man's best powers. He was born in the village of Mont St. Père, close to the vine-clad slopes of Champagne, on July 31st, 1844. Mont St. Père is a quaint, sleepy little village, full of old-world picturesqueness, where life moves leisurely, and men and women still retain primitive beliefs and manners. It is the very place for a reflective artistic soul to be nurtured in. Lhermitte's grandfather was a vine-dresser: his father, a schoolmaster, who, in his own line, has achieved honour, and is still alive, at a hale, hearty old age, to feel proud of the distinction his son has won. Lhermitte's early circumstances, resembling in some respects those that surrounded Millet, and fatal as they might have been to a weak nature, were the very conditions that entered as essential elements into the sustenance and growth of his powers. He was brought up in the country, he passed his youth among peasants, led their life, took part in their toil, understood their joys and their sorrows. This experience, healthy and bracing as it was, has influenced all the work of his riper years. Peasants and rural life, the gleaners in the fields, the labourers receiving their wages, the cottage matron busy over her household duties—these he delineates with a loving care begotten of sympathy and knowledge.

His artistic instincts declared themselves at an early age. While attending his father's school, he began to draw, and his attempts had always one object in view, the representation of things that actually lay before his eyes. Fortunately he met judicious encouragement. In 1863, a gentleman who lived at Mont St. Père, and was much interested in Art matters, discerned in these first essays of young Lhermitte a sincerity that gave promise of better things to come. This true friend overcame both the father's opposition and the mother's fears, and sent Lhermitte to Paris, in order that he might systematically study Art.

Chance guided him to the *atelier* of a master who has exercised a sound and far-reaching influence over modern Art in France, Lecoq de Boisbaudran. Monsieur de Boisbaudran was no believer in those systems of teaching that smoothe down all angularities in the pupils, and end too frequently in producing only uniform mediocrity. His special aim was to discover and develop the personal and characteristic powers of each of his students. He succeeded in training up a group of artists of decided originality and of most diversified methods of expression. Among them are Legros, the well-known professor in the Slade School, London; Regamey, whose too early death cut short a most promising career; Fantin, appreciated almost as much in England as in his own country for his flower-pieces and portraits; Cazin, whose chaste and delicate style has placed him in the front rank of French painters. With the last named, Lhermitte, at his very first entry into de Boisbaudran's studio, formed a close and lasting friendship, which has not been without its effect on the work of both men.

While he was yet a student Lhermitte showed the special bent of his genius. Every year he sent to the Salon one or two charcoal drawings, and his contributions soon began to attract attention from both artists and critics. His first decided success, however, was in the Salon of 1872, when he exhibited "Le Lutrin d'Eglise de Paris" and "Le Lavage de Moutons," which have since been shown at the Dudley Gallery, London. The following year he was represented by a large drawing, "Une Veillée de Village," and in 1874 the jury of the Salon awarded him a medal of the third class for his picture, "La Moisson," and for a charcoal drawing, "Le Bénédicité." Since then he has been a regular and important contributor to every Salon. His large painting, which was in this year's Paris Exhibition, "La Paye des Moissonneurs," is generally considered to be the best work in oil he has yet produced. Several of his pictures have been bought by the State for provincial *Musées*, and "L'Aïeule," which brought him his second medal in 1880, is now in Ghent Public Gallery.

Lhermitte has visited England several times, and has contributed to all the Dudley Gallery Black and White Exhibitions since their institution in 1872. On the nomination of the well-known etcher, the late Edwin Edwards, he was, in 1875, elected a member of the selecting and hanging committee of the Dudley. To the first Black and White Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute in 1880 he sent several important works,

including his magnificent "Fish Market of St. Malo," and these at once received the hearty admiration of local artists and collectors. His contributions to the second Glasgow Exhibition in 1881 only confirmed the high opinion formed of his powers by all competent judges. He has exhibited also in Liverpool and Manchester.

Lhermitte has, of course, a studio in Paris, but during the summer most of his time is spent in his native village. He is one of the villagers himself, knowing every one and known to every one. There, far away from the distractions of the world of fashion and folly, he can think his own quiet thoughts, and work out, undisturbed and tranquilly, his artistic conceptions. Some of his best inspirations have been drawn from the rural scenes—the village street, the calvaire, the blacksmith's forge—that are endeared to him by early associations, and have been made familiar, in all their lights and shades, by the long intercourse of years. But he does not confine himself to rustic subjects. Groups in the Paris markets, fashionable assemblages, church interiors, the crowded lecture-room of the Sorbonne—such incidents as these have yielded abundant material for his skill to exercise itself upon. Like the true artist that he is, he finds his subjects close at hand and in the life of to-day. He works in the spirit of the old masters, earnestly, truthfully, patiently, and he uses his powers, not in a vain attempt to revive the *form* in which the old masters clothed their aspirations, but in a sincere endeavour to show us something of the poetry and the beauty that are to-day as abundant on the earth as when Phidias carved or Raphael painted. His drawing is admirable, always correct and in the direction of the whole truth, yet never hard or niggled. With a few broad touches of the charcoal and with his splendid light and shade, to which the *papier vergé* he employs lends additional quality, he succeeds in obtaining effects that are most truthful, and yet without a touch in them of the commonplace truthfulness that, as it gives us only the outsides of things, is more than half a falsehood.

Lhermitte's oil work shows self-restraint and careful thought. He paints in a big style, and is improving year by year, especially in colour, which in several of his earlier pictures is dingy. Many of his small landscapes of Mont St. Père and its neighbourhood are charming in tone and feeling. He is also a skilful etcher, but his fame has been made by his figure drawings in charcoal. These in their own department of Art are simply unsurpassed. They are complete pictures—so complete that we do not even note in them the absence of positive colour. The graduated tones of the charcoal seem to give all the colour we require.

Especially admirable in all Lhermitte's art are its thorough healthiness and sanity. He is no puling pessimist. Life, as represented by him, is not a dreary wilderness, where disappointment and bereavement and work without hope, are the sole elements in the lot of man. We must go out to our labour in the morning, it is true; we must bear the burden and heat of the day; we must face failure and sorrow and vanished dreams with as stout hearts as we can, but life for us all has its compensations, and the painter and the poet do loyalest service to their fellows when they dwell most on these compensations, and show us how love and cheerfulness and faith can make us more than victors over all the ills that flesh is heir to. Some painters, it is true, are drawn irresistibly by their nature, perhaps by their experience also, to depict only the gloomier side of life. They paint always, as Millet said of himself, "*dans l'ombre*," both spiritually and materially, but surely the greater and the healthier artist is he who has an eye for the sunshine as well as for the shade, and who is glad at heart as he listens to the lark's song or the merry voices of children. It is comparatively easy to win a cheap notoriety as a cynical misanthrope. It is a most difficult task to feel the burden of the mystery of this world's mingled good and evil, and yet be able to rejoice in the good and not be dismayed with the evil. As we look at Lhermitte's work we feel he has chosen the better part. A labourer with him is not a degraded dejected being with all hope and spirit crushed out of him. He is a man hard-working and rugged, but still with compensations that—

> "Do a' his weary carking cares beguile,
> And make him quite forget his labour and his toil."

The truth that Burns wrote, Lhermitte pictures for us. The truly artistic spirit recognises always the infinite possibilities that lie in humanity and nature.

Our illustration is a reproduction in woodcut of a charcoal drawing—"The Flower Market of St. Sulpice." The scene will be familiar to all who know Paris. It is one of those bright picturesque passages in the ordinary every-day life of the city that arrest the attention of all who have been accustomed to only English skies and English manners. The wood-cut was executed by Clément Bellenger.

ROBERT WALKER.

TREACLE AND LAMP-POSTS.

The Evening's Work of a Young Naturalist.

By THEODORE WOOD, Joint-Author of "The Field-Naturalist's Hand-book."

THE reader will probably wonder, unless he be an entomologist, what two such apparently incongruous articles as treacle and lamp-posts can possibly have to do with each other; and they certainly do not seem to have much in common. But, in the career of a working entomologist, they play a very important part.

"Treacle," or "sugar," as it was formerly called, is a mixture of coarse treacle and rum, and is designed to attract the night-flying moths, for which purpose it is spread on the trunks of trees in a favourable locality. Attracted by the odour of the spirit, the moths come flying from all directions to the coveted dainty, and, settling on the painted trunks, speedily become engrossed in the occupation of sucking up the mixture. Meanwhile the collector, lantern in hand, makes his round of the prepared trees, and selects the specimens which he requires for his collection.

Such is a brief outline of the operation, and I shall now attempt to describe a successful evening's work.

We have chosen a warm, close evening in the beginning of June, with an ominous bank of thick black clouds on the horizon, and tolerably evident indications of an approaching thunderstorm. The moon is at her last quarter, and does not rise until very late. So much the better for our purpose, for, irresistibly as moths are attracted to artificial light, such as a candle or gas-lamp, moonlight seems to be actually repulsive to them, and on a bright evening scarcely one will stir from its hiding place. The state of the atmosphere, too, is just what moths delight in, and if only there were a slight drizzle, the evening would be perfection. Altogether we could hardly have a better opportunity for our excursion, and accordingly, half an hour or so before dusk, we pack up our apparatus and start for a neighbouring wood.

This wood has one great advantage to entomologists, namely, that it is strictly private, admission being only granted by special license of the owner. In consequence it is not infested with small boys, who form one of the greatest torments of the working entomologist, and who, if they do not plaster his treacle patches with mud, are certain to follow him closely in his wanderings, frightening the moths from his trees, and making themselves intolerable nuisances.

The apparatus mentioned consists of:—

First, an old mustard tin, provided with a handle of strong wire, and containing rather more than half-a-pint of "green" treacle, mixed with a little stale beer, in order to thin it. Formerly, instead of treacle, entomologists employed a compound made by boiling the coarsest brown sugar—"Jamaica foots," as it is technically termed—in beer for two or three hours, and keeping it bottled until required for use. However, by degrees it has been found that a simple mixture of green treacle and rum answers every purpose, and very few now adhere to the old plan.

Secondly, a large painter's brush, wherewith to apply the mixture to the tree-trunks.

Next, a small bottle holding about a tablespoonful of the coarsest and newest procurable rum, to be mixed with the treacle just before applying it to the trees. Then, there is a large satchel containing chip pill-boxes, such as are used for holding ointment, of four consecutive sizes, and "nested" into one another to economize space; these are for holding the expected captives. A "bull's-eye" lantern, a box of lucifer matches, and a butterfly-net complete the list.

After a short walk we arrive at the wood, and find that it is high time to commence operations, for the sun has already set, and the bats are busily engaged in hawking for the insects which constitute their prey. Round an adjacent bush a swarm of gnats are performing their aerial evolutions, a sure sign that the evening is a propitious one for the entomologist. We note the favourable omen, and then set to work.

Hiding the lantern in a bush near the commencement of the round, we proceed to mix the "treacle," handing the butterfly-net to our companion, who looks out for the thin-bodied *Geometer* moths, which always commence their evening flight before darkness fairly sets in, and which are now beginning to appear in considerable numbers.

Having poured in the rum, and mixed the compound to a proper consistency by the aid of the brush, we apply it to the trunk of a grand old oak in a long narrow streak, beginning at about the height of the shoulder, and continuing to about three feet from the ground, working it well into the interstices of the bark. Thence we proceed to a second, and a third, passing by all trees with smooth

bark, which, for some reason or other, moths always avoid.

Meanwhile our companion is by no means idle. Here is a pretty little Wave Moth, with its delicate white wings powdered with blackish spots. Among the bushes one of the small Emeralds is fluttering, while a Swift is dashing wildly about among the low herbage at the edge of the path. Here comes a thick-bodied *Noctua* flying head-long down the riding, and almost knocking against us before it discovers its dangerous proximity; another, attracted by the odour of the rum, is coming in hot haste to secure a share of the feast, while a third is absorbed in the flowers of a neighbouring bramble. A Dor-beetle flies lazily past, with its dull drone, and a Cockchafer is blundering amongst the foliage of the trees. Among all these his net is in constant use, and, to judge by his occasional exclamations, the rapid succession of insects rather bewilders him than otherwise. Nevertheless, before we have finished baiting the trees he has more than half-filled his collecting-box, and has certainly no reason to complain of the result of his labours.

Nor do we meet with insects alone, for on the path before us is sitting a huge toad, eyeing us in contemplative wonder, and we hear the rustle of a grass-snake among the bracken, as it retreats from the vicinity of the unwelcome intruders.

After twenty minutes' work or so, we have prepared a sufficient number of trees, selecting them as nearly as possible in a circle, in order to waste no time in retracing our steps between the rounds. Now, laying aside the tin, we get our hands as free as possible from the treacle which has splashed on to them, light the lantern, and, pill-box in hand, commence our circuit.

After a little practice it becomes perfectly easy, the lantern being held in the left hand, to work the pill-box with the right, a *sine quâ non* when working alone. Some books recommend the lantern being fastened in front of the body by a belt, or hung round the neck, and one sagacious work actually suggests that it should be strapped in front of the chimney-pot hat! However, even when the lamp is held by a companion, it is next to impossible to capture a moth on the treacle, and is even more difficult if it is hung on the belt.

The first tree we come to has only one visitor, viz. an earwig of an exploring turn of mind, who speedily retreats before the light of the lantern. On the next, however, there are several moths of different sorts, all busily engaged in their feast, and elbowing each other right and left in their eagerness. Two of them feign death, and fall to the ground as soon as the lantern is turned upon them, intending to remain quiet until the impending danger has passed. A most irritating trick to the collector is this, which is one common to most of the moths which frequent the bait of treacle, for, once among the *débris* at the roots of the trees, which, from their sombre colours, they so much resemble, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to find them, and in most instances the search is mere waste of time. There is only one consolation, and that is, that after they have recovered from their fright, the fallen moths generally return to their interrupted meal, where they may perhaps be captured at the following round. In order to avoid the possibility of losing any insects in future, we direct our companion to place his net below the treacled patch before we turn on the lantern, that any moths adopting the above tactics may be arrested in their fall, and captured for examination.

Well is it for us, as it soon turns out, that we took this precaution, for, at the very next tree, a fine specimen of the rather scarce Light Brocade (*Hadena geniste*) falls into the net before the pill-box could be brought into use. As it is, however, he is speedily captured, and transferred to a capacious coat-pocket.

As we approach the next tree in our circuit, a shadowy form sweeps past us, hovers at the patch of treacle for a second, and departs as rapidly and noiselessly as it came. It was a bat, which had learned by experience the attraction of the baited trees to insects, and had snatched one from the trunk as it passed, scarcely pausing in its flight.

In a wood in which we "treacled" regularly for three or four years, the bats were a perfect nuisance in this way, sometimes making free with nearly half the moths which approached the treacle.

A friend tells me that for some time he was annoyed by an even greater pest, which took almost every insect that should by rights have fallen to his lot. This *bête noire* was found in the goat-suckers, or nightjars, which used to sit at the foot of the treacled trees and watch for an approaching moth. No sooner did an insect arrive within a foot or two of the patch than the bird darted into the air, seized and devoured it, and then returned to its post in readiness for another victim. To such a pitch did the birds carry this system of piracy, that he was obliged to lie in wait for the marauders, and shoot them, before he could secure a single insect.

A little farther on we come to another robber, in the shape of a large toad, which has taken up his position exactly beneath the baited spot, and is waiting with praiseworthy perseverance for the insects which are certain to fall to the ground as soon as the spirituous mixture has lulled them into unconsciousness. And a rich harvest must fall to his lot, for, besides the intoxicated insects from above, he has the opportunity of catching the earwigs, beetles, &c., as they ascend from the ground to the nearest "dribblet." Judging from the rotundity of his form, he has often occupied this post before, and seems in no wise eager to leave it, even when the lantern is placed in close proximity to him.

Fluttering daintily up and down the treacle above, as though unwilling to touch the sticky substance with its delicate feet, we find and quickly secure a very fine specimen of the exquisite Peach-Blossom Moth (*Thyatira batis*), with its five pale pink blotches on each upper wing, looking exactly like the fallen petals of the flower from which it takes its name. There can hardly be two opinions but that it is the most beautiful of all our British *Noctuæ*. Though by no means uncommon where it does occur, it is not very generally distributed, and a collector may work for years in a district without finding a specimen, while in another wood, perhaps only a mile or two distant, it can be taken in profusion. Here it seems fairly abundant, for on the next tree we find another specimen, and by the end of the evening have obtained nearly a dozen examples.

We now begin to find the slugs a decided nuisance, for three or four of these creatures will devour the whole of the treacle on a tree in a very short space of time. On one tree we find a gigantic specimen, a very Goliath among slugs, somewhere about six inches in length when fully stretched out. The usual mode of proceeding in such a case is to put up the foot and crush the marauder. On applying this remedy a perfect stream of treacle flows from the crushed body of the creature, and shows the amount of mischief he had done in a very short space of time.

All this time the moths have been very abundant, and we have added a considerable number to our collection, and filled the greater number of our boxes. However, we are at the end of our circuit, and it is a well-known fact that the first round of the trees is generally the most productive; so we must not expect to be as successful during the rest of the evening.

Nevertheless, the treacles are still very well attended by visitors, and moths, beetles, earwigs, slugs, woodlice, and spiders vie with each other in their attempts to secure a place. On one small patch we count no less than fifty-one moths, most of them common ones, however, besides the heterogeneous mixture just noticed.

On one tree there is a very strange and unaccustomed visitor, namely, a field-mouse, which has perched itself at the junction of a small branch with the trunk, and is apparently engaged in lapping up the treacle. When we turn on the light, it seems by no means disconcerted, but sits perfectly quiet, peering curiously at us with its large black eyes. A nearer approach, however, on our part, reminds it that "discretion is the better part of valour," and it disappears behind the tree, runs down the trunk, and is quickly lost to sight among the undergrowth.

While we are looking at it, a large Yellow Underwing (*Triphæna pronuba*) comes down on the treacle with a plump, and begins rushing frantically about in search of the best place. Pushing another moth impatiently out of its way, it unrolls its long proboscis and sets to work, causing a large drop of the mixture to disappear with startling rapidity. What with slugs and what with Yellow Underwings the trees seem in a fair way to be entirely deprived of the luscious bait, and so we take the gourmand between the finger and thumb and fling him into the air, when he takes the warning and his flight together.

Sometimes a moth refuses to be ejected from his position, and will return to the same tree time after time, and night after night, no matter how often he be knocked off, until the time comes round for him to pay the debt of nature. A marked specimen of the beautiful Red Underwing (*Catocala nupta*) has been noticed regularly for more than a month, gradually getting more and more worn in appearance. Whether nourished to an unusual extent by the diet or not, I do not know, but it remained on the wing for long after the rest of its companions had disappeared.

Two trees farther on, the patch of treacle is half covered by a number of one of the wood-boring beetles, which does not possess a popular name, but is scientifically known as *Helops striatus*. It is of a dark, reddish brown colour, rather more than half an inch in length, and has the elytra regularly grooved for the whole of their length. It has the peculiarity of never being out of season, so to speak, for it can be met with in every

month of the year, clinging to the tree-trunks at night during the summer, and buried in the ground or in rotten wood during the frosts of winter.

While engaged in our next round, we have the opportunity of witnessing a very curious and interesting scene on the bait. A large Yellow Underwing—by far the greediest of all moths at treacle—is fighting with two specimens of the Dark Arches (*Xylophasia polyodon*), a moth of about equal size, for the possession of a choice drop of the preparation. The light of the lantern does not deter them in the least degree, and they go on jostling and struggling with each other, now one and now another getting the advantage, until we end the dispute by knocking all three off the tree, to meditate in solitude on the frailty of worldly hopes.

All this time we have slowly but surely been increasing our list of captures, and after the fourth circuit of the trees find that we have barely half-a-dozen boxes left unoccupied. These we shall want on our return, and, finding it is verging close upon midnight, we determine to retrace our steps and accordingly set out on our homeward way.

Now for the lamp-posts.

As I mentioned near the beginning of this paper, moths and other insects are irresistibly attracted towards artificial light. Almost every one knows how moths will fly in at the open window on a warm summer's evening, dash violently about the room for a few minutes, and finish their manœuvres and their life together by flying through the flame of the lamp, and falling, maimed and scorched, on to the table below. Whether they are fascinated by the light, and so are unwillingly obliged to fly towards it, or whether they are simply impelled by motives of curiosity, has not as yet been discovered. Whichever may be the case, the habit proves a source of great profit to the collector, and he never passes a lamp-post without casting an upward glance at the framework, any more than he walks by the side of a fence or wall without instinctively keeping a look out for any moths that may be resting upon it. And this, not by night alone, but also by day; for many moths, settling on the glass of the lamp during the hours of darkness, still remain upon it after the break of day, and sometimes do not leave their situation until the following evening.

To-night insects are nearly as abundant on the gas-lamps by the side of the road as they were on our treacles, and after passing one or two, which were only visited by some of the common species, we come to a lamp on which is resting a moth of which we are in want. So, laying the lantern and treacle-tin on the ground, and handing the net to our companion, we ascend the post, first taking the precaution of placing an empty pill-box in the coat-pocket, within easy reach of the hand. Once fairly up, the moth is quickly secured, and we slide down again, hopeful in the anticipation of further captures.

Some collectors, too lazy or otherwise unwilling to climb the posts, use a contrivance for catching an insect on a gas-lamp without exertion. This consists of a wide-mouthed glass bottle, charged with cyanide of potassium—the vapour of which is a deadly poison—fastened at right angles to the end of a long rod, and provided with a band of gutta-percha round the rim. When a moth is seen resting on the side of the lamp, the bottle is uncorked and placed under the insect, which is speedily stupefied by the poisonous fumes and falls senseless into it.

This seems at first sight to be a very useful contrivance, and calculated to save the collector a good deal of bodily labour. But there are one or two serious objections to it, not the least being that the poisonous element of the cyanide is very evanescent, and requires to be constantly renewed in order to keep it in a working condition.

Then when, as very often happens, a moth settles on the framework, or even inside the lamp, it is obvious that the bottle can be of very little use; and a collector relying entirely upon it would frequently be tantalized by the sight of a scarce insect which he was unable to obtain. And, moreover, it very often happens that a moth is quite invisible until the lamp-post is ascended, and would therefore only be accidentally found except by those collectors who climb every post on favourable evenings. Most entomologists, therefore, eschew this apparatus, and content themselves by climbing the lamp in the ordinary manner.

It is not to be expected, of course, that the spectacle of an individual ascending lamp after lamp, often for no apparent purpose, will long remain unchallenged, and in such cases the police usually consider that they "smell a rat!" I have myself been followed for upwards of a mile by a couple of zealous members of the force, who halted within forty or fifty yards of each lamp as I climbed it, and watched me with evident distrust. Nor were their doubts finally set at rest until I climbed a post and boxed a moth when they were standing only a few feet distant. This seemed to convince them that I intended no

harm, and they then left me to my own devices for the rest of the evening.

On our way home we pass very few lamps upon which one moth at least is not resting, while ichneumon flies and daddy-long-legs visit the light in some numbers, and an inquisitive cockchafer is occasionally to be seen. Among so many insects our remaining pill-boxes are rapidly filled, and we reach home with the pleasing knowledge that we have not room for a single additional capture.

Not, however, without one slight mishap.

As a rule, the descent of a lamp is by far the easiest part of the business; but one post is provided about half-way up with a ring of metal, projecting some three-quarters of an inch from the "stalk," as our friend terms it. On this we are foolish enough to stand, and, occupied in the use of the pill-box, the natural result occurs, and we make a rapid descent, fraught with disastrous results to ankles and knees, and *minus* the expected insect.

However, this is but a slight penalty for our general success, and we seek our couch, some time after midnight, perfectly satisfied with the result of our evening's labours among the Treacles and Lamp-posts.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

IT is now about three years since there appeared in GOOD WORDS an article on "Education by Post," in which special reference was made to the Correspondence Classes organized by the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. That article did more than anything else to make known the existence, explain the nature, and commend the aim of these classes. It found its way into a thousand homes; was read on the banks of the Ganges and in the tea gardens of Assam, and excited curiosity in a Dutch colony at the Cape. A great help was given by that article to the modest little scheme which was then only about a year old, and in need of kindly fostering care to develop its powers and bring it to maturity. Hundreds of inquirers sought for further information, and many of these inquirers enrolled themselves as students. Since that time the classes have been growing in favour, and the addition of fresh members is mainly due to that best of all advertisements, the recommendation of old pupils.

The system of education by correspondence has found exponents and eulogists from time to time; but it may be well to explain briefly the method by which instruction in a great variety of subjects can be given equally well to pupils living in the next street and at the Antipodes, and that, too, with such regularity as would gladden the heart of the most anxiously conscientious member of any school board in the kingdom. Plans of study, in which the session's work is divided into fortnightly lessons, so that pupils may know precisely what they are to study, are first of all sent out. At the end of each fortnight carefully prepared questions on the prescribed lesson are forwarded to the pupils, who are required to send written answers to the tutors within a specified time. These answers are carefully examined, corrections are made, and notes, criticisms, and explanations are added in the margin. The papers are then returned to the pupils with the next set of questions. In order to insure regularity the Honorary Secretary* undertakes the transmission of the papers, and both questions and answers pass through her hands. This arrangement gives unity to the scheme, and enables the Secretary to superintend the work of both pupils and tutors.

Teaching by post has other centres than Glasgow, but it is not too much to say that the Glasgow scheme embraces a wider curriculum than any other now existing. Its special plan of study is determined by the scheme sketched out by the Glasgow University for their local examinations and for that higher examination for women recently established as a sort of equivalent to an examination for a degree. The Association enlists the services of the very best tutors that can be got to take up the various subjects contained in the University scheme. There are about forty different classes, for there are three grades, junior, senior, and higher, in almost all the subjects, and these are divided among twenty tutors, to whose high excellence the success of the classes is mainly, if not altogether, due. A mere mechanist in teaching, who has no living enthusiasm for his subject, will certainly fail to stimulate his pupils to do their best, but the Association is to be congratulated on having obtained the co-operation of some of the most distinguished of the Glasgow University graduates, and of Oxford and Paris graduates who have taken high honours. With such

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men to guide the studies of earnest students really good work can be done and is done. As many correspondence pupils are readers of GOOD WORDS, it may interest them to know that this year, as usual, the largest class has been that for Common Subjects. Literature, History, Scripture history, Latin, French, German, and Theory of music, in all the three grades, are in great request. Among the physical sciences, physiology holds the first place. Physiography is studied with diligence, mathematics stands fairly well, but botany, chemistry, and astronomy are left in the background, although they are much valued by those who make choice of them. Political economy is rising in favour, but logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy are confined to a select few.

Although these classes are intended to prepare candidates for University examination, students do not need to enter themselves for any test. In many cases it would be impossible, the distance of residence from any centre being too great, but whenever a sufficient number—not a large one—can be brought together, the University Examination Board is willing to establish a centre. It is hoped that in 1883 there may be one formed in Mauritius, where, fostered by a zealous coadjutor and much encouraged by the bishop, there is a growing demand for sound education, and a desire for the stimulus given by the prospect of authorized University examinations.

No account of these classes, however slight, would be complete without some notice of the cordial and grateful expression given by pupils to their appreciation of the benefits conferred by a system so flexible and ubiquitous as that of correspondence. By its help mothers are educating their children with much success. Some make use of it on their own account, the object of one of these being to take a more intelligent interest in the studies of her boys. Many governesses are making advance in various branches while teaching in schools and families, and young ladies are redeeming part of their time from amusements and ordinary engagements in order to cultivate their faculties and enrich their minds. One gentleman—the classes are not confined to one sex—who writes that his curriculum was ended more than thirty years ago, has been for two years a zealous and distinguished student. He finds in these classes "a stimulus and aid to methodical study in leisure hours, and a guard against that habit of desultoriness which is such a bane to healthy mental growth and vigour." A lady in the South of France writes: "I cannot tell how I have enjoyed this series of Scripture lessons, and how much I have profited by them. Mr. —— deserves great praise and thanks for the able, comprehensive questions, and for his attention and kindness in fully correcting or approving the answers." And to give but one more instance, a corporal in North India is working most diligently, so that he may rise in the scale of knowledge and intelligence and be saved from the temptations that beset idleness in a barrack-room.

There is no monotony in correspondence. Some of the subjects give rise to animated discussions carried on through several successive papers. An intelligent pupil has the means of bringing the questions which most interest him or her to a fair discussion, and of receiving light upon them by communication with a man of culture who has made some of them his special study; and experience shows that the pupil does not fail to make use of the opportunity. The merits of Cavaliers and Roundheads have brought out strong opinions; the strength or weakness of Ophelia's character has been warmly criticized; the superiority of Rosamond to Celia, or of Celia to Rosamond, has been laid in the balance of youthful opinion, and the powers of satire, as displayed by Swift, have been eloquently denounced and defended. In connection with the literature class, in which skirmishing is most frequent, a very thoughtful pupil writes: "As each paper comes in I feel increasingly glad that I ever joined these classes. They have been a source of untold pleasure and profit to me and to several of my friends." With testimony such as this and much more that might be added, there can be no hesitation in recommending the Correspondence Classes. There is no doubt they have been the means of helping many a solitary student, and of inducing many a girl to resist the temptation of forgetting, amid the pleasures of society, the hard-won conquests of school. This is the highest criterion that can be applied. Judged, however, by a lower standard, that of tangible results, the Glasgow Correspondence Classes have, as may be seen by the report of the University local examinations, an equal claim to respect and consideration. The whole scheme is now thoroughly organized, and is capable of indefinite extension. If any one desires to have more detailed information regarding this work, the Hon. Secretary is always glad to answer any inquiries that are sent to her.

JANE S. MACARTHUR.

"The Kingfisher's Haunt."

IN AND OUT THE DALES.

By FRANCIS FRANCIS.

HOW many years ago it is since I first visited those lovely Derbyshire dales I cannot tell, for, sooth to say, I visited them in spirit long, long before I visited them in person. Let me consider; let me "perpend my rudiments." It is now somewhere about half a century ago, a trifle more or less, when I, a lad of nine or ten, was wending homewards after a heavy dose of Freemart fair a fair which was holden yearly in Portsmouth Town in those days, and which monopolized the whole of the High Street and Parade for fourteen days, to the delight of us boys and the despair of the burghers. I remember that I had been regaled with spice-nuts, spotted boys, pig faced and white-haired ladies, giants, dwarfs, and peep-shows; and well do I remember *them*, for there was one representing that cruel murder of the Red Barn, or "the true voracious specter" (as per the showman) "of the horrid tragedy of Maria Martin, or the Red Barn murder," wherein her sweetheart, one Corder, inveigled Maria Martin to the solitary Red Barn, somewhere in Suffolk, I believe, and having got her there he did her to death with pistol and knife, and then with

pick and shovel dug a grave and buried her within the precinct. But murder will out in spite of all possibilities, human or otherwise, for ghosts walked in those days and formed a detective force of their own, being gifted with peculiar powers, as witness Giles Scroggins, Jacob Marley, and "the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton." So Maria appeared in a very ensanguined condition, and pointing to her various wounds as she arose from the open grave in terrific sulphureous clouds, from which it was clear where *she* was, went sliding along, with a hitch now and then owing to defective machinery, but which was more terrific than if she had kept straight on, and thus she appeared phantomimically to her slumbering parents, and disclosed the secret of her fate, &c., &c., &c., all of which I remember woke me oftentimes afterwards at dead of night with dreams of shivering horror. It is fifty years ago, but I can see the Red Barn and Maria Martin's ghost now, and that quite-impossible knife which was like unto Sydney Smith's "Kime" which "the natives cut themselves with," and out of which he got such fun.

Pondering on this tremendous drama, I came across a bookstall in the fair—I always was a stall hunter—and poking about among old volumes I discovered an old edition of "Izaak Walton," by Moses Brown, the first fishing work I had ever come across. It required the whole of my remaining capital, "a splendid shilling," to purchase that delightful volume. The cuts with which Moses had adorned, *or otherwise*, his edition of the work, were too-too-too, and even now I roar with laughter at his Jemmy Jessamy and meditative anglers, with their spruce and spotless knee-breeches, hosen, and buckles. And here is a curious reflection *en passant*: "Walton" has never yet been suitably illustrated in the *correct* costume of the period; what has been done by artists is this—they have accurately depicted the costume of the period, but it is the full-dress costume from pictures, not the angling or sporting costume. Only conceive now if even Mr. Punch were to bring out a picture of a gentleman engaged in fishing in a tail coat, white tie, an acre of shirt front, paper cuffs, and patent leather pumps—what should we say of it? Yet that is exactly what has been done in the case of Walton, when costumes were even more inappropriate.

Then and there for the first time I visited the Dales. I will not touch upon the Waltonian portion of the book as it is foreign to this relation, but the Cottonian part I devoured with intense delight. How I revelled in every bit of scenery described and noticed in Dove Dale! How every incident from the journey thither to the catching of each fish and the dressing of the flies burnt itself into my memory never after to be forgotten! That was my first acquaintance with the Dales, and it was long after that I became acquainted with quaint old Rowsley.

"Why, dear me, friend Crayon, dost remember the day when we first pulled up at the porch of this now familiar Peacock, and admired yon wondrous carving in stone, over the doorway, of a peacock evolved certainly out of the depths of the artist's inner consciousness—a peacock with his tail set in a gale of wind and blowing all manner of ways? Dost thou remember?"

"Truly do I. That was when poor old Cooper himself, the pleasant landlord, was alive; and well do I remember, too, how upon the third day he haled you off to look at the museum of one Bateman, and you objected thoroughly to be taken away from your fishing to look at three shark's teeth, a New Zealand club made in Manchester, and a stuffed monkey, as you said, while I went fishing—you thereafter returning much delighted with one of the finest collections of old English arms, &c., &c., &c., you had ever seen. Indeed, I remember it all exceedingly well; and now having seen our rooms and mounted our creels, let us take one sober glass of ale to the memory of old times and old friends. Now here are our tickets of permission to fish, so let's away up stream, for the August days grow shorter and we may as well make them as long as we can. So *en avant*, and here is Fillieford Bridge."

"I suppose you will feel it incumbent on you to sketch Haddon Hall," I say slyly. Now Crayon is an artist, but he is even more a fisherman, and you will not get him to leave rising fish for any sketching whatsoever.

"Haddon Hall!" he says, with profound contempt, "it's been done to death a hundred times and more. It is like Pecksniff's Salisbury Cathedral, and has been taken from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, from the north-east and from the south-west. Haddon Hall from the nor-nor-east, Haddon Hall from the sou-sou-west. No, thank ye, the crowd is too big and the whole thing is on too large a scale. That old, old postern bridge though, half-hidden under broad spreading trees, and over which but one person could pass abreast at the same time, is fine. 'Tis a worthy fragment, and by my halidame, were it not that I have seen three trout rise beneath it and a

good one above, I would—I—I—ah!—Ready now—carefully. Faith, 'twas a neat cast, too, for that fine fellow that rose by the corner of the arch, and as good luck would have it, there he rises again and is fast. Hey day, what a pother, master trouty! but no more wilt thou seek the friendly shade of yon sheltering arch. Hither to me, my pretty spotted fellow, gently—so—into the landing-net, in with you! A nice fish truly of a good three-quarters; may his capture be auspicious and but a precedent of sport to come." Thus we stray onwards past the grand old castellated mansion of the Manners, and before them of the Vernons (Kings of the Peak entitled) and yet farther back, possibly even unto Saxon times, of the Avenels. One could fancy that the trout and greyling pay particular worship to the magnificent old hall, for some of the best streams are close beside. But the fish are comparatively wary, for perhaps no portion of the hotel water, which extends over five miles or so from Fillieford Bridge to Bakewell, gets so well fished, for Haddon is a magnet that draws troops upon troops of visitors all the summer long, and many of them carry their fishing-rods along with them. On we wend through the loveliest meads perhaps in Derbyshire, which in their luscious greenery seem made not only to produce fat cattle, but for man's delight also in many another way; on past many a sinuous wind and turning, and surely there be few rivers that do wind and turn like the Wye; ofttimes shall you be standing on the bank of one bend and another bend will be within a few yards of you, and yet if you follow the winding bank you shall have to cover half-a-mile or more before you can reach from the one spot to the other, and these deep bends, with many a ripple and eddy, and many a high scarped bank, are where fish most do congregate, with—

> "Here and there a lusty trout,
> And here and there a greyling,"—

sucking in the tender delicate duns which come floating adown the stream, like the thoughtless ones of the world, who float upon the stream of life too lightly, regardless of the doom that lurks below. Fresh is the air, and bright the sun; sparkling the water, and heavenly the day. Why need they trouble themselves about to-morrow, or the hopes and chances of existence? "Poor insect, what a little day of sunny bliss is thine!" Fate yawns for you beneath that crystal wave you sit so lightly and cockily upon. Suddenly there is a small whirlpool, and a huge cavernous recess, set with a double row of horrid teeth, gapes above and below, the water rushes in to fill the fearful pit, the terrible jaws clash together like the brazen gates to Tophet, and, "poor insect," indeed! you are no longer a sentient thing, but mere animal provant. In pitying these pretty, delicately-pencilled creatures, however, one is apt to forget that they themselves, possibly but a brief hour since, were savage, devouring monsters in their sphere, too, and just as terrible to the lesser insects of the waters as that all-devouring trout is now to them and theirs. For some of the larvæ of water-flies—and notably that of that delicate creature, the May-fly, or green drake—are, when in the larva state, the most savage and bloodthirsty little monsters possible, chopping up, with their sharp-pointed forceps, small fish and insects fully of their own size; and you can hardly, perhaps, get a worse pest into your hatching-boxes, amongst your trout and salmon eggs, or alevins, than a dozen or so of May-fly larvæ. The only insect pests that can at all equal them in their destructive powers are the larvæ of the big dragon-fly, and the water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginalis*, both in its natural and its larva state; in the latter, so savage and destructive is it that it is called the water-devil. It is almost incredible what these insects will attack and devour. Fortunately, they are small creatures; for if they were not their rapacity would be too terrible. Look at a drop of water in a microscope, and you will see a parallel there. I am afraid that, beneficent as is the whole scheme of creation, there is a great deal of what sentimentalists regard as savagery and slaughter goes on amongst even the most (reputedly) tender and placid creatures. Peep into that region of wonders, the Brighton Aquarium, with me; regard that gorgeous tank, crammed with anemones of every form and hue, like a blooming bed of beauteous flowers—asters, daisies, chrysanthemums, anemones, ranunculuses, and fifty others. See that actinia, in rose-leaf hues. How tender, how reposeful! How innocently harmless! But just let any wandering shrimp come half a fraction of barleycorn too close to those charming and inviting harmless arms, and see what a strict attention is at once paid to business! How promptly he is collared, and how arm after arm enfolds him, struggle he never so madly and heroically! How, finally, enwrapped in fifty filaments, he disappears into what we may call the calyx of the anemone! Horrible fate! Ah, those sirens! those sirens! and all the so-called myths of antiquity. They

are only myths to those whose imperfect knowledge forbids them to understand the parable. What was the Lernean Hydra slain by Hercules, for example, but a huge octopus? If you doubt it, read your Victor Hugo, perpend the devil-fish, and doubt no longer. You will thus, at any rate, have gained one step upon the ladder of wisdom, if, as the modern poet says—

> "For little fools trust all too much,
> But great ones not at all."

But this is moralising and day-dreaming; not that it is altogether an unprofitable mood to walk the meads in. And thus we wander on, Crayon and I, till we reach the stream below the wilderness, or "kingfisher's haunt," a wild and charming bit of scenery, an island wilderness, surrounded by pretty streams more or less fishable. At the foot-bridge below the weir we make a pause, for Crayon is seized with a sketching fit and sits down resolutely to his work: but, unfortunately, at his feet runs one of the best greyling streams on the river, which is rarely without a moving fish, and he has not well got his outlines on paper when a fish begins to rise, which at once relegates the pencil to the pocket. For *that* fish *must* be caught, and the Academy loses a pretty, breezy "Bit on the Wye," with Mr. Piscator plying his art in the distance, and so I escape the Academy by the skin of my teeth, which is just like my luck.

From this, up to the iron foot-bridge, we pass stream after stream of lovely greyling water, and when the fish are on the rise here, it is a sight to see and to remember. In the pool below the bridge at Bakewell we pause to note some great big fellows rising far out and beyond the reach. A very pretty shallow this, of probably a hundred yards or so in length. On this bit I once killed eight-and-a-half brace of very nice trout, with not a greyling among them, and, though there are very large trout in places on this shallow, they do not come to hand every day. But now the evening is falling fast, the fish have ceased to rise, and, satisfied with our sport, we turn aside. A short walk through the clean little town, and the welcome portals of the Rutland Arms receive us. There is just time to wash our hands before the seven o'clock table d'hôte dinner, with its pleasant company of hungry anglers and tourists.

A pleasant drive of three or four miles the next morning, through the village of Ashford, lands us at the new bridge at the entrance to Monsal Dale. And here, again, while I am out-tackling, Crayon rubs in a few outlines; but fish are seen to rise, and he soon forsakes the pencil for the rod. It is a curious thing to note how each of these Dales varies from, and is utterly unlike, the other. Monsal Dale is peculiar; though the hills that enclose it, often closely, are in places precipitous and wild enough, and often thickly wooded, there is a softness and sylvan beauty about the scenery peculiarly its own.

Here, too, is a singular pile of rocks, which bear a rude resemblance to a castle tower, and this is called "Hob's" Castle —Hob being supposed to be a certain goblin; manifestly, of course, a Hobgoblin, and a sort of Robin Goodfellow, since he did a rare good turn of work now and then for farmers or their wives when they were kind to him, and placed bowls of cream and cakes out for his delectation. As Milton says—

> "When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail had threshed the corn
> Which ten day-labourers could not end."

A very proper sort of goblin, a very estimable goblin, and it is a very great pity that all such things are now abolished by Act of Parliament. I suppose, however, if they were not they would be "comprehended as vagrom characters" by the rural police. But garrulousness, that vice of age, is getting hold upon us. The river here, though it does not wind about nearly so much as below Bakewell, has plenty of sharp bends and big deep pools to shelter any quantity of fish. The water, too, is heavier than it is higher up, and the fish less often found on the feed—at least at the fly. Crayon, I see, has contrived to bag a greyling or two while I have done the same kind offices for a leash of trout, and am engaged in trying to tempt a fine fellow of above a pound in weight out of the neck of a long, deep, round, swirling pool where the river makes a sudden turn in its course and goes off at right angles. The bank is fringed with alders, and the cast is not an easy one owing to the trees behind. Twice, however, have I covered the fish, and twice have I seen the rogue come up to the fly and drop back a yard or two with his nose almost touching it, so closely does he think it necessary to scan it. Both times, however, as he reaches the glide he leaves it and returns to his observatory at the neck. But the colour is right, though the sun is rather bright, and that makes him shy; no doubt his wonder is raised that a fly, otherwise so accurate in details, should have such a curly tail, to say nothing of that long shiny filamentous appendage extending from the mouth, and which

raises suspicion in his scaly bosom. But the sky is clouded now, the water ruffled with a little breeze, and once more the fly goes true to its mark and lights like a shadow two feet above the fish; once more he rises to it, this time he sees neither curly tail nor filament. There is a little dimple on the water as he gently raises his nose to the surface, a slight turn of my wrist and a prodigious plunge on the surface, and then a rush down into the depths and up and across—he actually takes out line like a little salmon and won't be denied, for if I check him hook, gut, or hold will give way. For they fight like Turks these Derbyshire fish, not being like Falstaff, "fat and scant o' breath," up and down trying for every sheltering weed or bank he goes, then back again, and "Here we go round (not the mulberry), but the alder bush," and it is no easy matter to steer him out of it. But his time is come at last, and after a grand fight Mr. Piscator's landing net scoops him out, as it has many an one of more than double his weight, a handsome fish of a pound and a quarter, the fish of the day I doubt not. Bravo! my little olive-quill offspring of my friend Marryat's invention, and one of the most irresistible insects which can be put over a trout, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and I blow out the feathers of the wee tempter lovingly. Thus we go on from stream to stream and pool to pool until we sit down to lunch and moralise in the middle of a breezy rabbit warren.

Just below us and on the other side are two wonderful ponds called the "Quaker's ponds," and I take it that they contain about the clearest water in England. They are fed from a little stream from the limestone and are marvellously bright and clear. They cover some three or four acres of ground, and are full of very fine trout, which are not easy to catch. Having finished our luncheon we once more get to our fishing. We now pass some lovely water, perhaps the cream of the Dale, and fish are both plentiful and large, and the baskets grow in weight, as hour by hour slips by. As the afternoon falls we come to a pretty waterfall which descends over the weir of a large pool about sixty yards wide and above a quarter of a mile long. The water here is almost still, there being a very slight current, but it abounds in very fine fish, some of them of two pounds weight and more. We can see them swimming to and fro as we walk onwards towards the lofty viaduct that spans the valley at the neck of the pool; and we watch a train come thundering across it and disappear suddenly into the bowels of the earth in a tunnel as it reaches the hill on the other side. The effect is perfectly magical: now all roar and thunder, then a whiff of smoke and sudden silence. Passing under the viaduct, we saunter up the stream, cross a hand-bridge, and pursuing the bank of the stream, which is here dull and dubbish, we pick up a nice trout or two, until we reach the plank bridge just below the railway station. A farther saunter above this shows us still some very pretty water and fine trout therein, with an opening view of Cressford mill—a big factory most picturesquely placed amidst waterfalls, rocks, and greenery of all descriptions. The view is charming, but our time is up, so we make our way up to the station, with brimming baskets and tired limbs which have well earned a temporary rest.

The next station to Monsal Dale is Millers Dale, and here we land on the succeeding morning, and proceeding down a very steep road we reach the bridge which spans the river. Here we stop to tackle up, and the keeper comes to us from an adjoining cottage. It is a question whether we shall go up or down stream, but I decide upon "up." There is much more water and the scenery far more lovely. Below, it is not remarkable, and though there are fine trout and greyling, the mills often interfere with the water. We therefore, after trying some wary old trouts which are always rising just above the bridge, and being contemptuously declined by them, go through the gate, along the private road towards a small wood. Here there are large limestone quarries up above, as there are in so many places hereabouts, and they are constantly blasting them. So that it is not at all an uncommon thing to have a shower of stones and rocks descending about your ears in this wood, and the keeper tells us how, but a month or two since, a stone twice the size of his head plunged into the mud within two yards of him. We therefore did not dwell within that wood, pretty as the scenery is, but hurry on to the exit, where is another railway viaduct. Here we are safe, and there is some very fine water and very fine trout, too, of which one or two are coaxed into our creels; for, as luck will have it, there was a heavy thunder storm last night and much rain fell, and the water is coloured, and that is exactly what Millers Dale requires. You see quite a different and superior class of fish on the feed then, and you may make a capital

* A nephew of the great novelist, and the best fly-fisher in Hampshire, and that is a very big word.

bag of fish which will average a pound apiece or thereby, which you never can do when the water is clear. The fish soon learn their rudiments in these clear streams, but they seem to lose their caution in a coloured water. On yonder peaceful little island a foul murder was committed several years ago. The river here belongs to the Bagshawe family, who live in a fine old residence but a short distance away over the hill. Buxton has a sort of mixed population, with a dash of rowdies and miners who are desperate poachers, and who go a poaching in large gangs. Several years ago, (hard upon twenty) the news was brought one evening up to the Hall while the inmates were at table that a gang of poachers were netting the stream, and young Bagshawe, a very promising, plucky young fellow, joined the keepers and went down to stop the mischief. In the quarrel that ensued he was struck down by a heavy stake upon that island by one of the poachers and slaughtered like a bullock. The gang got off in the darkness, I believe, but five of them were afterwards arrested, but nothing could be proved, and the murderer got off his punishment by any human tribunal. But this is an eery subject for so pleasant a prospect, and here, from this stout plank bridge upwards, is some very pretty water which holds very fine fish and plenty of them, when there is plenty of fly also to show them—from this the vale gathers rapidly in wildness, picturesqueness, and beauty. Presently we come upon quite a sizeable stream, which, when we attempt to cross some sixty yards or so up, we find suddenly springs from the ground in three or four most copious jets which, combined, pour out of the limestone a supply which would suffice for a considerable portion of London. It is beautifully clear and pure, and as Crayon remarked, "after a toilsome climb along the other bank" (which is very precipitous), "it mixes excellently with whisky and gives a strong temperance flavour to it."

"I only wish," said Crayon, as like the stranger—

"He stooped to the well nf St. Keyne, and drank of its waters again,"—

"I only wish, my sparkling beauty, that I had you in my back garden at Twickenham—what a property you would be! While here you are not worth twopence a year. What a deal there is in locality!"

"Why don't you wish you had that five-acre plateau yonder in Lombard Street and Cheapside while you are about it?" I growled.

"No harm in wishing," said Crayon cheerily, as we turned and clambered up the steep slippery path which merged Millers Dale into what is called Chee Dale. Now I have seen Killarney and Loch Lomond, the Trossachs and the west of Connemara, they are all lovely, but they cannot hold a candle to Chee Dale. The river here runs for some distance at the foot of a wall of stratified rock some hundreds of feet in height, which springs abruptly from the very bank, and is called Chee Tor. It is beautifully crowned with a broken outline of fine foliage, while on the other side a confusion of rock-bank ferns and foliage of all kinds trends precipitously away behind as you plunge on from beautiful pool to more beautiful pool, all filled with still more beautiful trout.

It is impossible to describe adequately the beauty of the next mile or so of the river. In some parts, notably at the "Lover's Leap," the river is not to be got near, but runs through a chasm in the rocks, which are clad with creepers and ferns hanging down to the dark river eddying below. Now Crayon could hardly fish, he was so affected, "and here's a cave, too," he said, pointing out a hole where two big stones had come together either by nature or art, and left a sort of hollow like an Egyptian tomb beneath. "Here some jolly old hermit, no doubt, in days of yore lived in the most beautiful scenes and had all the best of the fishing to himself, and deluded the public to come and consult him about their corns or their indigestions or their future prospects, or something, and who brought him venison pasties and apple turnovers and larded capons and bottles of consoling mixtures and runlets of ale, and so forth, and charming females sang—

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,'

and they did turn. He turned Edwin and she turned Angelina. Very pretty, upon my veracity! A nice little freehold, truly! 'Live in my heart and pay no rent,' as Paddy says. And this was the sort of place that they used to come to and pretended to practise Æstheticism in."

"Practised what, Crayon? Æstheticism!"

"No, no. I—I mean a—a—asceticism. But it's all the same, you know; all just alike to hermits and such folks, you know."

"Oh!" I rejoined, "it's all the same to hermits, doubtless, since the last one vanished with Vauxhall, and there are no Troglodytes hereabouts in these days."

But the mistake had discomposed Crayon, who rather prides himself on his accuracy, so he fell again to fishing and made his way slowly on up to the railway junction, and thence, after a delightful day, to the station

at Buxton; and so we got back again with famous creels to our starting point. And here I must leave the reader and get back myself to the great Babylon betimes, where much accumulated business awaits me; and as for Crayon, he has four publishers and three societies tugging at his vitals for "those blocks." So, with three boys' Christmas books and four serial tales for magazines, with an illustrated paper or two thrown in to divide his attentions for the next fortnight or so, I leave him to his mill, while I return to mine, blessing the beneficent award which made work the wholesome lot of all living, since without it how on earth should we really enjoy play.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

By FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, Author of "Sylvan Spring," &c.

THE attempt, in a recent volume,* to catch and, so to speak, stereotype by means of coloured *fac-simile* representations of foliage, some of the exquisitely beautiful, but transient, features of the season of autumn has suggested the subject of the present paper. Inexhaustible as the theme is—like all themes whose text is the loveliness of Nature—and impossible as it must obviously be, even in a large volume, to touch more than its fringe, my object will be attained if, in these brief pages, I can secure such attention to the subject as may induce my readers to study it for themselves.

Many poets have eloquently dwelt upon the splendours of autumn and upon the beauty of autumnal woods; but it is, almost invariably, general effects—deep tones and broad masses of colour—which have caught the poetic eye. A forest rolling away to its far horizon of continuing woods dyed red, or orange, or gold, giving impressions of the boundless grandeur of Nature, excites feelings of enthusiastic admiration which find fitting language in the graceful rhyme of flowing verse. The writer is standing upon the summit of a mountain, the crest of a hill, or other elevated point of view, and it is the dress and colour of the wide-reaching landscape that affect him. If he be in a country of forests he may look on all sides upon an unbroken expanse of wood just melting into the warm and tender hues which betoken the commencement of the earlier period of the season of change; or upon the irregular scenery where dense wood, open heath, moor, and sunny glade, form a whole of what, in spite of the popular notion, is genuine forest. Or it may be he is looking out from some high point of view upon the delightful mixture of half wild, half-pastoral and agricultural country so dear to English people, whose love of nature in its virgin state is tempered by homely tastes for the useful and the practical aspects of cultivation. From such points of view he will get, either in the earlier or in the later period of autumn, an unbroken mass of colour—where trees are crowded together over wide areas—or those picturesque contrasts which are afforded when the changing foliage of isolated woods is shown against the greenness of pasture.

But the exquisite loveliness of the detail which contributes to the imposing whole that is so enthusiastically admired is lost in the general effect, and has been strangely overlooked even by those who have a quick eye for beauty. A great wood at a distance may present in autumn a mass of such nearly uniform colour as to give a casual onlooker an impression of sameness. Yet, on close examination of individual trees, it will be found that a multitude of insensible gradations of hue combine to produce the general effect; and if a minute inspection of leaves be made it will be seen that the variations are countless. An ordinary hedgebank in the rank luxuriance of wild, unpruned vegetation may seem, looked at from afar, to have its drapery dyed purple, or scarlet, or yellow; but on a nearer view the general haze of colour will be shown to be only a composition of varying parts, and these, on still closer approach, to consist of an arrangement of shades which is not limited by the number—vast as these may be—of individual leaves, for each leaf within the small area bounded by its own outline, may include a marvellous diversity of shades and markings. Varied and beautiful as the surface of such a hedgebank may be, it is delightful to peer into the interior and note the forms of loveliness which lurk there, unseen and unappreciated by those who do not suspect that so much beauty lies hidden from the casual passer-by.

Let us take the bramble as one type, and perhaps the commonest of this hedgebank beauty. Gilpin, with all his love for nature,

* 'Autumnal Leaves.' London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

said, in speaking of this trailer, "I know but one plant that is disagreeable, and that is the bramble . . . As a pendent plant it has no beauty. . . nor has it any foliage to recommend it." He concludes that "it is the most insignificant of vegetable reptiles"—a strange opinion of a plant which is one of the most beautiful of all our wildings, and the charm of whose autumnal colouring is exceeded by no other, and equalled by very few trees, shrubs, or humbler plants. Blood-red, yellow merging into golden, purple, and rich brown are colours which are spread in endless variety of markings upon the leafy tissues of this picturesque and beautiful plant. No two shrubs of bramble, even at the same season of autumn, are alike in the colouring of their leafage; no two sprays are the same, and the contrasts presented by different leaves on the same spray, and by the varying hues on the same leaves, are singularly and strikingly lovely. On the same plant, too, there may be blossoms—pure white and white delicately or deeply flushed with pink—green, red, and black fruit, purple and green stems, and crimson, purple, yellow, dark green, light green, brown and golden green leaves. But this brief enumeration by no means exhausts the beauty and variety of the bramble foliage; for single leaves may be blood-red or purple on one side, and green or golden on the other; they may be red and purple and yellow and green, or marked by blotches or streaks or freckles of all these colours in a manner which is never uniform, often strikingly and surprisingly picturesque, and always charming and beautiful.

An English lane.

The delicate gradations of colour and the gentle contrasts in leafage constitute the especial charm of the early season of autumn, but are only noticed by the close observer. One of the prettiest sights in a country road bordered, as our English roads so frequently are, by the familiar elm, is the falling of those golden leaves which first from the mass of still green foliage turn colour, loosen their hold and sail lightly down to the roadway. The falling elm-leaf is one of the earliest and gentlest reminders that autumn is coming. The hot flush of summer has scarcely gone. At noon the sun may yet scorch the face, but the cool delicious evenings betoken a change. Still, except in the dry atmosphere of our cities, there is not even mellowness in the hue of leaves, and the golden elm-leaf is an almost startling reminder of the approaching season. But, though unnoticed, autumn has been stealthily at work amid the elm boughs, and what appears a mass of undoubted green will give abundant evidence, if carefully examined, of the advance of the decay which is so picturesque and beautiful in its first manifestations. Around the prettily cut margin of some leaves will be noticed a delicate aureola of brighter colour. The same tinge will be advancing, in others, along the midstems, or straight across from edge to edge. Yellow freckles may bestrew a surface in others of unfaded verdancy; upon the whole

leaf may be shed an orange glow, or this hue may be confined to one side, contrasting with the opposite side of deep, dark green. Within the interior of a tree, apparently all green, a thousand changes in the arrangements of the shades may be found, some of which will be marvellously striking and beautiful. Once begun the progress of change is often rapid, and advancing from their early stage of beauty the elm heads are soon invested with the glory of their departing hues.

Before the first frosts have turned to fiery brown the forest foliage of the oak and beech, there is the tender stage of colouring when Nature gently turns the scale from the full deep green of summer. At this incipient stage of decay let those who appreciate the beauty of the early tinting stand under the branches of an oak or beech and look up into the mass of leaves. A thousand may be gathered, and no one will be at all like another in the colour markings. The picturesque disposition of golden yellow, brown, and reddish brown upon the normal green will be shown in an endless variety of ways. The oak has been prettily described as "a garden and a country," and so it is indeed to the insects and birds which delightedly seek its cool, green recesses during the heat of summer: and few gardens in variety of tinting could excel the oak-leaves of autumn.

Though not outvying in variety the colouring of the oak-leaves in early autumn, the foliage of the beech is more elegant by reason of the more regular and symmetrical contour of the leafy outlines and of the framework upon which the glossy tissue is spread. The veins running in parallel lines from the "midrib" to the wavy but unindented margin present grooves or channels along which the autumn tinting advances, giving an appearance as of green and amber stripes alternating with each other. Sometimes the advancing colour first tips with red or amber, or it may be pale straw colour, the edges of the leaves. Continuing its progress inwards, it often leaves a round central spot of deep glossy green, which stands out in vivid contrast to the light invading colour. Or the autumn colouring may extend down one or two of the spaces between the parallel veins, leaving all the others in the depth of their dark green beauty. The final occupation of these spaces by amber or fiery brown, whilst the veins are still green, is one of the most striking phases of the changing hue.

Familiar enough is the autumn yellowing of the elegant horse-chestnut, and the light-brown richness of the foliage of its namesake producer of edible fruit; but the chief beauty of both lies in the early stage of tinting, when spots and freckles and stripes of amber and gold and bronze contrast with the summer green. The gloss in the foliage of the edible chestnut adds richness to the charm of the markings; and though the dark, dull green of the other tree cannot vie with it in elegance, the greater effect of the contrasts of colour afforded by the whorled leaflets, which

Autumn from Bramble Hill.

on each leaf are so elegantly spread around the point of the foot-stalk, gives a counterpoise of beauty. Very similar in the character of their markings are the autumn leaves of the plane, but the contrasts of colour upon the same leaf are often greater, for broad splashes of orange, inclining to red, bring out in vivid relief the bright glossy green, whose depth of verdancy has not yet been dulled.

My readers may often have noticed the splendours of maple hedges, and may have remarked that sometimes they are orange, sometimes golden, and sometimes purplish red. But few of them probably have spent delightful hours as I have done in exploring their innermost recesses in early autumn, and noting their myriad forms of beauty when, side by side on the same leaves, are deep, rich, glossy green, purple, orange, bronze, and yellow, spread in patches of all sizes and in never-ending variety; a deep green glossy leaf being sometimes set off with a patch of bright orange, of orange and red, or it may be of purple and orange, in the centre, to the right or to the left of the midrib, or at the top of the leaf; or a green centre may set off a border of the colours enumerated; or these may occupy almost the entire surface, leaving deep blotches or small spots of green. Oftentimes may be found one little spray of maple bearing half-a-dozen elegant palmate leaves poised on green delicate stems; each leaf varying from another in the depth, variety, and arrangement of the colours. Not so noticeable in the variety, though equally striking in the contrasts of its autumn colouring, is the foliage of the dogwood and spindle-tree. Hedge-banks are sometimes densely clothed with the first named, and when autumn has fully come, are dyed purple by its profusion. For a mass of rich colour, too, few forest shrubs can equal the spindle-tree when in the full splendour of bright scarlet. But the green and orange and red and yellow of the one, and the yellow and the green and scarlet of the other, in the early autumn, often provide an exquisite charm of contrast which can be equalled by no mere blaze of rich colour, fascinating to the eye as such colour always is when Nature is the painter.

How beautifully our world is provided with the choicest gifts of the Creator! And nothing more fully proves to us the plenitude of the divine goodness than the loveliness with which even dying foliage is invested. The thoughtful student of Nature well knows too that it is the "commonest" plants whose colours are the most beautiful and striking—another proof, if proof were needed, that the richest feasts are furnished for the meanest eyes; and another instance of that divine love and that magnificent justice which know no distinction of rank or condition. The contribution of the bramble to the loveliness of autumn has already been mentioned, but there is a "commoner" and even more plentiful shrub—the hawthorn—the splendours of whose autumn tinting no pen can adequately describe. All shades of glossy green, crimson and purple, and bronze and gold, mingled and blended and contrasted in ten thousand ways, may be found in many a hawthorn hedge by all who will take the trouble, early in the season of the fall, to peep into the leafy interstices of the matted twigs and thorny sprays which in the spring are redolent of the sweet perfume of the cream-coloured "may." "Common," too, but how beautiful, are the cranesbills which dye whole hedge sides with a blood red hue; the scarlet "haws" which gleam from afar in the richness of glossy beauty, and the wayside silver weed, whose feathery leaves are tinged with gold in autumn in contrast with the silvery lustre which, in the early summer, attracts our notice, before the deep golden blossoms rise on their long and graceful stems.

From autumn leaves let us turn to autumn landscapes, and few of these in our beautiful island can rival in loveliness the woods and glades of the New Forest. There, and in its neighbourhood, one can get the splendours of far-reaching autumnal woods and the quiet charm of those delightful "lanes" which form so especial a feature of rural England. A faithful picture of such a lane is here reproduced* (page 608) from one of the drawings made for me by Mr. Frederick Golden Short, a young artist of rare promise, who has produced sketches probably unequalled by anything of their kind since Walter Crane made an early reputation by his delicious drawings of New Forest scenery. I spent several delightful hours of an autumn day in this same Brockenhurst lane, represented by Mr. Short with so much fidelity, collecting scores of coloured gems from bramble and hawthorn, maple, dogrose, ivy and other shrubs, carefully transferring them to my folios of botanical drying paper, and preserving them for reproduction in fac-simile by the skill of artist and colour-printer.

For the pedestrian there is no season more delightful for a country ramble than the

* This and the other illustrations to this paper are from "Autumnal Leaves."

autumn. There is not then that delightful freshness of all growing things so character-

Pond at Bramshaw.

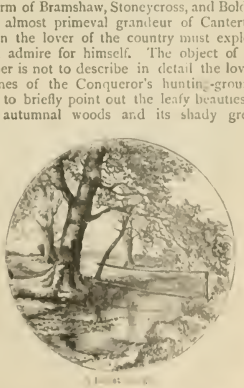
istic of the spring; nor is there the floral splendour of the summer; but there is a delicious sense of the repose of Nature. It is not sleep, for the season for sleep is only approaching, but a settling down to repose. The air is soft yet bracing; the roads, dry and hard, are half deserted by holiday seekers, and one may wander alone into many a lane and enjoy the absolute rest and quiet so grateful to the brain-weary man. Sun-rays, relieved of excessive heat, will stream down through the entanglement of overarching boughs, bringing up, where they fall aslant upon leafage, the glowing colours of the ivied hedgebanks. All the hues of spring and summer, withdrawn from the now departed blossoms, seem to be showing their beauty, as if to create a final and magnificent display through the transparent film of the leafy cellular tissue. The golden stars of the hawkbits light up with brilliancy the wayside greensward; and though speedwell and forget-me-not have disappeared from the hedgebanks there is storage of delicious blue above, where fleecy clouds chequer the clearness of the autumn sky.

If from the lane with its loveliness of detail we turn into the forest we shall witness the glory of sylvan splendour spread on its largest scale over wide areas of woody landscape that stretch away into a far horizon. The same artist who so happily caught the inspiration of "An English Lane" has sketched "Autumn from Bramble Hill" (page 609), and with equal success has seized the beauty of the spot, and reproduced the lineaments of the far-reaching landscape. From vantage-ground enriched by the purple of the heather-blossoms high above the surrounding country, one looks down upon a sweep of forest which rolls on in undulating grandeur for miles upon miles, letting the eye, which is directed southwards, see no country beyond, but only the faint blue line of the distant sea, where the thin streak of the Solent divides the Hampshire mainland from the "Island Hills." The leafy billows are glorious in green and orange, in red, purple, and gold, whilst the warm tints of the woodland are shown in pleasant relief against the bright green of forest glades and the flash of distant water.

The pedestrian who has climbed to the heights of Bramble Hill to see the finest forest view which, perhaps, our England can furnish, must watch an autumn sunset; for the clouds seem to catch the gorgeous colours of the woodland—crimson, and orange, and purple—and are tinged with the golden glory of the sun as they float under the great blue arch which, touching on three sides the horizons of wood, finds on the fourth its boundary in the sea.

"A forest bridge," and a "pond at Bramshaw" give two peeps of delicious landscape which the pedestrian should see for himself.

Space forbids enlargement on the splendours of the New Forest. Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, the leafy depths of Boldrewood, the sylvan glory of Mark Ash, the charm of Bramshaw, Stonecross, and Boldre, the almost primeval grandeur of Canterton Glen the lover of the country must explore and admire for himself. The object of my paper is not to describe in detail the lovely scenes of the Conqueror's hunting-ground, but to briefly point out the leafy beauties of its autumnal woods and its shady green



lanes, with the aim especially of showing, in the early time of the season of the fall, the exceeding charm of autumnal leaves.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN AULD FRIEN'.

WULL GREER entered the room in his pawkie way and with a sly grin on his face, as if he had some pleasing news to communicate and was proud to be the bearer of it.

The oppressive dulness of the day, and the uncomfortable mental atmosphere in the room did not harmonize with Wull's smile or cheery voice, but he was blissfully ignorant of that.

"Can you mind o' ony auld frien' that might want to see you though you maybe dinna care to see him, Mr. Thorburn?" he asked cautiously.

"No," answered Thorburn, looking straight at him and conscious of an uneasy thrill passing through his frame.

"Weel, there's ane come that says he wants to see you sae that you may settle in your ain way some matters that naebody but yoursel' can settle."

Thorburn understood, and yet mechanically put the question:

"Who is it?"

"'Deed it's just Mr. Musgrave himsel'"—he had been warned not to say Fiscal.

Thorburn remained silent for a moment and quite still, his eyes fixed on Wull's face but not seeing him. Then, in a clear, thin voice:

"Bid him come."

Grannie's head was bent forward eagerly to catch every sound which might indicate how Thorburn regarded the prospect of this meeting with the man whose mere name had formerly excited and agitated him so much. Armour was watching his face anxiously, but he could not make anything out of that curious smile with which he looked towards the door.

The Fiscal entered, and close behind him was Captain Brown, who remained in the doorway whilst the former advanced only two paces across the threshold.

The two old friends gazed at each other in silence: the Fiscal was grave and calm, Thorburn quiet, but with a slight nervous movement of the lips at intervals. Both were mentally acting over again the scene in the shed at Campbell's farm.

"I did not wish to come until your friends were with you," said the Fiscal at length. "And I hope you will not be much disturbed by my visit."

"I am pleased to see you—old friends should always be pleased to meet."

The answer was so unexpected that the Fiscal's eyes quickened with suspicion that the words conveyed a sneer. But he found no corroboration in the speaker's face.

"Yes, old friends should be glad to meet again."

"Especially when one of them is so near the end of his journey that both have the satisfaction of knowing that they cannot meet often."

"I do not think there could be much pleasure in the meeting which arose from such a sentiment as that. But if it affords you satisfaction to feel that we cannot meet often, I hope you may find it rather in our mutual forbearance than because the end of either of us is so near."

Thorburn made a slight movement of his hand as if pointing to himself and there was a ghastly smile for an instant on his face.

"That's kind of you, but you hope in vain. It is mockery to think that such a wreck as this can hold together long. Therefore I say again I am pleased to see you."

The Fiscal was perplexed by this strange opening of their interview. He had expected Thorburn to denounce him at once; and, instead, he was received in this grotesque humour, behind which, however, there lurked something suggesting to his suspicious eyes that Thorburn was laying some trap for him. He knew the man; he would cajole him into some affectation of renewed friendship and then would suddenly turn upon him and make his charge. He determined to give him the opportunity as quickly as possible; and yet even at that moment, when he looked at Armour and thought of Ellie, his heart sickened with hesitation.

"My reason for disturbing you," he said quietly, "is the important one that Captain Brown, who is here with me, is anxious to bring to justice the person who assaulted you and who will be guilty of something very like murder should you die from the effects of your wounds. We wish to have the whole story from your own lips."

The calm, steady voice and the upright bearing of the speaker betrayed no more than an official interest in the case.

"Yes, we would like to know from yourself how it all happened," said the chief constable in his brisk way; and with a feeling of intense relief that his own wild suspicions

were as ridiculous as he had all along wished to believe them to be.

Thorburn paid no heed to him: his eyes were half-closed, peering at the Fiscal. Then he turned to Armour; looked back at the Fiscal and divined something of his meaning. That curious smile which the son had noted before returned to his face.

"What would happen, supposing I did tell you that somebody had done this—I mean what would happen to him?"

"If you could identify him," said Captain Brown, as the Fiscal did not speak, "I would catch him and the Fiscal would send him for trial."

"Ah, then he would be sent to prison. He would be disgraced—all who belonged to him would be shamed. If he were a proud man the degradation of being cast into a common jail would make him writhe with pain. If he had wife and children they would suffer torture on his account . . . . and could my word do all that?"

There was a kind of fiendish pleasure in the voice and look of the man as he calculated all the pangs that he might make his enemy suffer. He seemed to be gloating over them as if they afforded compensation for his own pains.

Not a muscle of the Fiscal's face was disturbed.

Brown had seen many queer characters in the course of his business, but he had never before seen one who took positive pleasure in his own injuries because of the penalties to be paid for them by the aggressor. He did not like the spectacle; but he again answered:

"You can send him to prison, but the rest will depend upon who the man and his people are. I know plenty of wives and children who rather enjoy the father's being locked up."

"And he could be locked up whilst I am still alive—to-day, for instance—now, perhaps," Thorburn went on as if following the train of his own thoughts without reference to the presence of any one. "I would hear about it—I might even read the paragraphs in the newspapers; see his name drawn through the maudlin puddle of sentimental reporters. . . . . That would be satisfaction, but I cannot have it."

His expression had changed before he uttered the last words and become sad and serious.

"I am glad of that," said Grannie, "for I wouldna like you at this time especially to take pleasure in ither folk's sorrow. You need mercy yoursel', Jock, and you should hae nane but merciful thoughts for ithers."

"You have not told us anything about the affair yet," said Brown sharply.

Then, Thorburn very quietly and deliberately:

"There is nothing to tell. It was a pure accident. I fell upon the harrow and cut myself. I hid because I did not wish to trouble my people any longer with my useless life. You have found me—I think it is a pity; but I am content because I know that I can do no further harm to anyone. I have no more to say. A few weeks will square my account with this world."

His head sank on his breast as if he were tired. Brown, however, wished for more information.

"But I understood you to say that you had been attacked by some one."

"I say it was a pure accident; there is only one person to blame."

"Well, who is that?"

"Myself."

The Fiscal's lips were closed tightly and he had not once removed his eyes from Thorburn's face. He had grown paler as he listened, astounded, to the repeated assertion that there was no one to blame. He had not winced in the least degree whilst Thorburn was apparently gloating over the shame which was about to fall upon him. He had expected that and he had thought of it all himself. So he had been prepared.

But when he found this man, from whom he had expected nothing but the worst that his spite could accomplish, actually concealing his share of that night's work, he was moved. When he found him resolutely repeating the story as he had given it to Wull Greer in the first instance, he was moved with respect for this attempt to make some atonement for the past.

He understood that this was not done because Thorburn had any greater liking for him now than before; but for the sake of their children. Should he then break this generous silence and mar their happiness? It was hard to accept mercy from one for whom he had such contempt. In his pride he would have stepped forward with the declaration:

"He is like himself still. He does not speak the whole truth. It was I who flung him down in my fury."

But he restrained himself. The matter was not in his hands.

"I think we are taxing his strength too far, Brown," he said, and his voice was some

what hoarse. "We need not wait any longer."

"Very well. He ought to know better than us, and it evidently has been merely an accident."

As they were going out Thorburn raised his head and called:

"Musgrave."

The Fiscal turned back but did not speak.

"I don't think we are likely to meet again—I dare say we won't care to meet. But for auld lang syne let us shake hands once more."

The Fiscal gave him his hand without any sign of hesitation.

"Good-bye, my auld frien'," he said quietly.

"I want you to carry this in your mind, Musgrave, that whatever may have passed between us I look upon you now as a good friend. Tell your daughter that I hope she may have a long and happy life with her man."

And he looked significantly at Armour.

"I will give your message."

The Fiscal left the room feeling that he had made a bargain with Thorburn.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—SUSPENSE.

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"Just dae what you think best," said the miller, good-naturedly.

"Od, I'm thinking, father, that if Mistress Armour bides wi' the man it 'll be easy eneuch," said Leezie, taking a plain commonsense view of domestic necessities. "You see she's gaun to bide in the room wi' him, and, though she's blind she's just a miracle o' a body when ance she kens whar things are. An' I'll mak' up the soffie intil as guid a bed for her as onybody could wish to lie on."

Grannie was grateful for the services of these good friends, and they were glad to do anything for the blind old woman whose earnest and devoted nature exercised so strong an influence upon them that, although they did not know its meaning, any task seemed light if it pleased her.

Thorburn relapsed into his quiescent state as soon as that interview with the Fiscal was over. He had never been so obedient in his life before. Whatever Grannie said he was to do, he was ready to do. He submitted as if he had in truth become a child again, and gave loving response to the loving commands laid upon him.

He went back to bed and after a few minutes' rest he drew a long breath—as one does after thinking out some sad problem and finding a satisfactory solution to it—and said calmly:

"I think it's all right now. The lad will have his lass and they will go on together hand in hand living happy ever after."

"What was you saying, Jock?" inquired Grannie, bending over the bed.

"I was only thinking about your laddie—for he is yours, not mine—John Armour, and amusing myself by anticipating in thought the future which I can never see."

"You are far ower gloomy. The Lord has his ain way o' doing things and there's nae use trying to do them for him. Maybe he means you to live a long while yet."

"I hope not. I got to the end of my tether long ago and I should not like to have it lengthened now."

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"What for should he be?"

"Because I am his father. . . . That's a pity for him."

"You are no to fash yoursel' about onything he does just now; because he is sair worried wi' things at the mill."

Thorburn remained quiet for a little while. Then:

"What can there be to worry him there? I think I know as much about it as he does himself. It was a sort of payment to him. I thought to use all the knowledge I had gained in my various speculations in America in directing his affairs here. I pried into everything, and I know that he had sufficient contracts on hand to keep his business flourishing for a couple of years. The people he was dealing with are all safe. What is the matter then?"

The invalid's strength seemed to revive in his anxiety about his son's affairs.

"He does not tell me what the fash is until it's a' bye and settled. But I ken'd frae what he does say mair than he thinks. I'm doubtin' that he's anxious about the bank that has all his siller in hand and about some shipping company that he trusted a great lot to."

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That was said with a certain bitterness, as if he had been impelled to the intention, not by his own will, but by the desire to serve a purpose.

"I would be rael pleased if you would gang to the kirk," said Grannie, catching at one point which appeared most to her notion of what was best for him. "And I'm sure there's naebody would be mair pleased to see you than Mr. Moffat."

"Well, I hope to give him that pleasure," was the reply in a cynical tone; "but in the meanwhile, I want to know what's going on at the mill."

"Oh, we'll get news o' that soon enough! but if it would please you, I think we could get Wull Greer to gang doon and speir at Johnnie."

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smith and satirist, dryly. "I dinna ken anybody like you, Deacon, for takin' care o' himsel'. It's just wonderful."

"Naething particularly wonderful about it," said the Deacon, accepting the praise as a compliment. "I do nae mair than every honest man should do. I never gang ayont my tether. Ambeetion's an awfu' thing. I might hae ta'en the mills mysel'!"

"Ay, you see what blessin's we find in ither folks' doonfa'," said Gow dryly.

And so the gossip went on, every one professing and most of them feeling sympathy with Armour in his misfortune. But there was another matter which supplied ample material for talk at the same time. That was the return at the head of the poll of Hugh Fenwick of Cluden Peel as member of Parliament for Garthurn. Thus the man from whom everything had been expected had apparently made a failure, whilst the one from whom nothing had been expected had scored a distinct success.

There were to be great rejoicings at Cluden Peel in honour of the new M.P. There was to be a big dinner-party, and the Musgraves were, as a matter of course, amongst the guests invited. Proud as the mother and father might be of their son's newly acquired dignity their enthusiasm could not surpass that of Mrs. Musgrave.

She had the best of all reasons for being enthusiastic; she felt that she had some right to a share in the victory, for had she not always declared that he was a genius? Had she not always predicted his future glory? And had she not always urged him on in his career of ambition? Nobody rejoices so much in the success of a man as the person who can say with a smile of satisfaction to himself, "He has to thank *me* for that; he couldn't have done it without me." As a rule, people who say this have had little to do with the victory; but, all the same, they sun themselves in the honours of the hero.

Mrs. Musgrave was in that position. If she had been returned to Parliament herself she could not have been prouder; and although she was by no means a bad-hearted woman, her satisfaction was to a certain degree increased by the information which came to her about the same time of the misfortunes which had befallen the master of Thornichowe mills.

She wrote a letter and a note. The letter was to Fenwick, expressing her enthusiastic congratulations, and her fond hope that she would live to see him Premier. She wrote the letters M.P. very large, as if by that means she could swell his dignity.

The note was to Armour; very polite, very kind, condoling with him in his adversity and desiring that he should call upon her at once for a little private chat.

Armour answered the note in person immediately.

Mrs. Musgrave was astonished to find that although he looked a little paler than usual he was perfectly calm, and showed no signs of the absolute humiliation she imagined should be displayed by a person in his position. She looked sympathetic, however, and retained his hand for an instant in her own as she looked anxiously in his face.

"You know why I have sent for you, Mr. Armour? This news—this dreadful news—you will excuse me, I am sure, for you are aware of the deep interest I *must* take in your affairs considering the relationship you wish to form with us. Is it true?"

Notwithstanding the kindness of her manner, there was something in it which made Armour feel uncomfortable. He could not explain it to himself, but it was the kind of feeling one has on discovering some petty meanness in another whom he is desirous to respect and like. It pained him, and he wished he had not seen it.

"It is quite true," he replied. "I have sustained some heavy losses, and the failure at the bank at this time may ruin me."

She was almost awed from her purpose by the singular calmness of the man. If he had prevaricated—if he had even attempted to make excuses, to smooth matters over, she would have had little or no compunction in what she was about to do. But his perfect honesty made her pause notwithstanding her fervour on Fenwick's account.

"But isn't it very dreadful, Mr. Armour?" she said with something like timidity.

"It is certainly very bad, Mrs. Musgrave," he answered, with the deliberation of one who has looked the worst in the face and prepared himself to encounter it; "but it is only dreadful to me because it may still further delay my marriage with your daughter."

"Ah, you have thought of that," she cried, delighted to have got her cue. She could speak freely now.

"I have thought of it, and I concluded that you sent for me to speak about it."

"You are very good, Mr. Armour, and I see you remember the agreement we came to about Ellie's happiness."

He bowed, but made no reply. She continued, a little awkwardly:

"It was about that—that matter I wanted to speak to you, and I did not know exactly

how to approach it; for of course I am most anxious to avoid giving you unnecessary pain. But thanks to you—you are so very frank and kind, Mr. Armour—I am able to tell you at once what I have been thinking."

"I am glad to have been able to help you. You may be sure I shall listen with respect to anything you have to say."

"You are so good!" (he did not relish the repetition of this flattery) "I know that this great failure must be very hard upon you, taking away as it must do everything you have gained by such—such energy and industry. And at this time, too, when you have other troubles to occupy your mind."

"It *is* hard."

"It must be very hard indeed; but I hope—I do hope with all my heart—that you will be able to recover yourself in time."

"I have no doubt of it. With time I can regain everything."

"I shall be the first to rejoice when you have done so. But in the meanwhile I think that you should consider the position of Ellie. Of course she will be deeply afflicted by your misfortune, and with her girlish ideas of life she will be ready to promise you anything. If you speak to her now I have no doubt she will be ready to pledge herself to wait for you as long as she lives, but . . . ."

The last word was pronounced with peculiar emphasis, and Mrs. Musgrave made a grand pause, regarding him with a faint smile of expectancy as if she would say, "You must complete the sentence."

"I know that we must wait," said Armour, divining her meaning and yet unable to do as she wished.

Mrs. Musgrave saw that he knew what she meant and was irritated with him for compelling her to explain in words.

"You told me that you thought only of her happiness," she said with some impatience; "and if I were in your position, having that desire—considering all the circumstances—I would see that I had but one course to pursue. Do you not understand?"

"I think your meaning is quite plain," he replied with the utmost calmness, although his heart was quivering. "You wish me to release Ellie from her engagement, and I can say nothing more than I have already said, that if she should wish to change her mind, the mere wish would be enough for me. I should certainly not try to persuade her to keep her promise."

The man was so stubborn, there was no doing with him at all. But she must not lose her temper; she must be quiet and reason the thing out with him, and so by an effort she used the most persuasive tone and words at her command.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Armour, I am convinced that you would in no way try to force her wishes. But you must remember that Ellie is not an ordinary girl, and so long as you do not tell her deliberately that you leave her free, she will hold herself bound to you no matter what she may suffer. I ask you, is that fair?"

At another time Armour would have smiled at the question, he was so confident of Ellie's fidelity; at present he was too much distressed to smile at anything, and he answered gravely:

"If it is your wish that I should tell her so, I will do it; but she is quite aware of my views on this subject."

"Then I do wish you to tell her, and I also wish you to tell her father."

"That seems to be a little unnecessary."

"Unless you do so you will not satisfy Ellie that you are in earnest."

"To satisfy you that I am in earnest I will give her father the assurance that I consider her quite free of any engagement to me."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Armour—you have given me so much relief. I cannot tell you how this subject has weighed upon my mind. It has almost made me ill, although I was sure that you would be ready to do anything that ought to be done for her sake. I need not say that I expect you to make your statement as if it came entirely from yourself."

Armour was a little put out at that, for he felt that making the statement at all might suggest the possibility that he himself wished to draw back. There was, however, no doubt that it was right to leave Ellie quite free under the circumstances; and he had so little fear of the result that he accepted Mrs. Musgrave's condition without hesitation.

She rang the bell and summoned Ellie, and he was too glad to have the opportunity of speaking to her to have demurred to any conditions.

"Mr. Armour has something very particular to say to you, Ellie," said Mrs. Musgrave, as her daughter came into the room. "Good-bye, Mr. Armour, and I sincerely hope that you will soon overcome all your difficulties."

She shook hands and retired in her most stately manner. She had no misgivings about what she had done; she was perfectly satisfied that she had discharged the duties of a mother with admirable tact. She had been considerate to the man who was leading her

child into a commonplace marriage, and she had cleared the way to her union with one who might be the future Premier of Great Britain. The most exemplary mother could not be expected to do more than that.

To be alone with her again, to feel her hand in his, to look into her clear eyes, and then to think what it was he had promised to do! He was about to tell this girl whose face was a bright reflector of her mind, revealing to him love and sympathy—he was about to tell her that he thought her capable of change! He was about to say in effect, "You are fond and faithful so long as we are in smooth water, but I cannot trust you on board when we get into the rough seas." What nonsense! He would not like to have her with him for her own sake when the ship was going down; but if she were, he knew that she would take his hand as quietly as she was doing now, and stand patiently beside him until the big waves closed over them both.

"My darling," he whispered, as he took her in his arms, feeling ashamed that he should have to say anything which might even suggest to her that he doubted how brave and true she was and would be always.

"Was that the important matter you had to speak to me about?" she asked, smiling softly as she rested a hand on each of his shoulders and looked anxiously into his face. "You are looking pale and wearied; but I am glad you have not lost heart."

"That has been lost and found again, Ellie. I am having a bad time in business affairs, I suppose that is why you find me showing signs of worry."

"It is true then what mamma told me—you have lost everything."

The voice and face were full of such sweet sympathy that a man might be content to lose a fortune for it.

"No, not quite everything . . . yet," he answered, and would have added, "I still have you;" but he was obliged to alter the phrase. "I think we can keep our feet and make up our losses in time. But as things stand we will have to be like other prudent young folk and put off our marriage until I have won back something."

"Very well," she said quietly, accepting his decision unquestioningly. If he had told her that the wedding day was fixed for next week she would have responded in the same way.

"Are you sorry?"

"I must be sorry for the cause of the delay, but the delay itself cannot matter much. You are not going away from Thorniehowe and we can be often together."

"Yes, but . . . . in the meanwhile you are to consider yourself free from any engagement to me."

She looked at him with wondering eyes. She did not mind his words, but his hesitation and unsteady voice suggested that they meant more than she could understand.

"How can I hold myself free, John, when I—am yours?"

"That is comfort and strength too." His heart bounded over all his trouble into joy. "But you know it may be a long time—a very long time, and I want you to understand—to believe—" here was the difficult part—"to believe that you are quite free and that I do not consider you bound by any promise you gave when circumstances were different. Do you see?"

"No, for the circumstances were never different to me. We can wait."

And he knew that she would wait no matter what might happen. He did not feel called upon to insist any further on her understanding that he absolved her from all pledges. Indeed without his formal renunciation of all claim upon her she might free herself at any time if she showed a preference for another. If she ceased to care for him, all bonds were worthless. Not from vanity, but from his entire faith in her truth he was unable to conceive that possible.

"Yes, we can wait," he said with a confident smile.

And they were as firmly bound to each other then, when he had set her free, as they had been before. They were perhaps more firmly bound to each other than before: for he had learned that she could not understand how she could be free whilst she loved him; and she had learned that it was only because she loved him that he could value their engagement at all.

Poor Mrs. Musgrave!—she was very proud of her diplomacy. She had actually succeeded in making Armour himself break off the match, and she had persuaded him that it was his duty to explain the necessity of the breach to the Fiscal. It was his duty: and she was honestly convinced that she was doing hers.

She was well pleased, and she had another little arrangement in prospect which would complete her triumph. She would soon be able to speak of "my son—that promising young statesman, Hugh Fenwick, M.P. for Gartburn." It would be almost as satisfactory as to refer to the late Lord of Session;

and the relationship to the two dignitaries would afford her joy for ever.

CHAPTER XL.—A SLEEPING PARTNER.

ARMOUR'S visit to Dalwheattie mill was of some consequence. He found Thorburn in such an excited state that it threatened to end in a fatal fit of nervous exhaustion. His presence soothed him at once, although he still remained eager and questioned him about every detail of the business misfortune.

Endeavouring to take his mind away from that subject Armour spoke about Miss Graham and told him of her longing to see him so that she might "take the curse off him" as she had said.

"Take the curse off," muttered Thorburn gloomily, "it's rather late in the day for that. But did she tell you how it was to be done?"

"No, she would not explain it to anybody but yourself; and I doubt if she will even tell you when you go to her; for she has lost all count of time and expects to see you as young as—as young as when you went away."

"Ah, that's a long time ago. But I can probe her memory as no one else can. You must take me to her."

"As soon as the doctor says you may risk the journey we will go. But you see at present you may not even go as far as Thornichowe."

"I don't want to go there particularly, but I do want to see Miss Graham. She has some message for me. That's what she means, and if she has anything to say that can relieve me I should be a new man. You must take me there. You don't know what the weak frame can endure when the heart is in the work."

"I cannot very well get away for a day or two—"

"Yes, yes, I was forgetting, my poor lad. I will be patient. Send old Oswald to me; I want to speak to him. We were great friends whilst I was at the mill, for he soon found that I was as eager for its prosperity as himself, and I believe your failure would kill him."

"That would be a bad job, but I hope it will not happen."

"Then send him to me at once. I have something to say to him—something that may help you to weather the storm."

"What is it?"

"Better not ask. Let me see Oswald. I want him to do something."

"All right, I'll send him as soon as I get back. I daresay the outing will do him good."

Armour was glad to see how much these promises relieved his father, although he believed that the desire to see the old cashier was only the result of some whim born of his feverish condition.

"Do just as he tells you," said Grannie, as she parted with him at the door. "It will do him guid, an' it canna do you ony harm."

"I mean to do it, Grannie."

"That's right, Johnnie, and you'll hae your reward. He's far mair sensible than you would think."

Mr. Oswald went to Dalwheattie in his master's gig.

On the following morning, whilst Armour was engaged in the office in the bitter task of arranging in their order the numerous claims for immediate payment which were rushed upon him as soon as the news of his involvement with the bank and the shipping company became known, the Fiscal called to see him.

Armour could not help feeling that this was the cruellest blow of all, for of course Mr. Musgrave had come to announce that the engagement with his daughter was at an end.

With a sigh Armour passed the letters over to the cashier, who was curiously placid today, and went into the private room where the Fiscal was waiting.

"You have a stey brae to climb this time, Armour; have you got the stout heart for it?" was Mr. Musgrave's kindly salutation.

"I don't know. Sometimes I believe it is in me to get over it, sometimes it seems scarcely worth trying. Let me spare you the task of having to repeat what Mrs. Musgrave told me yesterday. I consider your daughter perfectly free from any engagement to me."

He turned for a moment and looked out at the window. He could not command his voice, and he was glad that he had been able to speak the words distinctly.

The Fiscal's eyebrows rose and fell as if he had been taken by surprise. It was not so much what had been said that astonished him as the utterly hopeless manner of saying it.

"Do you wish her to be free?"

"I wish her to be free."

There was a pause, and the Fiscal was frowning as he surveyed his young friend inquiringly.

"Do you wish to be free from her?"

"What is the use of asking that?—I have no choice. It will take years to regain even

a part of what I have lost. I cannot bind her to wait all that time, or expect you to sanction such an indefinite engagement."

The Fiscal's countenance cleared a little.

"I think you are right; she should not be bound to wait, and as you desire it we will consider the engagement at an end."

Armour felt as if the last straw had been laid on the camel's back. But he had faith in Ellie still to keep him up.

"I thought you would wish it to be settled in this way."

"It is as you desire. That, however, was not the subject on which I came to speak to you. It was about your business. There is a friend of mine who wants to invest some capital in a good going concern and it occurred to me that at this crisis you might be inclined to listen to his proposals."

Armour was amazed at the coincidence, but he was somewhat dull in the "up tak" at this moment, for his mind was full of Ellie. Her father had taken the renunciation so calmly and dismissed it so briefly that he felt for the first time as if a real barrier had been raised between him and the prize which had been so nearly won.

He wakened up however, and was pleased as well as grateful; for he saw that this proposal would enable him the sooner to claim her.

"It would be of much advantage to me just now to have some additional capital; but does your friend understand anything of the business, and who is he?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you anything about him. He desires to be in every respect a sleeping partner, and you must accept me as his responsible representative."

"Is not that a little unusual?"

"Not at all; you have simply to deal with me as if I were the man myself. I shall be answerable to my friend for everything that I may do on his account. He will trust me and I can trust you."

Armour sat down and leaned back on his chair, regarding the Fiscal with a puzzled expression; but he did not speak.

"Well, what do you think of it?" queried his friend.

"Oh, it is an excellent chance for me, of course—but I am thinking about you, Mr. Musgrave."

The latter smiled, amused by Armour's bewilderment.

"And what about me, if it's a fair question?"

"I was wondering how it is that you are always such a staunch friend to me. Whenever I was in a mess you have always been ready to help me out of it. How is that?"

The direct question was almost too much for the man. Armour was touching the raw flesh. The one sad, and dearest experience of Musgrave's life had been his love for Armour's mother. Everything else that he had done or hoped to do had been a matter of cool calculating common-sense. In that one passion the man's strong nature had been loose: he loved the woman without reason; he loved her, because he loved her: he had no explanation for it. She had jilted him, and she had deceived him: and still he loved her, cherishing her memory as the most precious jewel he had found in all his life.

And her son asked him why he should be his friend.

Should he tell him? Would it be good for him to know? Would it be kindness or would it be cruelty to let him know the whole story? He did not know exactly what to do; but there was a curious thought passing through him that in making this man understand the link that bound them there would be something reaching her. So:

"I am going to tell you something that may pain you, Armour," he said, making a sudden movement forward and gripping him by the arm. It was the first sign of nervousness that the Fiscal had ever shown. But even as he spoke there came the hesitation again. "I don't know whether I should tell you or not—perhaps it is best you should understand me. . . . The thing is simple enough. . . ."

Simple as it was, the Fiscal stopped and clenched his teeth as if he were swallowing something.

Armour was looking at him with an expression of curiosity and amazement. He had always regarded him as a man who had no feeling whatever. The Fiscal had been to him what he was to outsiders—a calm, clever man, who never allowed feeling to have anything to do with his work. He did know that Musgrave could be kind: and he had good reason to be grateful to him. But when he came to him in this strange way with a proposal which made the difference between fortune and ruin, and with that curious tone and look, he could not help questioning himself and his friend—"Why was this?"

Simple it might be, but the man found it very hard to put it into words.

"The reason why I have tried to be your friend," he said coldly, "is that I have some remembrance of your mother."

"My mother?"

Armour started up. Here was the opportunity to find the answer to all those questions which had troubled him so.

"Yes, and it is for her sake that I have been and am ready to do whatever is in my power to serve you."

Armour clasped his hands, leaning over the table, and bowed his head upon them. The great cry of joy that was in his heart he did not speak, but it was this—"Thank God—she was innocent."

There was no need for explanations to lead him to that conclusion. It was clear to him the moment Mr. Musgrave spoke; and the latter understood that it was so.

Then he rose and advanced to the Fiscal, whose hand he grasped with that kind of fervour which only comes when one feels deeply grateful. Still holding the hand he looked straight into his eyes.

"I don't know what I am to say to you, Mr. Musgrave—you can't realise what I have suffered thinking about my mother. Of course it cannot be of any moment to me what she was as the world goes—but I have loved her memory and it was horrible to me to hear that she could be the false woman my father told me about."

There he struggled with himself: he wanted to say something more and he could not.

The Fiscal helped him out.—They were still looking each other straight in the eyes. Laying a hand upon Armour's shoulder, he said:

"It's not a nice thing to tell to a son, but you know so much already that the rest can be only pleasant to you. . . . . It is queer, but even at this time of day, I find it difficult to speak about her quietly. There is not much in it to you or to any one except myself. . . . . Your mother and I were great friends—so great that I believed at one time our lives were to be together. Your father came in between us—there was a slight quarrel—a separation—and we had to walk in different directions. She took her way—poor girl—and found death. I took my way, which was one of indifference to all human nature. I married a woman who had all that was necessary to help me forward in my business. It was a business affair altogether, and we are both satisfied with the result. That's the whole story."

"But about my mother—I want you to tell me about her. Grannie has always been silent, and I have been coward enough to be afraid to ask. Now—after what you have said—I know that I may ask and not be afraid to listen."

The Fiscal looked at him steadily for an instant and then motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down and I will tell you."

There was a strange look in Armour's face. Could it be true that this man had no knowledge of the suffering he had caused? Could it be true that this man had been the cause of the act which had ruined his father's life, and remained silent about it all these years? No, it was impossible: he who had been so generous could not knowingly have done such a wrong.

"I am listening, Mr. Musgrave," he said quietly.

The Fiscal rested his elbows on the table and his cheeks on his knuckles.

"I have told you that it is a simple affair although it has led to so much trouble. This was how it came about. Your father, Graham, and myself were close friends. Our pleasures were taken together, and for a time we worked together. During that time we were often at the house of your mother's father. Your mother and her sister, although only the daughters of a small farmer, had by their own intellect acquired a position higher than that of any woman in the district. We were three poor lads who had our own way to make in the world. Good luck made us acquainted with her father, and he was a man who liked to have young folk about him. In that way we had many merry gatherings at the farm."

Here the Fiscal stopped and drew a long breath, as if he wanted strength for what he had to say afterwards. He did not move his hands from his cheeks or his eyes from Armour's face, but he tried to speak lightly, as if to glide over the tenderer parts of his story.

"Your mother was my favourite—as she was your father's—her sister was Graham's. . . . . I say again think of what you feel for Ellie—all that I felt for her. But unfortunately I shrank from speaking to her because I knew that I must ask her to wait so long for me. Your father, more regardless of the ordinary affairs of life, spoke and married her. . . . . You must try to get over it, Armour—I didn't like him for taking away from me my prize. But I remained their friend, and only blame myself for not speaking out when I first discovered his foolish jealousy of Graham. There was of course this excuse for me, that I was angry with him and that at

first I was not quite sure that he was making a mistake. I learned the truth unfortunately too late and I was mean enough to stand back because . . . . well, because I was angry with him and her for being such fools. Then came the worst part of all, the treachery to Graham and . . . . I'd better not go on with that. All that I want you to understand is that your mother was an honest woman and his folly killed her."

The Fiscal rose, walked to the window and back again, his hands behind his back, moving as if he had his umbrella in them, but more nervously than was usual.

"Now you know the whole story and you can understand why I take so much interest in your affairs."

Armour sprang to his feet and grasped his hand.

"Thank you," was all he could say.

"I understand," said the Fiscal; "we need not talk more at present; but I take it for granted that the arrangement I have proposed to you will be agreed upon and that you will be content to regard me as the responsible person."

"As you please. I cannot think of these matters at this moment."

"One thing more I want to tell you, to save you a surprise; I think it very probable that Mrs. Musgrave will go abroad this winter and Ellie will go with her. Of course that will be quite satisfactory to you, seeing that the engagement is at an end."

There was something of his old jocularity in the way in which he said that.

"I daresay it will be to her advantage," said Armour, trying to hold to his good resolution to leave her quite free, but feeling at the same time a cruel twinge of pain somewhere in his head and about his breast, and a very clear sense that he wished he had not been so faithful to the promise he had given to Mrs. Musgrave.

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS:

Or, Hope and Resignation.

A YEAR ago, a little year,
I sat, a lonely thing,
Awaiting what might be the cheer
My birthday morn should bring,
When lo! I heard a fluttering sound,
And, looking up, beheld
A troop of forms that flocked around,
Like fairies out of eld.

All beauteous were they, winged with gold,
And, as they danced in glee,
The world no more seemed dark and cold,
But made for joy and me.
I asked not whence they came or why;
I knew as well as they.
Oft had they passed my threshold by,
But now had come to stay.

Like rose-buds garlanded they spanned
My room from roof to hearth.
They touched my lips, they clasped my hand,
I felt no child of earth.
And, syren sweet, the song they sang
I wept for joy to hear.
"At last," the fairy chorus rang,
"We bring a blissful year."

A year ago, a little year!
I keep my quiet room.
No radiant forms with wings are here;
No fairy troop has come,
And all the happy thoughts they left
Have faded like a dream.
Sometimes I feel as one bereft,
And sometimes richer seem.

Yet do I sit alone no more,
One guest steals to my side;
Ofttime I've heard her at my door,
At last I open wide.
Half-nun, half-angel seems this guest,
And pensive is her smile;
Yet doth she cheer my birthday best,
And solitude beguile.

Where'er she goes she brings an air
Of twilight calm and ease.
Her voice is as the south wind fair,
That stills the troubled seas.
She cannot bring back banished hours,
Nor those fair hopes I weep;
But she can cover them with flowers,
Where in their graves they sleep.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

PIC D'ISABE, IN THE PYRENEES.

Page 652.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.—"IT IS ALTOGETHER UNTRUE."

THE month of September wore itself away at Exeter very sadly. An attempt was made to bid Mrs. Western welcome back to her old home; but from the nature of the circumstances there could hardly be much heartiness in the attempt. Mrs. Thorne came over from Honiton to see her, but even between Cecilia and Maude Hippesley, who was certainly the most cherished of her Exeter friends, there could be no free confidence, although there was much sympathy. Mrs. Western could bring herself to speak evil to no one of her husband. She had, with much passion, told the entire story to her mother, but when her mother had begun to say hard words respecting him Cecilia had found it impossible to bear them. Had her mother taken Mr. Western's part, it may be doubted whether she could have endured that. There was no speech concerning him which was possible for her ears. She still looked forward to the chance of having him back again, and if he would come back, if he would take her back, then he should be entirely forgiven. He should be so forgiven that no mutual friend should have heard a word of reproach from her lips. She herself would know how hardly she had been used; but there should be no one to say that she had ever been heard to complain of her husband. Not the less was her heart full of wrath. Not the less did she during every hour of the day turn over in her thoughts the terrible injustice of which she had been the victim. But it can be understood that even to her old friend Maude Hippesley, who was now happy in her new home as Mrs. Thorne, she could not talk openly of the circumstances of her separation. But there was, alas, no other subject of such interest to her at the present moment as to give matter for free conversation.

The Dean's family, and especially Mrs. Hippesley, attempted to be kind to her. The Dean himself came down and called with much decanal grandeur, conspicuous as he walked up to the Hall door with shovel hat and knee breeches. But even the Dean could not do much. He had intended to take Mrs. Western's part as against his brother-in-law, having been no doubt prompted by some old feeling of favour towards Cecilia Holt; but now he was given to understand that this Mr. Western had also gone astray, and in such a way as to make it hardly possible that he should talk about it. He called therefore and took her by the hand, and expressed a hope that all things should be made to go straight, and then he left her, taking her by the hand again, and endeavouring to prove his esteem by his manner of doing so. That was the beginning and the end of the Dean's comforting. Mrs. Hippesley could do but little more. She did make an attempt at confidential conversation, but was soon stopped by Cecilia's cold manner. Mrs Western, indeed, could speak to none. She could not utter a word either for or against her husband. Mrs. Green came, of course more than once; but it was the same thing Mrs. Western could endure to talk and to be talked to about nothing. And though there was friendship in it, it was but a subdued feeling of friendship,—of friendship which under the circumstances had to be made silent. Mrs. Green when she had taken her leave determined not to come again immediately, and Mrs. Western when Mrs. Green had gone felt that she did not wish her to come. She could live with her mother more easily than with her old friends, because her mother understood the tone of her mind. Each kept their thoughts to themselves on that subject of which each was thinking; but each sympathised with the other.

Lady Grant as soon as she understood the condition of things at once began to correspond with her brother. To her it was a matter of course that he should, sooner or later, take his wife back again. But to her thinking it was most important that he should do so before the fact of their quarrel had been flaunted before the world by an enduring separation. She wrote in the first instance without throwing blame upon either party, but calling upon her brother to show the honesty and honour of his purpose by coming back at once to Durton Lodge, and receiving Cecilia. "Of course it must be so sooner or later," said Lady Grant, "and the quicker you do it so much easier will be the doing." It should be told that Mrs. Holt had, without telling her daughter, in her passion, herself written to Mr. Western. "You have sacrificed my daughter in your perversity, and that without the slightest cause for blame." Such had been the nature

of Mrs. Holt's letter, which had reached him but a day before that of his sister. Lady Grant's appeal had not been of the same nature. She had said nothing of the sin of either of them; but had written as though both had been in fault, misunderstanding each other, and neither having been willing to yield a little. Then she had appealed to her brother's love and affectionate disposition. It was not till afterwards that she had been able to inform him of the baby that was expected.

Mr. Western answered his sister's letter from Dresden. To Mrs. Holt he sent no reply: but he used her letter as the ground for that which he made to Lady Grant, writing as though Mrs. Holt's words had come directly from his wife. "They say that I have sacrificed Cecilia without the slightest fault on her part. I have not sacrificed her, and there has been terrible fault on her part. Fault! A young woman marries a man while she is yet engaged to another, and tells the poor dupe whom she has got within her clutches nothing of her first engagement! Is there no fault in that? And she afterwards entertains the first man at her husband's house, and corresponds with him, and prepares at last to receive him there as a friend, and that without a word on the subject spoken to her husband! Is there no fault in that? And at last the truth becomes known to him because the base man is discontented with the arrangements that have been made, and chooses to punish her by exposing her at last to the wrath of her husband! I say nothing of him. With his conduct in the world I have no concern. But can all that have taken place with no fault on her part? What in such a state of things should I have done? Should I have contented myself simply with forbidding my wife to receive the man at my house? Should I have asked her no question as to the past? Should I have passed over that engagement which had been in full existence during the last twelve months, and have said nothing of it? Or should I have expressed my anger and then have forgiven her and attempted to live with her as though this man had never existed? Knowing me as you do, can you say that that would have been possible to me? How could I have lived with a wife of whom I knew so much as I had then learned of mine,—but had known so little before? Had I been a man of the world, living for the world, careless as to my own home except as to the excellence of my dinner and the comfort of my bed, it might have been possible. A man trusting for his happiness to such means might perhaps have continued to exist and not have been broken-hearted. But I think you will understand that such could not be the case with me. I looked for my happiness to my wife's society and I discovered when I had married that I could not find it there. I could never respect her!

"But she tells me that having married her I have no right to sacrifice her. As I had been fool enough to allow myself to be so quickly allured by her charms, and had made those charms my own, I was bound to stand by my bargain! That I take it is the argument which her mother uses. I grant the truth of it. It is I that should be sacrificed and not she. I have so acted that I am bound to submit myself to such a verdict. What the law would require from me I cannot say. The law might perhaps demand a third of my income. She shall have two-thirds if she wishes it. She shall have seven-eighths if she will ask for it. At present I have given instructions by which during her life she shall have one half. I am aware that in the heat of her passion she has declined to accept this. It shall nevertheless be paid to her credit. And I must deny that one who has achieved her marriage after such a fashion has any right, when so treated, to regard herself as sacrificed. I am the victim. But as I am convinced that she and I cannot live happily together, I reserve to myself the right of living apart."

Lady Grant, when she received this letter, immediately sat down to write to Cecilia, but she soon found it to be impossible to put into a letter all that there was to be said. She was living in the neighbourhood of Perth whereas her sister-in-law was at Exeter. And yet the matter was of such moment that she perceived it to be essential that they should see each other. Perhaps it might be better that Mrs. Western should come to her; and therefore she wrote to her,—not explaining the cause of the proposed visit, to do which would be as difficult as to write the full letter, but simply saying that in the present condition of things she thought it would be well that Cecilia should visit her. This however Mrs. Western refused to do. She had come to her mother, she said, in her terrible difficulty, and in her present circumstances would not at once leave her. She considered herself bound to obey her husband, and would remain at Exeter until she received instructions from him to leave it.

There was in her letter a subdued tone of

displeasure, which Lady Grant felt that she had not deserved. She at any rate was anxious to do her best. But she would not on that account abandon the task which she had undertaken. Her only doubt was whether she had better go to her brother at Berlin or to his wife at Exeter. She understood perfectly now the nature of those mistaken suspicions which filled her brother's mind. And she was almost sure of the circumstance which had produced them. But she was not quite sure; and were she to make mistakes in discussing the matter with him, such mistakes might be fatal. She thought that with Cecilia she could not do other than good. She knew her brother's mind better than did his wife, and she imagined that between them such a story might be told,—a story so true and so convincing that the husband might be brought back.

The following very short letter therefore was written. "My dear Cecilia, as you will not come to me at Perth, I must go to you at Exeter. I shall start this day week and will be with you on the following Wednesday. Do not mind as to a room for me, as I can stop at the hotel; but it is I think imperative that we should see each other. Yours affectionately, Bertha Grant."

"Mamma, Lady Grant is coming here next week," said Cecilia to her mother.

"To this house, next week?"

"She says that she will come to the hotel; but of course we must receive her here."

"But why is she coming?"

"I suppose it is because she thinks that something should be done on behalf of her brother. I can understand her feeling, and am sure that she sympathises with me. But I do not think that any good will come of it. Unless he can see how wrong he is nothing will be able to change him. And until his very nature is changed he will not be made to understand his own fault." It was thus for the first time for a fortnight that Mrs. Western spoke to her mother about her husband.

At the day appointed Lady Grant came and Mr. Western met her at the station. "Of course you will not go to the hotel," she said; "there is plenty of room at the house. I am greatly indebted to you for coming. It seems a dreadful thing to have to come on such a business all the way from Perth. I know that I ought to apologise to you for the trouble."

"Apologise! There can be no apologising between you and me. If I can make each of you understand the truth there is not I think any doubt but that you will be brought together."

"If he can be made to see the truth, it may be so. I do not know that there is any seeing of the truth necessary on the other side. I have complained of nothing. He has taken upon himself to leave me for some cause as to which I am perfectly in the dark. However we will not talk about it now. Then she put Lady Grant into the fly and took her home.

There was nothing more said about it on that day. Mrs. Western, in whose bosom something of her feeling of anger against her husband was most unjustly extended towards Lady Grant, took care that they two should not be at once left together again. Mrs. Holt was studiously civil, but always with a feeling that Mr. Western and Lady Grant were brother and sister. It was probable that the sister would take her brother's part and consequently be at any moment converted into an enemy. The first evening at Exeter was passed very uncomfortably by the three ladies. But on the following morning a conference was demanded. "My dear," said Lady Grant, "we have got to discuss all this and we may as well do it at once. What does your husband mean when he says that you were still engaged to Sir Francis when you became engaged to him?"

"Has he said so?"

"Yes; indeed."

"Then he has said what is altogether untrue. Nor is there the slightest ground for such an untruth. Everything between me and Sir Francis Geraldine was over before we had gone to the Continent. Why, I left England in consequence of the shock it gave me to have to abandon him. Does he know—does your brother know what I told you?"

"He did not know it when he wrote to me."

"I suppose not. I should think he would send some message. As a rule he is soft-hearted, although to me he has become suddenly so inexpressibly cruel."

"But you understand now the cause of his displeasure?"

"Not in the least," said the angry wife. "I know of no cause for his displeasure. Displeasure! I know of no cause to justify a step so terrible as this."

"Though the statement may be untrue as you say——"

"It is untrue. It is altogether untrue."

"But he has believed it."

"Why has he believed it? Why, why?"

"Ah indeed; why?" said Lady Grant. "I suppose that no lie becomes prevalent in the world for evil without some fault on the part of somebody. Even though it may not have been expressed in exact terms some false person has intentionally spread it abroad. And then a man in his wrath, when he hears the lie, will distort it, and twist it, and aggravate it,—to his own wrong and to that of others."

"But my own husband! Him whom I so passionately loved!"

"And who so passionately loved you! It was because of that that the lie has so rankled! And, Cecilia, dear, let us be altogether open to each other."

"I have concealed nothing from you," said Mrs. Western proudly.

"Nor wilfully from him. But you had kept from him a detail of your past life,—of your life not long since past, which, as you yourself felt, ought to have been made known to him."

"It would have been made known to him."

"Just so. But unfortunately he was first allowed to hear it from another quarter. How it was told from thence you and I do not know."

"I saw the letter to him from Sir Francis Geraldine. There was no such statement in it as that you have now made. The tone of the letter was ungentlemanlike and abominable; but the facts as declared were true."

"Do you believe then that he has invented this falsehood against you, to excuse himself?"

"No," said the deserted wife; "I do not think he invented it."

"Nor I. How was it then that the idea has made its way into his brain?"

"He is suspicious," said Mrs. Western, speaking very slowly.

"Yes; he is suspicious. It is the fault of his character. But he is true and honest, and affectionate, and is by no means exacting or self-seeking. You have no right to expect that your husband should be perfect;—nor has he a right to expect it of you. He had no idea of this engagement till it was told by him who of all men was bound not to tell him."

The conversation was carried on after this for a considerable time, but was left chiefly in the hands of Lady Grant. Two or three times Mrs. Western put in a word, but it was always to ask what might be the effect upon him when he should have learned the tidings which she had sent him. Lady Grant seemed to think that he would of course come back and again take his wife to his bosom, as soon as he should be made to understand all the exact facts as to her intercourse with Sir Francis Geraldine and as to her quarrel with him. But poor Cecilia seemed to believe more in the coming of the little stranger. "He can reject me," she once said, with mingled bitterness and hope, "but I cannot believe that such as he should reject his own child."

But neither then nor on the following day, which was the last that Lady Grant allowed herself at Exeter, could she be induced to send to her husband a single word asking his pardon. "No," she said, holding her head aloft as she spoke; "it is for me to pardon him. If he wants my pardon he shall have it. He need not ask for it, but if he comes he shall have it."

CHAPTER XVII.—MISS ALTIFIORLA RISES IN THE WORLD.

During this time a correspondence, more or less regular, was maintained between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis had gone to Scotland for the shooting, and rather liked the interest of Miss Altifiorla's letters. It must be understood that it had commenced with the lady rather than the gentleman. But that was a fact of which he was hardly aware. She had written him a short note in answer to some questions he had asked respecting Mrs. Western when he had been in Exeter, and this she had done in such a manner as to make sure of the coming of a further letter. The further letter had come and thus the correspondence had been commenced. It was no doubt chiefly in regard to Mrs. Western; or at first pretended to be so. Miss Altifiorla thought it right to speak always of her old friend with affectionate kindness;—but still with considerable severity. The affectionate kindness might go for what it was worth; but it was the severity, or rather the sarcasm, which gratified Sir Francis. And then Miss Altifiorla gradually adopted a familiar strain into which Sir Francis fell readily enough. In fact Sir Francis found that a young woman who would joke with him, and appear to follow his lead in her joking, was more to his taste than an austere beauty such as had been his last love.

"Lady Grant is here at this moment," Miss Altifiorla said in one of her letters. She had by this time fallen into that familiar style of writing which hardly declared whether it belonged to a man's letter or a woman's. "I suppose you know who Lady Grant is. She is your fortunate rival's magnificent widowed

sister, and has come here I presume to endeavour to set matters right. Whether she will succeed may be doubtful. She is the exact ditto of her brother, who of all human beings gives himself the finest airs. But Cecilia since her separation has given herself airs too, and now leads her lonely life with her nose high among the stars. Poor dear Cecilia; her misfortunes do not become her, and I think they have hardly been deserved. They are all the result of your bitter vengeance, and though I must say that she in sort deserves it, I think that you might have spared her. After all she has done you no harm. Consider where you would be with Cecilia Holt for your wife and guardian. Hard though you are, I do not think you would have been hard enough to treat her as he has done. Indeed there is an audacity about his conduct to which I know no parallel. Fancy a man marrying a wife and then instantly bidding her go home to her mother because he finds that she once liked another man better than himself! I wonder whether the law couldn't touch him! But you have escaped from all that, and I really can't understand why you should be so awfully cruel to the poor girl." Then she signed herself "Yours always, F. A.," as though she had not been a woman at all.

In all this there was much guile. She had already taken the length of his foot, and knew how to flatter him, and to cheat him at the same time. "That poor young woman of mine seems to have got into difficulties," he said to Dick Ross, who had gone down with him to Scotland.

"You have made the difficulties for her," said Dick.

"Well; I paved the way perhaps. That was only justice. Did she think that she was going to hit me and that she wasn't to be hit in return?"

"A woman," growled Dick.

"Women are human beings the same as men, and when they make themselves beasts have got to be punished. You can't horsewhip a woman; but if you look at it all round I don't see that she ought to get off so much better than a man. She is a human creature and ought to be made to feel as a man feels."

But this did not suit Dick's morality or his sense of chivalry. According to his thinking a woman in such matters ought to be allowed to do as she pleased, and the punishment, if punishment there is to be, must come from the outside. "I shouldn't like to have done it; that's all."

"You've always treated women well; haven't you?"

"I don't say that. I don't know that I've ever treated anybody particularly well. But I never set my wits to work to take my revenge on a woman."

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir Francis. "You had better contrive to make yourself less disagreeable or else you and I must part. If you think that I am going to be lectured by you, you're mistaken."

"You ask me, and how can I help answering you? It was a shabby trick. And now you may bluster as much as you please." Then the two sat together, smoking in silence for five minutes. It was after breakfast on a rainy day, such as always made Dick Ross miserable for the time. He had to think of creditors whom he could not pay and of his future life which did not lie easily open before him, and of all the years which he had misused. Circumstances had lately thrown him much into the power of this man whom he heartily disliked and despised, but at whose hands he had been willing to accept many of the luxuries of his life. But still he resolved not to be put down in the expression of his opinions although he might in truth be turned off at a moment's notice. "You are corresponding with that old woman now?"

"What do you know about my correspondence?"

"I know just what you told me. That letter there is from the lady with the Italian name. She has more mischief even than you have, I believe." At hearing this Sir Francis only laughed. "If you don't take care she'll make you marry her, and then where will you be?"

"Where would you be, old fellow?"

"It don't much matter where I should be," said poor Dick. "There's a revolver upstairs and I sometimes think that I had better use it. I've nothing but myself to look after. I've no baronetcy and no estate, and can destroy none but myself. You can't hurt me very much. I'll tell you what it is, Geraldine. You want a wife so that you may cut out your cousin from the property. You're a good-looking fellow and you can talk, and, as chance would have it, you had, I imagine, got hold of a true lady. But she found you out."

"What did she find out?"

"The sort of fellow that you are. She met you among the Dean's people, and had to find you out before she knew you. However she did before it was too late, and she gave you the sack."

"That's your idea."

"She did," said Dick boldly. "And there should have been an end of it. I don't say but what it might have been as well for you as for her. But it suited you to have your revenge, and you've had it."

"I rather think I have," said Sir Francis.

"But you've got a woman to help you in getting it who seems to have been as spiteful as you, without any excuse. I shouldn't think that she'd make a good wife. But if you don't take care she'll be yours." Then Dick got up and walked out of the room with his pipe in his mouth, and went into his bedroom, thinking that it might be as well for him to pack up and take his departure. The quarters they were in were, as he declared to himself, "beastly" in wet weather; but his shirts hadn't come from the wash, and he had no vehicle to take him to the railway station without sending for a fly. And after all what he had said to Sir Francis was not much worse than what had often been said before. So he chucked off his slippers, and threw himself upon the bed thinking that he might as well endeavour to get through the morning by going to sleep.

Sir Francis when he found himself alone began to think over all the circumstances of his present position. Among those circumstances Dick Ross was one. When he had intended to marry Miss Holt he had determined to get rid of Dick. Indeed Dick had been got rid of partially, and had begun to talk of going to Canada or the Cannibal Islands, by way of beginning the work of his life. Then Sir Francis had been jilted, and Dick had again become indispensable to him. But Dick had ever had a nasty way of speaking his mind and blowing up his patron, which sometimes became very oppressive to the Baronet. And now at the present moment he was more angry with him for what he had said as to Miss Altifiorla than for his remarks as to his conduct to the other lady. All that was simply severe in Dick's words he took for a compliment. If Dick found fault with his practice he at any rate acknowledged his success. But his remarks as to the second lady had been very uncourteous. He had declared that she with the Italian name was a worse devil even than himself, and had warned him not to marry the fiend. Now he had nearly made up his mind that he would marry her. With all the ladies with whom he had hitherto been connected he had become aware that, in marrying them, he must more or less alter his manner of life. With Miss Altifiorla no such alteration would be necessary. He attributed a certain ease which she possessed to her Italian blood, and thought that he would be able to get on with her very comfortably. To marry was imperative with him,—because of his cousin. But he thought that were he to marry Miss Altifiorla he might continue to live his ordinary life almost without interruption. He had considered that in doing so he need not even dismiss Dick Ross. But now, in consequence partly of the great discourtesy of Dick's remarks and partly from his strong inclination for Miss Altifiorla, he began to think that after all Dick had better go. Just at this moment Dick's fortunes were, he knew, very low. One sum of money had been lost at cards, and another sum of money had not come. Dick's funds were almost absolutely worn out. But that was only a reason the more for parting with him. He did not care to have to deal with a man who had to wear out his old clothes in his house because he had not credit with his tailor to get a new coat and trousers. He thought that he would part with Dick; but he had not quite made up his mind when he sat down to write his letter to Miss Altifiorla.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," he said. "I really don't see that you have any reason to blow me up as you do about 'poor Cecilia.' I do not think that poor Cecilia has had it at all hotter than she has deserved; and when you tell me that I have been awfully cruel to the poor girl, you seem to forget that the poor girl began the war by being awfully cruel to me. If you and I should ever come to know each other, you may be sure that I shall never treat any woman well because she has treated me badly. It's a kind of gallantry I cannot understand, and must make a man's conduct quite indifferent to the sex generally. If you're to treat all alike, whether they run straight or bolt, why shouldn't they all bolt? It would come to the same thing in the end. There is Dick Ross been making himself uncommonly disagreeable on the same subject. I don't mind your lecturing me a little,—chiefly because you don't think it; but I'll be hanged if I take it from him. He has not done so very well himself that he is entitled to blow up any one.

"Mind you write and tell me what happens over at St. David's." Mrs. Holt lived in Exeter at St. David's. "I shall be glad to know whether that respectable person, Mr. Western, comes back again. I don't think she'll have a good time if he does, and if he don't I sha'n't break my heart." Then he put his pen down and sat for a while thinking

what should be his last paragraph. Should he put an end to all his doubts and straightway make his offer, or should he dally a little longer and still keep the power in his own hands. At last he said to himself that even if he wrote it his letter would not go till to-morrow morning, and he would have the night to think about it. This consideration got the better of his prudence and he did write it, simply beginning a new sentence on the page. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it? There is a question for you to answer on your own behalf, instead of blowing me up for any cruelty to Cecilia Holt."

Then he signed his name, "Yours ever, F. G."

Miss Altifiorla when she received the letter was surprised, but not startled. She had expected that it would come, but not so quickly; and it may be said of her that she had quite made up her mind as to the final answer to be given if it should come. But still she had to think much about it before she wrote her reply. It might be very well for him to be sudden, but any over-suddenness on her part would put him on his guard. If he should be made to feel alarmed at what he had done, if he should be once frightened at his own impetuousness and hers, he would soon find his way back again out of the difficulty. But still she must flatter him, still she must make him think that she loved him. It would not at all do for her to write as though the thing were impossible. Then in a pleasant reverie she gave herself up for a while to meditating over the sudden change which had come upon her views of life. She remembered how strong she had been in recommending Cecilia not to marry this man, and how she had congratulated her when she found that she had escaped. And she remembered the severe things she had said about Mr. Western. But in her thoughts there was nothing of remorse or even of regret. "Well, well, that it should have come to this! That he should have escaped from Cecilia and have chosen me! Upon the whole it will be much better for her. I don't think on the whole less than the world, and he has trodden upon, too, from me. I may be like. I must tread on him some more, but I will not begin till after my marriage.' Such was the nature of her thoughts. Perhaps under such circumstances it is as well that we should never know Cecilia, and that we never see much of those people whom we might be sure that there would be much meeting. "What does it matter?" she said, as she turned to her writing-table.

But this was not till three days had passed after the receipt of the proposal. Three days, she thought, was a fitting time to show that though hurried by an affair of so much moment, she was not too much hurried. And then she wrote as follows;—

"My dear Sir Francis,

"Your letter has almost taken away my breath. Why, you know nothing or little about me! And since we have been acquainted with each other our conversation has chiefly been about another lady to whom you were engaged to be married. Now you ask me to be your wife; at least, if I understand your letter, that is its purport. If I am wrong, of course you will tell me so.

"But of course I know that I am not wrong; and of course I am flattered, and of course pleased. What I have seen of you I have altogether liked, and I do not know why we should not be happy together. But, marriage! marriage is a most important step,—as, no doubt, you are well aware. Though I am quite earnest in what I am saying, still I cannot but smile, and can fancy that you are smiling, as though after all it were but a joke. However, give me but one week to think of it all, and then I will answer you in sober earnest.

"Yours ever (as you sign yourself),

"F. A."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A MAN'S PRIDE.

About a week after Lady Grant had gone Mrs. Western received a letter from her husband. She had expected that he would write, and had daily looked for the letter. But when it did come she did not know whether to take it as a joy or a source of additional discomfort. There was in it hardly a word of declared affection. Nothing was said as to his future life or hers; but he did write, as she thought, in a familiar and loving strain as to the event which had yet to be expected for many months. "My sister has told me your news," he said, "and I cannot but let you know how anxious I shall be both for your safety and for that of the stranger. If there be anything that I can order for your comfort, it you will ask for, you may be sure that it will be done. I am still at Florence, and have no idea of immediately returning to England." There was no command in this, nor any entreaty. He did not call her by his name, nor call her his wife, or his dear Cecilia. Upon the whole she felt that it rather confirmed her sentence of banishment

than gave her reason for hope. He had felt when he wrote it that he could not remain altogether silent, but had yet determined to awaken no hopes by an assurance of his returning love. "In fact, the letter," she said to her mother, "must be taken as meaning nothing. He did not choose to subject himself to the charge of having been indifferent to the coming of such an event. But beyond this he had had nothing to say to me." Poor Mrs. Holt remained altogether silent when her daughter discussed the subject. She knew that she could not speak without loud abuse, and she knew also that her daughter would not allow her to abuse him.

Cecilia, without asking the advice of any one, resolved that she would not answer the letter. She could not write without using affectionate language, and such words should never come from her till she had first been addressed with full affection by him. "Never," she had said to herself a score of times; "never!" The meaning of this had been that having been so cruelly ill-used she would do and say nothing that might be taken as evidence that she had thought herself in the wrong. She would bear it all, rather than give him to understand that she did not appreciate his cruelty. She had told him of her love, and he had not vouchsafed to say a word to her in reply. It was of the injustice done to her that she complained in the words which she was constantly framing for herself; but it was the apparent want of affection which was deepest in her heart. Though he had been twice as cruel, twice as hard, she would have been less unhappy had she succeeded in drawing from him one word of affection. "What can he do for my comfort?" she said to herself again and again. "He means that if I want money I shall have it, so that he may avoid the disgrace of leaving his wife and his child unprovided for. I will not have his money, unless he also come himself." She would not even write to Lady Grant, or let her know that she had received a letter from her husband. "Oh, yes; I have heard from him. There is his letter," and she flung the document across the table to her mother. Having done so she at once left the room, so that there should be no discussion on the matter. "That there should be not a word of love in it; not a single word," she went on saying to herself. "How hard must be a man's heart, and how changeable! He certainly did love me, and now it has all gone, simply through an unworthy suspicion on his own part."

But here she showed how little able she had been as yet to read the riddle of a man's heart,—how ignorant she had been of the difficulty under which a man may labour to express his own feeling! That which we call reticence is more frequently an inability than an unwillingness to express itself. The man is silent, not because he would not have the words spoken, but because he does not know the fitting words with which to speak. His dignity and his so-called manliness are always near to him, and are guarded, so that he should not melt into open ruth. So it was with Mr. Western. Living there all alone at Dresden, seeing no society, passing much of his time in a vain attempt to satisfy himself with music and with pictures, he spent all his hours in thinking how necessary his wife had made herself to his comfort during the few months that they were married. He had already taught himself to endeavour to make excuses for her,—though in doing so he always fell back at last on the enormity of her offence. Though he loved her, though he might probably pardon her in his weakness, it was impossible that the sin should be washed out. His anger still burned very hotly, because he could not quite understand the manner in which the sin had been committed. There was a secret, and he did not know the nature of the secret. There had been an understanding, of which he did not even yet know the nature, between his wife and that base baronet. And then the terrible truth of his memory added to his wounds. He thought of all the words that had been spoken, and which he felt ought to have given her an opportunity of telling the truth,—and would have done so had she not purposely kept the secret. He had playfully asked her how it had been that she had loved no other man, and then she had remained silent in a manner which he now declared to himself to be equal to a falsehood. And when he had been perfectly free with his own story, she had still kept back hers. She had had her story, and had resolved that he should not know it, even though he had been so open with his. He no doubt had been open at a time when he had no right to expect her to be equally so; but when the time did come, then she had been a traitor to him. When accepting his caresses and returning them with all a young wife's ardour, even at that moment she had been a traitor to him. Though in his arms she had thought,—she must have continued to think,—of some unholy compact which existed between her and Sir Francis Geraldine. And even now she had not told him the nature of that compact.

Even now she might be corresponding with Sir Francis or seeing him for aught that he knew to the contrary. How was it possible that he should pardon a wife who had sinned against him as she had sinned?

And yet he was so far aware of his own weakness as to admit to himself that he would have taken her back to him if she had answered his last letter in a contrite spirit and with affectionate words. He would have endeavoured to forget if not to forgive, and would have allowed himself to fall into the loving intimacy of domestic life,—but that she was cold and indifferent as well as treacherous. So he told himself, keeping his wrath hot, though at the same time his love nearly mastered him. But in truth he knew nothing of things as they really were. He had made the mistake of drawing a false conclusion from some words written by Sir Francis, and then of looking upon those words as containing the whole truth. Sir Francis had no doubt intended him to think that he and Cecilia Holt had come to some rupture in their engagement from other than the real cause. He had intended Mr. Western to believe that they had both agreed, and that they had merely resolved between them that they had better not be husband and wife. He had intended to convey the idea that he had been more active in so arranging it than Cecilia herself. Cecilia, though she had read the letter, had done so in such a frame of mind as hardly to catch the truth. But he, Mr. Western, had caught it altogether and had believed it. Though he knew that the man was a dishonest liar yet he had believed the letter. He was tortured at the thought that his wife should have made herself a party to such a compact, and that the compact should still have remained in existence without his knowledge. Although there were hours during which he was most anxious to return to her,—in which he told himself that it was more difficult to stay away from her than even to endure her faithlessness; though from day to day he became convinced that he could never return to the haunts of men or even to the easy endurance of life without her, yet his pride would ever come back to him and assure him that as a reasonable man he was unable to put up with such treachery. He had unfortunately been taught to think, by the correspondence which had come from the matter of his cousin's racing bet, that Sir Francis Geraldine was the very basest of mankind. It was unfortunate, for he had no doubt been induced to think worse of his wife because she had submitted herself and continued to submit herself to a man who was in his eyes so contemptible. He could not endure the idea that a woman for whom such a partnership had had charms should be the chosen companion of all his hours. He had already lived with her for weeks which should have been enough to teach him her character. During those weeks he had been satisfied to the very full. He had assured himself frequently that he had at last met a woman that suited him and made her his own. Had he known nothing of Sir Francis Geraldine he would have been thoroughly contented. Then had come the blow, and all his joys were "sicklied over" with the unhealthy tone which his image of her former lover gave him. She became at once to him a different creature. Though he told himself that she was still the same Cecilia as had been his delight, yet he told himself also that she was not the same as he had fancied her when he at first knew her.

There is in a man a pride of which a woman knows nothing. Or rather a woman is often subject to pride the very opposite. The man delights to think that he has been the first to reach the woman's heart; the woman is rejoiced to feel that she owns permanently that which has been often reached before. The man may know that in his own case it is not so with him. But as there has been no concealment, or perhaps only a little to conceal, he takes it as it comes and makes the best of it. His Mary may have liked some other one, but it has not gone farther. Or if she has been engaged as a bride there has been no secret about it. Or it has been a thing long ago, so that there has been time for new ideas to form themselves. The husband when he does come knows at any rate that he has no ground of complaint, and is not kept specially in the dark when he takes his wife. But Mr. Western had been kept specially in the dark, and was of all men the least able to endure such treatment. To have been kept in the dark as to the man with whom the girl was engaged, as he thought, at the very moment in which she had accepted him! To have been made use of as a step, on which a disadvantageous marriage might be avoided without detriment to her own interest! It was this feeling which made him utterly prostrate,—which told him that death itself would be the one desirable way out of his difficulties if death were within his reach.

When he received the letter from his sister telling him that he might probably become the father of a child, he was at the first prepared to say that thus would they two be

reconciled. He could hardly live apart, not only from the mother of his child, but from the child itself. He went away into solitude and wept hot tears as he thought of it all. But ever as he thought of it the cause of his anger came back to him and made him declare to himself that in the indulgence of no feeling of personal tenderness ought he to disgrace himself. At any rate it could not be till she should have told him the whole truth, —till she should have so told her story as to enable him to ascertain whether that story were in all respects true. At present, as he said to himself, he was altogether in the dark. But in fact had he now learned the very story as it had existed, and had Cecilia told it as far as she was able to tell it at all, she would even in his estimation have been completely whitewashed. In her perfect absolution from the terrible sin of which he now accused her he would have forgiven and forgotten altogether the small, the trifling fault, which she had in truth committed.

There was something of nobility in all these feelings;—but then that something was alloyed by much that was ignoble. He had resolved that were she to come back to him she must come acknowledging the depth of her sin. He would endeavour to forgive though he could not forget; but he never thought in these hours that it would be well for him to be gracious in his manner of forgiveness. To go to her and fetch her home to him, and say to her that all that was past should be as a dream, a sad and ugly dream, but one to which no reality was attached, never occurred to him. He must still be the master, and, in order that his masterdom might be assured, full and abject confession must be made. Yet he had such an idea of his wife, that he felt that no such confession would be forthcoming, and therefore to him it appeared ever more and more impossible that they two should again come together.

With Cecilia the matter was regarded with very different eyes. To her, too, it was apparent that she had been treated with extremest cruelty. She, too, was very hot in her anger. In discussing the matter with herself, she allowed herself thoughts in which indignation against her husband was maintained at a boiling heat. But nevertheless she had quite resolved to forgive him altogether if he would once come to her. And to insure her forgiveness no word even of apology should be necessary. She knew that she would have to deal with a man to whom the speaking of such words would be painful, and none should be expected, none asked for. If he would but show her that he still loved her, that should suffice. The world around them would of course know that she had been sent away from him, and then taken back. There was in this much that was painful,—a feeling full of dismay as she reflected that all her friends, that her acquaintance, that the very servants should know that she had been so disgraced. But of all that she would take no notice,—no notice as far as the outside world was concerned. Let them think, let them talk as they would, she would then have her one great treasure with which to console herself, and that would suffice for her happiness. In her hottest anger she told herself from time to time that her anger would all depart from her,—that it would be made to vanish from her as by a magician's wand,—if she could only once more be allowed to feel his arm round her waist.

In all this she had no friend with whom to discuss either her anger or her hopes. Her mother she knew shared her anger to the full, but entertained hopes altogether different. Her desires were so different that they hardly amounted to hopes. Yes, he might be allowed to return, but with words of absolute contrition, with words which should always be remembered against him. Such would have been Mrs. Holt's expression as to the state of things had she ventured to express herself. But she understood enough of her daughter's feelings to repress them.

The only person who sympathised with Cecilia and her present condition was the girl who had once before evoked from her so strong a feeling of tenderness. She did know that the man had to be forgiven, terrible as had been his sin, and that nothing more was to be said about it. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "he'll come back now. I'm sure he'll come back now, and never more have any of them silly vagaries."

"Who can say what vagaries a man may choose to indulge?"

"That's true too, ma'am. That any man should have had such a vagary as this! But he's dying to come back. I'm sure of it. And when he does come and finds that he's let to come quiet, and that he's asked to say nothing as he don't like, and that you are all smiles to him and kindness,—and then with the baby coming and all,—my belief is that he'll be happier then than he was even the first day when he had you." This, though spoken in rough language, so exactly expressed Cecilia's wishes, that she did feel that her maid at least entirely sympathised with her.

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

By Professor P. A. SIMPSON, M.A., M.D.

I.—POISON IN THE AIR WE BREATHE.

THERE are few words in the English language which produce a more painful impression upon the popular mind than does the word Poison, and there are at least two valid reasons why it should be so. In the first place we find poison waging war against human life, sometimes openly, sometimes insidiously, often successfully; and in the second place, from remote ages down to the present day, we are accustomed to see poison going hand in hand with crime as its chief companion. But we must remember that poison is by no means an evil-doer only as the agent of the assassin or of the suicide. These are doubtless its most hideous aspects, but there are many others where its effects are produced as surely, though often very insidiously, without any evil intention, and, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, clad in garments which are intended for our good. It is to such cases that we wish to direct attention, by pointing out a few of the modes in our every-day life in which poison may enter the human body without our knowledge, and wherein its presence is unnoticed until disease or death makes it manifest.

Let us, then, consider in the first place the composition of atmospheric air, and how it may become so vitiated that, instead of supporting life and health, it may carry disease or death to those who breathe it. It was long thought that air was spiritual, that it was like the life, and that it was the soul of the world; but we now know that it is just as material as a piece of iron, and that it will weigh down the scales of a balance in the same way; and the time may yet come when by means of immense pressure and intense cold it may be condensed into a liquid, as carbonic acid and other gases have already been. We find air present everywhere. There is scarcely a solid, however compact it may appear, which does not contain pores, and these pores are filled with air. It is to be found in abundance in the soil; indeed were it not so, numberless worms and insects which inhabit the latter would cease to exist. The most compact mortar and walls are penetrated by it, and water in its natural state contains a large quantity of air in solution. The atmosphere was formerly believed to extend no higher than five miles above the earth's surface, but meteorological observations have since shown that it extends to a height of more than two hundred miles. Owing to the force of gravity the air is much denser near the earth, and gets thinner, layer by layer, as you ascend. If then the atmosphere were possessed of colour it would be very dark just round the globe, and the tint would gradually fade into space. There is no absolutely normal composition of the air we breathe; or, if there be, it is not at present known. It contains, however, in all cases, unless under purely artificial conditions, two *essential* elements, which are nearly invariable under normal circumstances, namely oxygen and nitrogen, and two accessory elements which vary extremely in amount, but are practically never absent, namely carbonic acid and water. Without either of the first two, air could not exist, and without the last two, air is scarcely found in nature. Their combination moreover is not a chemical union but a simple mechanical mixture. But besides these constituents the air contains an immense amount of life, and small particles derived from the whole creation. In the air may be found animalcules, spores, seeds, cells of all kinds, eggs of insects, fungi and elements of contagion, besides formless dust, and sandy and other particles of local origin. For example, no one can travel in a railway carriage without being surrounded by dust, a large portion of which may be attracted by a magnet, consisting as it does in a great measure of minute particles of iron derived from the rails. The purest air has some dust in it. There probably never fell a beam of light from the sun since the world was made which would not have shown countless numbers of solid particles. Roughly speaking 100 measures of air, if pure, should contain 78·98 parts of nitrogen, 20·99 of oxygen and ·03 of carbonic acid. Without oxygen a candle will not burn, and animals cannot live; but for the purposes of animal life this gas requires to be diluted, and this is effected in the atmosphere by a large admixture of nitrogen. In fact nitrogen seems to act in the animal economy purely as a diluent or vehicle for the administration of oxygen. Carbonic acid as far as we know is not essential to the animal kingdom. To man it is simply a superfluous ingredient, but it ruthless when in small quantity; to the vegetable world, on the contrary, it is a food which together with water often suffices to support

the entire life of a plant. When, however, from any cause the quantity of carbonic acid is much increased, it becomes highly poisonous to man. When the amount reaches 10 or even 5 volumes per cent. it produces fatal results, and even 2 per cent. occasions in most persons severe headache. The balance between carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere, continually disturbed in one direction by the animal kingdom, is constantly maintained by the vegetable kingdom; for while the former consumes oxygen and gives off carbonic acid, the latter for the most part performs the opposite function. Owing to certain local conditions, however, which we shall presently consider, the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere sometimes falls below the normal amount, to the extent of over 3 per cent., while the carbonic acid proportionately increases. In order to estimate the importance of what might otherwise appear trifling differences in the composition of the air we breathe, we must remember that we take into our lungs from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of air daily. Now the presence of only a few grains of impurity in a gallon of water would render it unfit for drinking purposes, although as we only drink a comparatively small quantity of water the whole of these few grains would not be swallowed in a single day.

We have spoken of carbonic acid as an impurity in the atmosphere; and so it is, for it is unfitted to support animal life. An animal will die from suffocation in an atmosphere containing plenty of free oxygen if it contains over 10 or 12 per cent. of carbonic acid gas. But a minute increase of this gas in the atmosphere is of most importance, from the fact that it always comes in bad company, and is found to be a measure of the many impurities which accompany it. Moreover, for every increase of carbonic acid there is a corresponding decrease in oxygen, so that we have in such cases a double effect, viz., a subtraction of the life-giving principle of the air, and the addition of noxious substitutes. These noxious substitutes consist for the most part of organic matter, either of animal or vegetable origin. The exact nature of the organic substances, which constitute the specific poisons of contagious diseases, still remains obscure. Whether they consist of inconceivably minute particles of decaying matter, or of living microscopic germs; whether in some instances they are conveyed by particles of skin and pus-cells from the diseased to the healthy, or are condensed with the watery vapour of the atmosphere and thus disseminated; all these are questions which have yet to be satisfactorily answered. It is, however, certain that almost invariably the atmosphere is made the vehicle of the contagion or deadly agent, whatever may be its nature; and hence the great importance of taking such precautions as will prevent the contamination of the air; or at all events, aid in dissipating or destroying its more hurtful impurities. An estimate of the amount of organic impurity in the air of our large cities may be formed by considering the enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas that are daily and hourly poured forth in these industrial centres. Dr. Angus Smith, whose investigations regarding "Air and Rain" have won for him a world-wide celebrity, has found that in the City of Manchester 15,066 tons of carbonic acid are daily passed into the air that envelops it; and Dr. de Chanmont states that 822,000,000 cubic feet of this gas are generated in London per day, or more than 9,500 cubic feet per second. Fortunately the operations of nature are in themselves calculated to restore a state of equilibrium in the constitution of the air. Injurious gases become diffused, diluted, or decomposed; animal emanations are absorbed in the processes of vegetation; suspended matters are washed down by rain, or fall by their own weight, while many organic substances are so acted on by oxygen as to render them innocuous. Thus the vast aerial sea maintains a uniformity of composition, owing to the mighty forces of nature, without which all our sanitary measures would be futile. But if nature be so powerful as a sanitary agent, how is it that we still require to cope with that formidable enemy which we call foul air? It is because we ourselves are constantly vitiating the atmosphere around us whether we live, or work, or die, and because the impure products thus generated are not sufficiently provided against by efficient ventilation. Let us glance briefly at the principal sources from which these impurities arise. These may be grouped under three heads, viz.:—
1. Respiration. 2. Putrefaction. 3. Trades and Manufactures.

Respiration.—The air which we draw into our lungs with every breath contains 21 per cent. of oxygen, but when we expire it again it only contains 13 parts. We have, in fact, abstracted 8 per cent. of oxygen and given back in its place a poisonous mixture of carbonic acid, organic matter, and watery vapour. We breathe out this poisonous mixture at the rate of one gallon each minute, but (even apart from the organic matter) it is

so impure, owing to the amount of carbonic acid which it contains, that each gallon would require to be diluted with 100 gallons of pure air before being again fitted for respiration. In a city such as London then, the air is being polluted even by the carbonic acid which we exhale at the rate of nearly six hundred million of gallons per minute, to such an extent as to render it unfit to be breathed again. Surely this should make us welcome every strong gale as an angel sent from heaven, bearing healing on its wings. But it is in dwellings, and especially in the dwellings of the poor, that the polluting effects of respiration are greatest, for in these it is too often the case that man places every possible obstacle in the way of nature's methods of ventilation. Moreover in apartments that are crowded it is practically impossible to maintain the air in a state of purity, and thus they become hot-beds of disease. The very interesting experiments made by Dr. Angus Smith upon himself in an air-tight leaden chamber, led him to the conclusion that, in air containing an increased amount of carbonic acid, this gas alone, even without the other hurtful ingredients, such as organic matter, rapidly produces poisonous effects—indicated by feebleness of the circulation, extreme slowness of the heart's action, and great rapidity of the breathing—and that when men are exposed to it they are really gasping for breath, without being aware of the cause.

The presence of carbonic acid in the air we expire is readily seen by blowing our breath, by means of a tube, into a bottle containing ordinary lime water. The water soon becomes opalescent and then milky in appearance, owing to the formation of carbonate of lime or chalk; the carbonic acid of the expired air having combined with the lime previously held in solution. It is this principle which is taken advantage of in order to estimate the amount of carbonic acid in atmospheric air. Dr. Angus Smith lays down a simple practical rule whereby any one may ascertain if the air of an apartment contains carbonic acid to a dangerous amount, viz., "Let us keep our rooms so that the air gives no precipitate when a 10½-ounce bottle full of air is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime water."

It is well known that speedily fatal results arise from overcrowding and want of fresh air. Out of the 146 prisoners confined in the "Black Hole of Calcutta," 123 died in one night; and it is significant that many of the survivors afterwards succumbed to "putrid fever." Nor have similar instances been wanting in this country. Of the 150 passengers that were shut up in the cabin of the Irish steamer *Londonderry*, with hatches battened down during a stormy night in 1848, 70 died before morning. In these two catastrophes suffocation was doubtless the direct cause of death, but the fact that "putrid fever" attacked many of those who were carried out alive from the "Black Hole of Calcutta," showed that the fœtid exhalations to which they were exposed must have aided largely in destroying the lives of the immediate victims. The re-breathing of fœtid matter thrown off by the skin and lungs produces a kind of putrescence in the blood, in proportion to the amount inhaled, and to the period of exposure to its influences; and even air only moderately vitiated, if breathed for a long time day after day, produces most serious results. These results are seen in pale faces, loss of appetite, a lowering of the spirits, and a decrease of muscular strength. That air polluted by respiration is the one great cause of consumption, which may be handed down from parents to children for generations, rests upon such a mass of facts, that it is no longer controvertible. For instance, we know that an increase of the disease occurs *pari passu* with an increase in the density of a population; that in manufacturing centres, where the males are the chief workers at indoor employment, the male death-rate is the highest; that in others, where females are principally required at indoor work, they suffer most; and that in agricultural districts, where the men spend nearly all their lives in the open air, and the women scarcely ever leave their cottages, the female death-rate from this disease is higher than the male. Moreover the testimony of the most able physicians at home and abroad; the results of inquiries as to the prevalence of this disease amongst the picked men of the armies and navies of the world; the reports of hospitals for consumption, and of commissioners and committees appointed to make special investigations as to jails, workhouses, and schools; all these point to poisoning by impure air as the most fertile source of consumption and many allied diseases.

Putrefaction.—We now pass on to the second source of foulness of the air, viz.: putrefaction. Putrid emanations have from the earliest times been held to be capable of producing injurious effects on the human system. In the Bible we read of the great care taken to disinfect or clean vessels which may have contained any putrid matter, and in ancient Rome measures were adopted for the efficient

cleansing of the sewers and streets of that city. Our present method of disposing of our refuse is by means of water, which washes it through channels called "sewers" to the sea. But meanwhile the organic portions are undergoing decay, and certain gases are thus evolved which mixing together form what we term "sewer-gas." The principal gases thus given off are carbonic acid, nitrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and although this mixture if breathed is injurious to health, it cannot be regarded as poisonous. Thus sulphuretted hydrogen (similar to the odour given off by rotten eggs) although a deadly poison when inhaled in large quantities, is so diluted in sewer gas that its poisonous properties are in a great measure neutralised. There is still, however, sufficient sulphuretted hydrogen in sewer gas to render it very injurious by lowering the tone of health, and by gradually diminishing vitality to such an extent that disease ensues. What, however, is of far greater importance as a poisonous agent is the organic matter which is held in suspension by these gases. The composition of this organic matter is by no means uniform. It is composed of particles from all kinds of decomposing matter, sometimes containing minute living organisms, and sometimes without doubt the germs of disease. The exact nature of these germs of disease is still a matter of uncertainty, and the question as to whether they may appear spontaneously during the progress of decay, or whether they are merely wafted by sewer gas just as the ripe seeds of many plants are scattered by the atmosphere, is equally unsettled. This, however, has been sufficiently established, that when diseases do come amongst us they take root with most effect in those places where decomposing matter is found, and that the germs of these diseases find in the organic element of sewer gas a congenial soil in which they can increase and multiply indefinitely, and by which they can be carried from the dead to the living. That typhoid fever depends, to a great extent, upon the polluted air of sewers, cesspools, and of the soil is proved by very strong evidence. In some cases the disease has been confined to a particular part of the house, especially exposed to the effluvia from badly trapped drains, where there could be no doubt as to the source of the infection. The sewer air, laden with the specific poison, may be inappreciable to the senses, but its hurtful effects make themselves felt none the less, and, as recent events have shown, may sometimes exhibit themselves in the most exalted stations of life. Nay more, it would seem that persons of the upper and middle ranks in towns are more liable to be attacked by typhoid fever than the poor classes; the reason being that the houses of the former are more generally connected with sewers, and either from structure or situation are of higher elevation, so that the light sewer gases, obeying natural laws, are more apt to accumulate in the drains of such houses, and failing efficient trapping and ventilation of the drains, to effect an entrance into the houses themselves. There is good ground for the belief that cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, as well as many other diseases, are occasionally spread by means of the air of sewers and cesspools; but whether these diseases originate spontaneously in this way, or whether the sewer gas only serves as a carrier of the disease-germs, is a question, as in the case of typhoid fever, as yet unsettled.

Trades and Manufactures.—Let us next consider some trades and manufactures which have an injurious influence upon persons engaged in them, and to a certain extent upon the community at large. The injurious effects are owing to solid particles and offensive gases which are given out into the air. The result of inhaling air more or less charged with solid particles may be easily explained. When the latter reach the entrance to the windpipe they at once set up irritation in the delicate lining membrane, and nature tries to repel the intruders by the involuntary cough which results. Should this fit of coughing fail in doing so, a quantity of glairy fluid is poured out from small glands in the windpipe, and this fluid enveloping the solid particles tends to prevent them from doing further mischief. Should they, however, find their way lower down into the air passages, nature has provided a very beautiful mechanism for their expulsion. The entire lining membrane of these passages is covered with innumerable minute hairs, or "cilia" as they are called, which by constantly waving in an upward direction towards the mouth tend to carry the solid particles, and the glairy secretion which they have provoked, away from the lungs, and so out of harm's way. This wonderful provision of nature is sufficient for the purpose, provided the strain be not too prolonged; but when the supply of irritating particles is constant or nearly so, the nerves and muscles involved in this mechanism become exhausted and cease to perform this process of expulsion. The irritating particles are now no longer removed from the delicate

membrane of the air passages upon which they [illegible]. This membrane becomes inflamed, and bronchitis or asthma is the result. But this inflammation, at first only affecting the superficial membrane, may sink into the deeper tissues and affect the lung itself, in which case the original attack of bronchitis frequently merges into a condition of consumptive nature. This will explain why many trades are injurious in which the danger to health is due to the fine dust floating continually in the air of the premises. For example, the particles of coal dust in the air of mines, and the smoke from factory chimneys; particles of steel and grit given off in grinding; organic dust or fluff in shoddy and flax mills; the dust in potteries, china works, pearl button manufactories, in polishing and cement works, in brass works, in marble and steel polishing works of various sorts, especially where emery is used; in all of these cases the solid particles are inhaled and tend to produce disease in the lungs and air passages. Moreover, the severity of the effects is chiefly dependent on the amount of dust, and on the physical conditions as to angularity, roughness or smoothness of the particles, rather than on the nature of the substance, except in some specific cases. The habitual inhalation of coal dust in the air of coal mines very frequently results in consumption, and the fine divisions of the lung become so blocked up by the particles of coal that the term "black-lung" has been applied to the appearance presented by the lung after death. It has been found that the death rate from consumption among miners who work in mines where the air is changed rapidly, as in Durham and Northumberland, is very much less than among miners who work in mines that are badly ventilated. Of all unhealthy occupations that of steel-grinding is the most fatal. Steel-grinding is divided into the dry, wet, and mixed methods; and the injurious effects vary according to the amount of water used on the stone. Forks, needles, scissors, &c., are ground on the dry stone, and accordingly the men and boys employed at this kind of work are found to be the greatest sufferers. Dr. Hall, of Sheffield, has furnished important information as to the average duration of life among the artisans in steel, which he found to be as follows, viz.: dry grinders of forks, 29 years; razors, 31 years; scissors, 32 years; edge-tool and wool-shears, 32 years; spring-knives, 35 years; files, 35 years; saws, 38 years; sickles, 38 years. In this and many other similarly injurious trades various methods have from time to time been devised, more especially of late years, whereby the dust might be prevented from entering the air-passages, such as fans for blowing it away, and respirators of various kinds to filter the air as it is being breathed; but it has been found that workmen themselves frequently object to any innovation which appears to them to interfere with their more immediate comfort. There are some trades where the dust given off acts not only as a mechanical irritant when breathed, but where the substance thus inhaled acts as a direct poison. For instance, manufacturers of white lead and other mineral paints frequently exhibit symptoms of poisoning in this way, and workmen who use arsenical compounds, as in the making of wall-papers, artificial flowers, &c., are often the victims of poisoning by arsenic. This poisoning by means of arsenical wall-papers deserves more than a passing notice owing to the dangerous and even fatal effects which they induce, not only in the workmen who prepare them, but also in persons inhabiting apartments where the walls are covered by them. These wall-papers are mostly of a beautiful green colour, the latter being due to a paint composed of arsenic and copper. Owing to variations of heat and moisture the green particles are constantly being set free from the paper and carried about the room by ventilation. Some idea of the amount of poison with which so many people are surrounded in their rooms may be formed if we consider that this green pigment contains 59 per cent. of arsenic, and that a square foot of one of these wall-papers contains on an average more than sufficient arsenic to poison twelve persons. In addition to the cases which most physicians are now so familiar with, where dangerous symptoms of poisoning have been traced to this cause, it is much to be feared that insidious and chronic disease is too often due to this practice of covering the walls of our sitting-rooms, and more especially our bedrooms, with arsenic. It may be remembered, however, that a wall-paper may be green and yet not contain any arsenic, so that the following simple method of detecting an arsenical paper may be useful. If a camel-hair brush be dipped in an ordinary solution of ammonia, and applied to the green portions of the suspected paper, the green will be rapidly changed to an azure blue colour if arsenic be present. Some such simple test is all the more important, because green papers, "warranted free from arsenic," have frequently been found to con-

tain a large percentage of that poison. Both in France and Germany there are laws against the sale or manufacture of these poisonous materials, and it is much to be regretted that in this country our extreme sensitiveness about interfering with the "liberty of the subject" has hitherto prevented legislation calculated to restrain a manufacture so deadly and unnecessary.

In addition to the sources of pollution of the atmosphere which we have been considering, there are various trades and manufactures in which poisonous matters are given off. Some of these are of an organic nature, as in the melting of fats, in the making of size and glue, in the boiling of oil, in the boiling of bones, and in many other processes carried out on a considerable scale, where the emanations are highly offensive and often of unknown chemical composition. Gas works must be included in this poisonous group owing to the accidental escape of gas, sometimes in large quantity. In lime-kilns enormous volumes of carbonic acid gas are poured out both from the limestone burnt and from the fuel employed, and in this way persons living in the immediate neighbourhood have been suffocated. In chloride of lime (bleaching powder) manufactories, and in places where it is used for bleaching wool and other materials, chlorine gas is given off into the air, causing when inhaled a very great amount of irritation in the air passages. Moreover this chlorine vapour is often carried in the air for long distances. In other branches of industry the workers are exposed to the vapours of sulphurous acid and muriatic acid, both of these being very irritating, and giving rise to various diseases of the lungs and eyes.

Such, then, are a few of the impurities, more or less poisonous, to be met with in the air we breathe; and dangerous to health as all of them are, it must be admitted that they do far less mischief to the public health than the continual mismanagement of our atmospheric food, common in all classes of society, by which it is rendered unfit to support a healthy life. The two ways in which air may be rendered thus comparatively valueless are either by excluding it too much from our dwellings, and this is the fault of the rich; or by crowding too many people together in small rooms, and this is the fault of the poor. In the houses of the better classes the air is kept out by closed windows, doors, curtains, and even in some cases by putting screens before the fire-places in summer, and in bedrooms in winter when fire is not used, thus cutting off the escape of air which has been rendered impure by breathing.

Pure air is in fact the most important of all health factors. When it is breathed freely, plentifully, and continually, there are few diseases which it will not enable the body to resist. Nay, even some injuries, which, received by the denizens of the overcrowded city, would be speedily followed by death, will be readily recovered from by the agricultural labourer or country farmer, who, always breathing a pure atmosphere, has thus stored up a great amount of additional constitutional force.

ATHEISTIC SCIENTISTS.

THERE is a sort of men whose faith is all
In their five fingers, and what fingering brings,
With all beyond of wondrous great and small,
Unnamed, uncounted in their tale of things;
A race of blinkards, who peruse the case
And shell of life, but feel no soul behind,
And in the marshalled world can find a place
For all things, only not the marshalling Mind.
'Tis strange, 'tis sad; and yet why blame the mole
For channelling earth?—such earthy things are they;
E'en let them muster forth in blank array,
Frames with no pictures, pictures with no soul.
I, while this dædal dome o'erspans the sod,
Will own the builder's hand, and worship God.

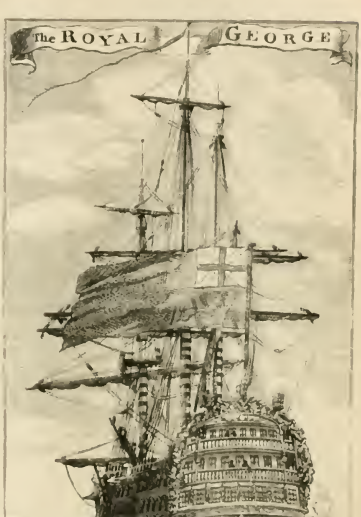
JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

THE CENTENARY OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE.

By the Rev. W. BENHAM, B.D.,
Author of the "Memoir of Catherine and Crauford Tait."

AN old man in drab shorts and grey worsted stockings, shoes with large buckles, antique coat and low-crowned hat, altogether as like the old man in the *Old Curiosity Shop* as if he had sat for the picture; such a one was my grandfather, as I remember him between forty and fifty years ago. He was a Portsmouth man, and always telling stories of things which he had seen in the war times. There are two which I remember distinctly. No doubt I should have forgotten them, had I not heard my mother repeat them many a time since, but as it is I can see him now, leaning on his neat round-topped cane, and telling over, simply and with transparent truthfulness, how he saw "Jack the Painter" dragged to his death for attempting to burn down Portsmouth dockyard, and how he stood on the shore, with one of the crew of the *Royal George* by his side, and saw her go down at Spithead. The hundredth anniversary of that terrible catastrophe has recalled the memory of the story, and I purpose in the present paper to tell it over again, with the help of many contemporaneous documents which lie before me.

And first let the reader look upon the noble vessel in her pride and beauty, as in those days ship-building was understood. The illustrations we give are taken from two fine engravings in Martin's *Philosophical Miscellany*, published the year that the ship was launched, 1756, and they are accompanied by a full description of her which to nautical readers will no doubt be interesting, though I confess that I am somewhat hazy myself with some of the details, just as I am with the technical parts of Marryat's novels. The reader, however, shall have it in full, to make what he can of it.



	ft.	in.
Length by the keel for tonnage	144	6½
,, of the gun decks between the rabbits	178	—
,, of the quarterdeck	85	6
,, of her forecastle	36	1
,, of her gripe to the aft part of the rudder	16	7
,, of the foreside of the taffrail, at the height of the taffrail to the foreside of figure at the head, by a line parallel to keel	212	9
Breadth, extreme	51	—
,, at the aft part of the wing transom	33	—
Height of the lower deck in midship at flats, from the upper edge of the keel	24	6
,, middle deck	32	—

The *Royal George* was built at Woolwich, begun the 8th January, 1746, and launched the 18th of February, 1756.

	Ft.	In.
Height of upper deck	38	6
,, upper deck to the quarterdeck	7	4
,, quarterdeck to the round-house	6	9
,, upper deck to the forecastle	6	8
Height from the lower edge of the keel to the top of the figure on the head	59	11
Height of the taffrail from the upper edge of the keel (afore	64	10
Draught of water { abaft	22	3
	23	5

NUMBER OF GUNS.

Lower deck	28
Middle deck	30
Upper deck	30
Quarterdeck	14
Forecastle	2
Total	104

1,000 men. 2,000 tons burden.*

The old rivalry between England and France had just blazed out again fiercely, the immediate cause being in America. The English colonies there, up to this time, lay along the Atlantic only. The French in Upper Canada had laid claim to the whole territory at the rear of the English possessions, and in the fighting which had ensued had gained the advantage.

Out of the hostilities thus engendered sprung two combinations, which had a vast effect on the history, not only of the two nations, but of Europe, and of the world. First, in order to counteract the designs of France, the English ministers, under the Duke of Newcastle, made an alliance with Frederick the Great. The immediate consequence was to unite France with her ancient foe Austria, under Maria Theresa, who hated Frederick for robbing her of Silesia. And thus began the memorable Seven Years' War. The noble ship thus synchronizes with a very important chapter in the history of England; her lifetime, so to speak, covers a period second to none in its momentous issues, and the year which saw her go down was as memorable as that which first saw her afloat.

But before closing the magazine from which I have been quoting, let me transcribe one more paragraph, on which my eye has accidentally lighted. It is not without bearing on the events that I have undertaken to record. Here it is:—

"Births. *Nov.* 1. [1755.] Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary, &c., of a daughter, named Maria Antoinetta Anna Josephina Johanna."

* In the evidence before the court-martial, which was held after the loss of the ship, it was stated that she was "rather short and high than agreeing with the rules of proportion at present laid down, but the best sailer in the service."

If there were rejoicings in Vienna that evening at the safe birth of Marie-Antoinette, there was weeping enough in another capital; for on the morning of that same day 60,000 persons had been hurled to death in less time than it has taken me to write this page, in the Earthquake of Lisbon. But let this pass now. We have seen how the alliance between Maria Theresa and Louis XV. of France began. From the very day of this hapless daughter's birth the Empress cherished the idea of cementing the ill-fated alliance by marrying her to the French Dauphin. She brought her up in the expectation,—an expectation realised when the poor child was not yet fifteen years old.

At the first onset of the Seven Years' War victory seemed altogether on the side of the French. They pounced on Minorca, and took it from the English; Admiral Byng, who was sent to its relief, fell back before the greater strength of the French fleet, and the weak Ministry, in order to save themselves from the indignation of the whole country, sacrificed Byng, who was tried by court-martial (Dec. 1756), and shot at Portsmouth. The disaster of Minorca and fresh reverses in America produced in England, says Mr. Green, "a despondency without parallel in our history." But now the tide suddenly turned. The accession of Pitt to the Ministry was the herald of a series of triumphs such as England had never seen before. Clive's great victory at Plassey, June 23, 1757, "opened that wonderful career of conquest which has added the Indian Peninsula, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, to the dominions of the British Crown." The same year Frederick of Prussia, aided by subsidies from England, annihilated the French army at the battle of Rossbach, and cleared Silesia of the Austrians by the victory of Leuthen. In 1759 General Wolfe took Quebec from the French, and next year Amherst took Montreal, thus completing the conquest of Canada. An attempt of the French to seize Hanover was defeated at the battle of Minden. "Never had England played so great a part in the history of the world as in 1759."

The civil events which followed the accession of George III., the intrigues of rival politicians and courtiers, the struggles between the Ministry and the public press have no connection with our subject. Nor has the early portion of the history of the War of American Independence. We merely chronicle the fact that in 1782 the independence of the United States was acknowledged. In

the midst of all the humiliations and disasters of these years, there is one chapter of our history which does not cause us shame. The naval records of the country remain glorious throughout. Whilst the connection between England and her American colonies continued still unbroken, Pitt's daring vision had looked beyond the Atlantic, into the Pacific and Southern seas, and seen fresh lands for England to turn into colonies. One navigator after another went forth, but the names of the rest were eclipsed by Cook, who, in 1768, explored the Pacific and led the way in founding the colonies of Australia and New Zealand. And when the American War broke out, the naval victories over France, Spain, and Holland showed the energy of our sailors as great as ever. For three years, from 1779 to 1782, the French and Spaniards besieged and bombarded Gibraltar in vain.

Here we arrive at the point of time which brings us to the catastrophe of the *Royal George*. Lord Rodney, the greatest of English admirals next to Nelson and Blake, as well as Anson and Boscawen, had repeatedly made her their flag-ship, and Lord Hawke was on board her when he attacked a French fleet in 1776, and when her cannon sunk the *Superbe* of 70 guns, and set fire to an 84. She "had had more flags on board than any ship in the service." But she had shown such signs of age, that her guns had been reduced from 52, 40, and 28 pounders, to 40, 32, and 18 pounders.

On the 2nd of August the fleet went out for a cruise under the command of Lord Howe, and hazy weather coming on, the *Royal George* was within an ace of being wrecked on the Prall, near Start Point. She was kept off with the greatest difficulty, and they sailed away to the west of Scilly to see that a convoy from the West Indies was not intercepted. They sighted a French fleet on the look out for it. We gather the particulars from a letter written on board her, now in the British Museum. "The French," says this letter, "had 36 sail of the line, and we 22; by no means a match, but I make no manner of doubt, had we been to windward of them, but we would have cut off their van ships before the rear could come up to their assistance, the rear being Spaniards, and their ships being very bad sailers. However we parted with consent without even firing a gun."

They returned to Spithead on the 14th of August, having received news that the West India ships had arrived in safety, and the head of the Admiralty, Lord Keppel, came down to make an inspection of the whole fleet. "We have not had such a row [sailing] for years," says another letter. Whether as a result of this examination, or from the circumstance that a large quantity of water was found in her hold after her last cruise, an order was given for the *Royal George* to come into dock. The carpenter, however after making an examination, declared that the leak was only two feet under water, and that it resulted from the rubbing off of some of her copper sheathing. It was therefore resolved, on his recommendation, to lay her slightly over on her side—"heeling" her was the phrase in use—until enough of her lower timbers should appear above water to enable the damage to be repaired. Very few persons anticipated the possibility of danger, but there were a few nevertheless, as we shall see.

The fleet at this moment was under the command of Admiral Richard Kempenfeldt, the brave son of a brave Swede, who, coming early into the English service, had followed the fortunes of James II., and after his death had been recalled by Queen Anne, and justifying the good opinions which had been formed of him, was made Lieut.-Governor of Jersey, and died there. His fine character is depicted by Addison in the *Spectator* under the appellation of Captain Sentry.

Admiral Kempenfeldt was now sixty-four years old, the youngest admiral in the service, but unsurpassed, it is said, in his skill in manœuvring a fleet. He had often distinguished himself, and in the month of December preceding had taken a French convoy of twenty transports, protected by a larger fleet than his own, and thus had been the means of saving Jamaica, by securing time for Lord Rodney to reach it. He had come on board the ill-fated vessel the day after he arrived at Spithead. Two little sons were with him.

And now I come to an incident as I heard it from my eye-witness.

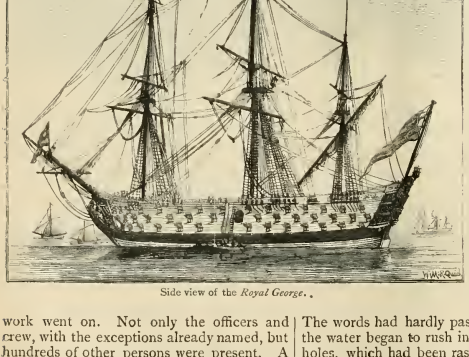
"There were some who declared from the first that what they were going to do would sink the ship, and a few who had got leave to go ashore made excuses and didn't go back in the morning.* And there was one of them who stood alongside me on the beach, for there was quite a crowd of us looking across at her. 'They'll sink her. I swear they'll sink her,' he kept saying, and certainly he *did* swear it a good deal too. We could see quite plainly when they tilted

* I find from the records that there were about sixty of her crew on shore at the time.

her over, and when the sailor saw her he seemed like a madman. 'She's going,' he shouted. 'Now you'll see she'll go down.' And, presently, all of a sudden down she went. And in a few moments we saw hundreds of vessels pulling out towards her." Such is the narrative which I have heard the eye-witness tell.

But let us go on board and learn full particulars.

It was about six o'clock on Thursday morning, August 29th, that the work of careening the ship was begun by removing many of the guns to one side, and so increasing the weight on that quarter. For nearly four hours the work went on. Not only the officers and crew, with the exceptions already named, but hundreds of other persons were present. A large body of carpenters had been brought from the dockyard, and, as was usual on board all the ships in the harbour, there were women and children, it is said to the number of four hundred. Many were wives of the warrant and petty officers, but more as usual were poor abandoned creatures of bad character come to make prey on the reckless sailors. There were also, says the *Morning Chronicle*, nearly fifty Jew pedlars who were trying to force the sale of cheap jewellery, the sailors having recently received their pay.



Side view of the *Royal George*. .

The Admiral was calmly writing in his cabin on the lower deck. Altogether there were between eleven and twelve hundred persons on board.

The leak was discovered and mended, the seams were caulked, and new copper sheathing was laid on, when (so at least it was declared by some who were present) the carpenter, unknown to the Captain, gave directions for the lowering of the vessel "just one more streak," his object being to lay open the mouth of a stop-cock which was used for letting water into the lower decks to wash them, and which was out of order. If the report is true, the poor man paid for his rashness with his life. Some one observed that the ship was turning almost imperceptibly on her side, and pointed it out to the carpenter. At the same moment a gust of wind began to blow on the exposed quarter, N.N.W. The carpenter took the alarm, and cried out hastily that some of the guns must be moved to the other side. At the same moment the Captain (Waghorne by name) was heard shouting to pipe all hands and right the ship. The words had hardly passed his lips before the water began to rush in at the lower portholes, which had been rashly left open. As she still tilted over, the guns on the higher portion ran down to the sinking side, and of course increased the movement. There was no more time to take any measures. Within six minutes from the first cry of alarm she went down.

She had been held by two anchors, at the head and stern. In the tremendous whirlpool created by the sinking of the vast vessel, a fresh loss of life ensued. The *Lark*, a victualling sloop, was lying alongside, and at that moment was engaged

in hoisting in spirits. She and her crew were swallowed up in the vortex. Another vessel cut adrift and dropped astern just in time to escape, as also did the Admiral's attending cutter.

The carpenter was heard to cry, "She is sinking," as he sprang through a porthole. He was afterwards found dead.

About two hundred and thirty persons were picked up by the boats which hastened to the scene as soon as it was safe to do so. The vessel had gone down in fourteen fathoms of water, and of course her top-gallant masts, as well as her starboard lower yardarms,* were above water. To these many sailors were clinging.

A few records of preservations amid this terrible scene are here and there preserved. A young man named Bishop, the son of a currier at Chester, was on the lower deck when the water rushed in. It carried him with irresistible force up the hatchway, where a rolling gun jammed his hand and smashed three fingers. He remembered no more till he found himself lifted out of the sea into a boat. A marine, who was fixed sentinel over a sailor in irons for some offence, freed his prisoner the moment the alarm was given, and they were both saved, but the marine's arm was broken. A lieutenant, named Durham, was swimming about, when a boat rowed towards him. He cried out to its crew to pick up Captain Waghorne close by, who was in greater danger than himself from not being able to swim so well, and the Captain was accordingly rescued. He had a son on board who was drowned. But the strangest story of rescue is contained in the *Morning Post* of September 19th:—"The live stock upon deck were naturally left floating. Two sheep swam to Ryde, bringing with them a little boy in petticoats apparently about three years old, who had an arm firmly grasping each of their necks." Both his parents were drowned. An officer who had lost his son declared his intention of adopting him.

The following touching record concerning Kempenfeldt is from a letter of the day:—

"My poor old friend the Admiral was writing in his cabin. He jumped out of the stern gallery and got on a hencoop. He was seen sitting on it with one private marine. The marine held fast and was saved, the Admiral let go, being I suppose tired. He must have been near 70 years of age. The master of the *Buffalo* in a boat once laid hold of his hair, but there being a great swell in the sea he could not keep it. He held up his hand to be saved, but immediately went down."

Another heart-moving scene is described by another writer. A respectable-looking old woman was crying on shore, her daughter, with five children, had gone on board that morning to see their father.

Some few days afterwards my grandfather went in doors, and said to his wife, "If you want to see such a sight as you never saw before, go out into High Street." "What is it?" was the rejoinder. "Three waggon-loads of drowned sailors being carried to Kingston Churchyard for burial." My grandmother, as may be supposed, had no desire for such a sight. But a painful record remains connected with this subject, which one would fain ignore, but that it behoves us to be faithful chroniclers. The newspapers of the day accuse the parochial authorities of demurring to allow the poor victims burial. The sailors, we are told on the same authority, who brought bodies ashore were menaced and not allowed to land them—"they ought to take them right away to sea and cast them adrift." One spectator saw a long line of unburied left on the beach for a whole day. Some one more merciful than his fellows brought a large tarpaulin, and reverently covered them until a place of burial was grudgingly conceded. But against this statement must be placed that on the tombstone, quoted below. It looks as if the setters up of the monument meant to enter their protest against the charge.

A reward of £100 was offered for Kempenfeldt's body, but it was never recovered.

How deeply all England was moved we can easily imagine. "The annals of this country do not record so unexpected an accident, nor scarcely one more dreadful in its consequences," writes the *Morning Herald*. "Never were there such visible signs of grief exhibited by the public as on the present occasion," is the sentiment of the *Morning Post*. The merchants of London, foremost, as so many times before and since, in deeds of benevolence, set on foot an active subscription for the widows and orphans.

Of the many poems and elegies which were written on the calamity, only Cowper's, as far as I remember, retains any place in literature. It will be remembered how he calls on the authorities to weigh the vessel up. In doing so he was expressing the hope of many though others pronounced it impossible from the first. In one journal before me are the two following sentences, in different parts of the paper:—

* She leaned towards her side just as she had gone down until the 10th of September, when she suddenly righted herself under water, to the terror of those who were still busy about her.

"The naval people say she can be weighed up if the weather prove favourable in the course of the month."

"It is the general opinion that she cannot be raised, as no purchase can be obtained owing to the immense weight."

Such difference of opinion is not very hard to account for, but another matter touched by the poet is certainly enough to amaze one. "Her timbers yet are sound," he writes. Yet the *European Magazine*, after giving the account of the calamity, adds, "the ship was old and crazy, so that it was determined to lay her up the ensuing winter." It is difficult to believe this statement, though it is supported by the evidence given before the court-martial, which, according to the usage of the service, was held on Captain Waghorne, on the 10th of September following. The report is very unsatisfactory, and I do not wonder that it calls forth indignant letters from newspaper correspondents of the time. One of the carpenters deposes that "the ship was so rotten that hardly a peg would hold together." Admiral Barrington "had said to the carpenters that he thought it impossible she could ever be made fit for service." The carpenters had replied "they thought they could patch her up for one more summer," to which the Admiral had rejoined, "it would be well if no accident happened." However all this may have been, it is quite clear that the vessel did not sink through going to pieces. She went down whole; and the evidence looks like an attempt to cover a blunder by throwing the blame on the ship. The Captain was honourably acquitted, as he deserved, for all accounts say that he was an excellent officer.

Many plans were proposed for raising her, which need not detain us, seeing that none proved feasible. Some interest, however, attaches to the description of the diving bell, which was then but newly invented, and many improvements of which were made during the operations which followed. The boy that went down with her was weighed up in the following July. "By means of this diving bell," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "they girt cables round her and weighed her up. There is reason to hope the *Royal George* will be weighed up in the same manner." In 1784 "Messrs. Braithwaite and Sons drew up the mainsheet anchor, weighing 98 cwt., the heaviest in the known world," and "made no doubt of weighing up the ship." (*Gent. Mag.* p. 632.) Besides this, guns were from time to time drawn up; some of them may be seen, curiously oxidized, in the United Service Museum in Scotland Yard.

The hope of raising the vessel, however, was not entirely abandoned until within my own recollection. For many years the enormous wreck lay full in the roadstead, and was very dangerous to shipping. As late as 1839 investigations were made in order to judge whether the vessel might be drawn up with the improved mechanism now at command. But it was found that the great ship was by this time sunk deep in sludge, whereupon Colonel Pasley, with his sappers and miners, undertook to destroy her. First of all he arranged that divers should send up whatever was capable of removal, and for six or seven hours a day they were at work, skilfully as well as industriously. "They sent up their bundles of staves, casks, or timber, as closely packed as a woodman could pack up faggots in the open air. As many as ninety such pieces were lashed together at a time." On one occasion two divers, who had seized the same piece of wood, got to fighting over it, till one knocked out the eye of the other's helmet, when, of course, it was necessary to haul him up, or he would have been drowned. For several seasons the work went on; large cylinders were filled with powder and fired by a voltaic battery. The operations were concluded in 1844. A buoy still marks the spot of the catastrophe.

There is in St. Michael's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, a monument to Kempenfeldt by the younger Bacon, with a bas-relief representing the submerged ship. The following are the inscriptions on two tablets in Kingston Churchyard. I owe the copy to the kindness of the vicar, the Rev. Edgar Jacob, who writes to me, "Curiously enough there is no entry of the burial in our registers. The grave of the men is at the extreme S.E. corner of the churchyard, 18 ft. by 9, and marked by four corner stones."

LARGE TABLET.

"READER

With solemn thought survey this grave and reflect on the untimely death of thy fellow mortals, and whilst as a Man, a Briton, and a Patriot, thou readest the melancholy narrative drop a tear for thy Country's loss.

"ON

The 29th day of August, 1782, his Majesty's ship the *Royal George*, being on the heel at Spithead, overset and sunk, by which fatal accident about nine hundred persons were instantly launched into eternity, among whom was that brave and experienced officer Rear Admiral Kempenfeldt. Nine days after many bodies of the unfortunate floated, thirty-five of which were interred in one grave near this monument, which is

erected by the Parish of Portsea as a grateful tribute to the memory of that great Commander and his fellow-sufferers.

'Tis not this stone, regretted Chief, thy name,
Thy worth and merit shall extend to fame;
Brilliant achievements have thy name imprest
In lasting characters on Albion's breast."

SMALL TABLET.

"NEAR

This stone lyeth in one grave the remains of 35 of the poor unfortunate Men that perished in his Majesty's ship *Royal George*, a first rate of 100 guns, which sunk at her anchors at Spithead, August the 29th, 1782. As a testimony of sympathy for the unfortunate this stone was erected by one who was a stranger both to Officers and the Ship's Company,

December the 10, 1782.

A wreck they suffered, though by no tempest driven,
And anchored in the friendly Port of Heaven.

It would not be doing justice to the Churchwardens, Overseers, and Inhabitants of the Parish of Portsea in general was it not mention'd, that every assistance was given by them to the above unfortunate men, for a decent and Christian burial, which will ever do them great Honour."

BETWEEN TWO WATERS.

An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees.

PART II.

WE made an early start next morning, skirting first through the vine-clad heights of Juraneon, which produce a seductive white wine (in its turn very apt to produce a bad headache if not treated with due caution), then through two or three flowery villages to Louvie. Here we breakfasted, looked at the old church, with its storm-beaten steeple, then remounted the hill, and drank in the beauty of the view that had struck us as we descended. It is exceptionally fine, and would make a grand picture of the scenic order.

Altogether Louvie is a most desirable place for an artist's head-quarters—far better than the much-vaunted Laruns, which is seven or eight miles up the Val d'Osseau. Here you have more space and more variety of subject. The river is finer, and snow hills not so assertive. The village itself offers novel backgrounds for figures, and with a little trouble you may get groups of Spamards, Béarnais, mules, horses, and what not, here as readily as at the dismal Laruns. Then the Val d'Osseau, with its luscious greens, soft woods, brown villages, and queer water-courses, is close at hand. I was quite sorry when Mr. James's oracular voice declared, "Time's up!" I cut another nitch in my memory, and we recommenced our journey through the Valley of the Bear. The severe forms of the snow-peaks are now continually before us, and the varying contour of the ground forms a complete picture at every corner. High up in the hills we catch sight of women, some wearing the national red capulet (a sort of hood), and doing rough farming work. The afternoon is still, and the sound of their laughter comes to us with the lowing of the cattle and the tinkle of sheep-bells.

Just before reaching Laruns (an important village for merchandise) the view is very grand, and the theatrical air with which our driver exclaimed, "Voilà la Pic de Ger!" was very comical. He took great pains to point out to us the localities of the Two Waters.

Just beyond Laruns the road bifurcates into two steep ascents, the left leading you to Eaux Bonnes, the right to Eaux Chaudes. The Pic de Ger dominating over one, and the Pic du Midi over the other. Between Les Eaux rises the steep Col de Gourzg, so that the longest way round is the shortest way home. As we walked up the steep zig-zag to Eaux Bonnes I took the opportunity to ask Mr. James if he thought we had acted advisedly in thus "adopting," as it were, Mr. Robb. We knew nothing about him, and Mrs. Quilter was evidently not well disposed towards him. May we not get into some unpleasantries? Nothing, however, can move my friend when he once makes up his mind. He is terribly loyal in his friendships; he had taken a fancy to Robb, and stuck up for him through thick and thin. "I don't care what Mrs. Quilter, Mrs. Grundy, or Mrs. Anybody else says or thinks," said he. "Robb is a good fellow, and I shall see him through this." So, accordingly, at the table d'hôte Mr. Robb sat between us, where Mrs. Quilter glared at him across the table. He had his revenge, though, for some inscrutable telegraphy passed between him and the young lady, whereat she would blush and he would smile serenely.

Eaux Bonnes is a curious place. Its posi-

Coming from the Mountain.

tion is quite unique. Take a lot of handsome Westbourne Park houses and stick them down in the form of a square in a mountain niche, 2,450 feet above the sea level, and you have Eaux Bonnes. It is a regular culde-sac, every house is an hotel or lodging-house, and during the long winter months the place is deserted. It is supposed to be ready for visitors in June; but no one believes the season to have really commenced till the handsome person of M. le Médecin Inspecteur—Docteur Manes—has been seen walking cheerily down the one street and shaking hands with M. Tavernes, the landlord of the Hôtel de France and *maire* of the place. During July and August invalids flock from all quarters of Europe—Russians, Swedes, Spaniards, Belgians, English, and French—all having something wrong with their respiratory organs, and all eagerly quaffing, gargling, or bathing in the thermal sulphur waters.

A man is better known here by his cough than by his name, and is described to you not by his height or physiognomy, but by the particular state of his lung or larynx.

Mrs. Quilter was in her glory. After breakfast she would waylay every new arrival in the salon, and there elicit from them a full and particular account of their ailments. The gravity of the case never lost anything by her subsequent narration. There was an Irishman, a Captain Burgon, full of fun and humour, who played her a trick, the fun of which I don't believe has reached her to this day. She had been sympathizing with him. "*Yes, my dear madam,*" he replied, tapping the left side of his chest and speaking in the thinnest and most piano of voices—"*yes, it's all on this left side. Doctor says there's no chance for me. Top of lung completely gone!* But," he continued, suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, slapping the right side, and speaking in a deep bass voice, "THANK HEAVEN, THE RIGHT LUNG IS AS SOUND AND GOOD AS EVER!"

She was greatly exercised at Mr. Robb's appearance. "However, I always thought," she added, "that he looked delicate."

He drank the odorous water most courageously, so did Mr. James. It holds sulphuretted hydrogen in solution, and bubbles out at 90°. Weak-throated people also gargle in a place set aside for this exercise. In the grand hall of the establishment you meet your friends darting about with their prescribed dose in one hand and a bottle of lemon syrup in the other, or you may hear them gargling merrily in various keys in a distant corner.

Coming from the bath.

After the establishment the correct thing is to promenade. So completely are you hemmed in on every side that this seems impossible at first sight. A little investigation, however, discovers cunningly devised roads and walks cut up the side of the mountain *en zigzag*. They are capitally contrived and kept, have convenient resting-places, and will reward your climb by confronting you with unexpected beauties in the shape of tiny cascades, lichen-covered beeches, and bright peeps of snow mountains. These precipitous paths have great attractions for the young people; others preferred the grand "Promenade Horizontal." Some people call it the "Lady's Mile." At all events, here you can get a fair level stretch of one mile, and have the smiling Val d'Osseau at your feet the whole time. Mr. James most religiously walked this once, and sometimes twice a day; arrived at the end he would take his seat, produce his cigar and his pocket classic, and after devouring the whole of one and some pages of the latter, return happy and contented.

Somehow or other I got a chill, and before expostulation could be made he had brought Dr. Manes to my bedside. Quite a typical doctor—a kind and reassuring presence, and a sort of combination of the frankness of John Bull with the *politesse* of the French. I was at once advised to go to Eaux Chaudes, to go to Madame Baudot's establishment—an hotel—and take a course of baths. An enlivening programme this, with the weather as bad as it possibly could be! Bad weather at Eaux Bonnes is terribly depressing. The mist and rain seem to get into the cul-de-sac, where no wind can drive them out. Mr. James, however, seemed to think my going was a duty to myself and society in general. So off I went by diligence in the morning. At the bottom of the hill I looked back. There was the mist over Eaux Bonnes, but high above in the sky the serrated edges of the Pic de Ger were standing out clear cut against the blue. Eaux Chaudes was as bad as Eaux Bonnes. The gorge is narrower, and the mist has less room to dispose of itself; but the brawling, dashing river was at once a delight, and the general aspect of the place far more inviting to an artist in consequence of being less prim and grand.

The houses are irregular, and scattered here and there rather picturesquely. Long strings of gaily caparisoned mules may be seen before the Aubergiste. There, too, are Spaniards, with their gay sashes and the weather-worn velveteen, so dear to an artist for colour. Guides with nondescript dresses, and pretty peasants with their red capulets, dark square-cut bodices, and dainty little brooches stuck on the white open vests. For

the most part the men wore knee-breeches, jackets, and "berrets"—the latter being nothing more nor less than "Kilmarnock" bonnets. As for the vaunted baths (of course I took a few), I don't think there is a pin to choose between them and those at Eaux Bonnes. It would be hereby to say this there, for the fashion is to drink your thermal sulphur at Eaux Bonnes, and bathe in it at Eaux Chaudes.

Many invalids, especially Russians, do both, swinging, as it were, between the two waters. Some of them (I believe Mr. Quilter did it) would take a dose at the Eaux Bonnes establishment in the morning, bathe at Eaux Chaudes, then back for another dose at Eaux Bonnes in the afternoon, so laying in as big a stock of health as they can in their prescribed holiday. Beware of cold

after your exercise of the bath. It is *en règle* to be provided with a garment, like a sort of sac, which you don after coming out of the Eaux Chaudes. You may see small bands of martyrs thus attired making sepulchral-looking progress from the bathing establishment.

The strictest incognita can be kept. I should have passed Mrs. Quilter, if she had not spoken to me out of the depths of her sac. She thanked me for my expressions of sympathy. "But there is not much the matter with me," she said; "only I thought it a pity not to make use of the baths when I was so near." I began my sketching. Once or twice the diligence brought over Captain Burgon and Mr. Robb, who, after breakfasting, would accompany me to my work. Through their pilotage I found out a capital subject at a place called Gourst, some 2,000 feet straight above Eaux Chaudes. The zigzags to it are quite easy, and after an hour's climb through boxwood, across tiny bridges, and by innumerable waterfalls, you come across the quietest and greenest of plateaux—one, moreover, aspiring to the dignity of a veritable republic, where the chief is chosen every year to dispense the laws, and where the women are forbidden to marry out of the plateau. This law is more honoured in its breach than in its observance. When I had fairly settled to my work, my two esquires started off to prospect the little village. They returned laden with milk and cheese, which went to form part of our lunch under a spreading chestnut-tree. Higher up we found another little plateau, gemmed over with the brightest of wild flowers—monkshood, columbine, and ox-eyed daisies being the most conspicuous. The higher you climb the more expressed is the colour, owing to the chemical rays of the sun not having been diluted by the atmosphere.

A few days later (I had luckily finished Gourst) my breakfast table was cheered by the smiling face of Mr. James, who had walked over from Eaux Bonnes. He always thinks of others before himself, and on this occasion declared I must be dull, and he had determined to take me back to Eaux Bonnes with him. I yielded on the understanding that he would return and explore Eaux Chaudes further with me. There can be no sort of doubt that it has superior claims as a sketching quarter. The Gave itself, within a mile of the Hôtel Baudot, furnishes some admirable close studies of rock and water. Some of these huge rocks, discarded from a neighbouring peak, have posed themselves in the most aggressive way across the stream, and give a holding for Dame Nature to rear perfect little gardens of boxwood and wild flowers—quite safe, too, from marauders, for the green Gave dashes down on either side with great noise and menace. Never was there such a place for falling water! You are deafened with it. It is "above, below, around," and you can take your choice from thin silver thread to an avalanche.

What a contrast at Eaux Bonnes! Here a grand band was playing in the open space between the houses, playing so well, too, that I was glad to pay two francs for a seat under the trees, where I could smoke one of Mr. James's havannas and listen. Close your eyes, and you may be in Paris or London; nor, in opening them, is the vision altogether dispelled, for you are confronted with some of Mr. Worth's latest costumes flitting about the little enclosure between the pieces. Mr. Robb and Miss Quilter were there in earnest conversation. Captain Burgon, too, conspicuous in a remarkable suit of knickerbockers. He was as loquacious as ever, informing me within a few minutes that "*that*"—pointing to the young couple—"was a case," that Mr. James was one of the truest sportsmen and finest gentlemen he had ever come across, and that he and Robb were about to rise at four A.M. the next morning to go up the Pic de Ger and shoot izzards. This proposed excursion was the *pièce de résistance* of conversation at the table d'hôte; no end of advice was given, and wonderful personal experiences elicited. Mr. James's advice, as being that of a typical British sportsman, was treated with most consideration of all. Mrs. Quilter ostentatiously shook hands with them, declaring that it was a sin for two delicate young men to expose themselves to such fatigue (two stronger fellows never breathed). Though she had not overcome her dislike for Mr. Robb, and prevented as much as possible any communication between him and her daughter still, the supposed fact that he was "delicate" invested him with considerable interest in her eyes. If he could only have got up a pale face and a hollow cough, I believe he would have tumbled into her good graces at once!

My friend, with great tact and consideration, proposed that the ladies should accompany us in a drive towards Argelles. At starting he cleverly apologised for being unable to hear any remarks in a rattling carriage; so was relieved from being the recipient of her many troubles.

It was raining. During one of the showers we took refuge in a solitary Auberg[illegible] about six miles from Eaux Bonnes, where we found three or four shepherds drinking red wine out of clay cups, and joking with a stalwart girl who was cutting up mountain rushes for fodder. Presently the sun broke out, and the view was glorious!—so fine, indeed, that I induced the party to continue their drive, and pick me up on their return. I climbed the hill, a friendly shepherd carrying my sketching things, and subsequently volunteering to write down the names of the distant peaks in my book. This he considered to be *his* part of the sketch. The mist had cleared away from the little amphitheatre, and was climbing lazily upon every side of us through the dense box and fir woods. High above, and almost encircling us, the snow-peaks of La Latte, Gabizos, d'Ger, and Asté cropped out from among the grey clouds. The sun seemed to focus itself on the tiny Auberge, and presently out came the other shepherds, whom we could hear encouraging their big white dogs to collect the sheep, which were dotted in hundreds at our feet.

It was like a single Ruthlessly disturbed, however, by the waving of white handkerchiefs from the returning carriages. The ladies' alarm about the sportsmen was at once set at rest by finding them at the hotel door waiting to assist them to alight. They had had no sport. As to the izzards, Robb declared that Burgon, contrary to the injunction of Jaques Orteig, their guide, would take a short cut across some rising ground. An observant chamois was thus enabled to catch sight of his gorgeous knickerbockers, and all chance of a shot was lost!

During the next week I found plenty of occupation round Eaux Bonnes. The adjacent villages of Aas and Accoust are well worth an artist's attention, but diligent search is necessary to find out the best points.

Every day at the table d'hote I could see that Mr. Robb and Captain Burgon were progressing with Mrs. Quilter. She was much concerned at Mr. Robb's lameness, which had come on since his mountain excursion, and having attended some surgical lectures and bandaging classes in Edinburgh, spoke with authority about baths and rest. She, backed up by Mr. James, advised instant recourse to the baths at Eaux Chaudes. Captain Burgon, backed up by Mr. Robb, was loud in the praises of Panticosa, a place fifty miles off across the Spanish frontier! It was a grand consultation, and ended by an arrangement to the effect that we should all take leave of M. and Madame Tavernes and meet at Eaux Chaudes in two days. So we did. Madame Baudot received us with

many smiles, and my old guide looked pleased at the prospect of more francs.

The weather was fine, and while our patient (for Mr. Robb, from his increasing lameness, had earned this title) took various douche baths, we made ample excursions.

Beyond Eaux Chaudes the scenery becomes wilder and more beautiful at every step. The green river tumbles noisily among the rocks to your left, and the hills rise thousands of feet above you. They are covered with box and pines. Here and there, almost among the clouds, the bare rocks peep out, and you may catch the silver gleam of falling water. The olive, which grows so densely on the Mediterranean side, does not grow at all in the Basses-Pyrénées. Here it is replaced by the box, which is hardy, and flourishes at high altitudes. It gives a distinctive character to these mountains, and clothes them with a surface more vigorous in texture and colour.

The pine-woods are stupendous, crashing through box, birch, beech, and other foliage, like elephants through a jungle. About half way to Gabas, where the valley opens, you may see armies of these stretching away in perspective till the last are lost as purple blotches on the snow. Four kilomètres from Eaux Chaudes a dip through one of these woods takes you across the Gave into a warm sunny gorge. It is called "Sousoucou." Here I worked for two or three days, and could scarcely believe I was not in a Scotch glen. Heather, rock, and silver birches, all went to strengthen the illusion. It was only when bright-coloured lizzards crept across my feet that I woke up in the Pyrenees. In this gorge, also, can be found an admirable study of the fantastic Pic d'Isabe, with a broken bridge for a foreground. Here, too, on a clear day, you will become intimate with the true "Pyrenean purple."

Our evenings were very pleasant. Miss Quilter, to the delight of ourselves and the French visitors, sang Scotch and English ballads, and Captain Burgon had an inexhaustive supply of racy Irish stories. When I asked him about Robb's increasing lameness he winked most furiously; but to Mrs. Quilter's officious sympathies and never-ending offers of advice he would shake his head ominously. Robb himself sometimes forgot to be lame, and Mr. James always met my inquiries about the mystery with an exasperating reticence. One morning the whole party started for Gabas, a dirty little village about five miles up the gorge. You are reminded of the contiguity of Spain by the sign which has, on the north side, "Hôtel des Pyrénées," and on the south, "Fonda dos Pyrenees."

Here the road divides. To the left a mountain track will take you to the Spanish frontier in less than four hours, and by the right you reach the Plateau des Bious Artigues, whence climbing aspirants attack the Pic du Midi. It rises to nearly 10,000 feet between the two tracks. Either way you are in the midst of the wildest subjects; but by the left you also stand a chance of seeing a rough troop of Spaniards with their mules and general impedimenta coming through the passes.

It was while watching one of these wonderful cavalcades that Mr. Robb hurt his lame foot by slipping off a loose rock. There was great consternation. We carried him back to the little inn, where Mrs. Quilter actually condescended to bandage it for him. The party drove back in time for Madame Baudot's table d'hôte, leaving me to search for some work higher up the wilds. Here the subjects are far finer on dull, stormy days, and some precious impressions (which would otherwise have been unheeded) may be gathered, by starting off in the lightest possible marching order, and taking careful blots of transient effects. On ordinary days the Pic du Midi is absolutely offensive in its formality; but there is, of course, always detail of the finest order for close work. Gabas would furnish pictures for a month. I remained several days, and was sorry when Mr. James (who had paid me a daily visit) assured me that time was up, and that steamers waited for no man. Scarcely had I entered the Hotel Baudot before Mrs. Quilter proudly informed me that her repeated bandagings were curing Mr. Robb's lameness.

In the morning the whole party assembled to make their adieux. As we got into our carriage Mr. Robb whispered something in Mr. James's ear.

"What was he saying to you?" I asked, as we drove off amid the hand-wavings.

"He was saying," said Mr. James, slowly lighting his cigar, "that he should send me that case of Lafitte; so, by-and-by, you will have to come and drink Mr. and Mrs. Robb's good health."

C. BLATHERWICK.

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. V.—By the EDITOR.

WHEN St. Paul wrote the Second Epistle to Timothy—the last he ever wrote—he was "such an one as Paul the aged," worn with the toil of long missionary labours. He was in Rome, waiting his final trial, and conscious that it must end in death. He had recently escaped from being condemned to the wild beasts. He had then stood alone in the crowded court, every friend having forsaken him: nevertheless the Lord had stood with him and strengthened him, so that he had been able to preach the gospel to all present. Now, however, he felt that "the time of his departure was at hand," and in his loneliness he longed for the presence of his dear son Timothy. Luke was the only one with him of his old companions, and so he writes this letter to Timothy, then far away in Asia Minor, begging him to come to him shortly, not to be afraid, but to "do his diligence to come before winter." This longing to have his friend with him is as suggestive as it was characteristic. Indeed the whole epistle is peculiarly touching. Amid fatherly directions for the guidance of Timothy in his fulfilment of his pastoral duties, and almost stern admonitions to bravery in the face of peril, there are ever and anon tones of deep sadness, arising partly from the foreboding of coming suffering, and partly the sighing of one wearied with the long battle and desiring rest.

Thus on the very brink of the grave, with the chequered memory of his life lying behind him and with a violent death close before him, he expressed the ground of his confidence, "I know Him Whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." This was St. Paul's confidence. There is here not a vestige of self-righteousness. As he looked back on his apostolic life he could say with truth that "he had fought a good fight and kept the faith." He knew that his labours had not been in vain. But as he looked forward to death and judgment, he recognised, at the end as at the beginning of his career, that the grace of the Lord Jesus was the one and only ground of his hopes. The life he had lived in the flesh had ever been by the faith of the Lord Jesus. "Not I, but Christ liveth in me," had been the secret of his power. And so now, when he thought of his departure he does not say, "I am not ashamed, because I know what a hard-working and successful apostle and what a great preacher I have been," or "because I know what sacrifices I have made." Far from it! He meekly lifts his eyes to his Lord and Master and says, "I know Him Whom I have believed."

This was a personal trust. He does not say, "I know *what* I have believed. I know that I hold a pure creed and have correct opinions regarding certain dogmas." His faith was distinctly personal. "I know *Him* Whom I have believed." He had put his trust in Christ as one trusts any friend or brother on earth. He is at peace, not because he had cast himself on any mere abstract doctrines, or on any Church or priesthood. He goes at once to the living Saviour—"I know *Him* Whom I have believed, and I am not afraid."

And it was not with St. Paul now as with one who was trusting God for the first time. He had not only faith but assurance of faith derived from long experience. As he looked back on the past and recalled the way in which he had been led since the hour when in Damascus, thirty-two years before, he rose from his knees the consecrated "servant of Jesus Christ;" as he recollected the strange vicissitudes through which he had followed his master—the persecutions, shipwrecks, scourgings, and manifold sufferings; and as he remembered too all that the Lord had been to him during that time, he could say with triumphant emphasis, "I *know* Him whom I have believed." The experiences of half a life-time spent in daily communion with God, and under circumstances which made him recognise a daily Divine guidance, had not been in vain. The will of God had become more real to him than anything else in the universe, and to trust Christ the most natural of all acts.

Still further, this faith had led him to commit something into the Lord's hand, to lie there as in pledge. "He will keep that which I have committed to him." He not only trusted God for forgiveness and grace, but he had yielded himself to God in complete self-surrender. For more than thirty years he had never considered himself as "his own." He had committed his life to God, to go where He sent him and to do what He commanded. He had committed his body to God, and accordingly in hours of danger or of physical suffering he never

faltered. Like a true soldier, although he knew that "in every place bonds and afflictions awaited him," yet "none of these things moved him," nor did he "count his own life dear to him," that he might fulfil "the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus." Whether he lived he was the Lord's, or whether he died he was the Lord's. All had been yielded up for time and eternity, and so now when things were narrowing to the sharp issue of death, he was perfectly calm and fearless. He knew not what torture the rage of enemies might inflict, but he knew God, and rested in perfect confidence. And this blessed confidence of his reached far beyond this life. To his eyes the bar of the Roman Magistracy paled before the thought of another Judge and of another trial. With an indefiniteness which lends a majestic solemnity to the expression, he speaks of "that day" when in the solitude of his personal responsibility he must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. "That day" is a phrase frequently employed by St. Paul in reference to the great day of Christ's appearing. It is that which is called elsewhere "the day of the Lord," "the great and terrible day of the Lord," "that day which no man knoweth, no, not the angels of heaven, but the Father," "that day which cometh as a thief." Three times in this same Epistle to Timothy does St. Paul speak of "that day," as if, when death was approaching, the thought of Christ's appearing was more vividly and constantly present. When he prays for Onesiphorus it is that "he may obtain mercy in that day." For himself he knows that he will "receive a crown of righteousness in that day," and again he expresses his confidence that the Lord "will keep that which he has committed to him against that day." "That day" was for him the most solemn of all events, but he had surrendered everything so completely into the hands of Christ that he knew all would be well, for all would be kept by the same Saviour who had loved him and given Himself for him and who was to appear the second time unto salvation.

All this has very plain and useful teaching. We may learn that the kind of faith in Christ which gives true comfort is something more than having certain opinions as to the truth of a few important dogmas about Christ. For faith in Christ, as often practically held, is no more than the meaningless repetition of some stock-phrases as to His "having died for sinners," and while such opinions are kept as safe sentiments, on account of the entertainment of which, it is believed, God will [illegible] with us "not as we are," [illegible] all the time shut out from [illegible]. There is no self-surrender to the [illegible] of the Master. There is nothing [illegible] to Him except the selfish [illegible] opinions are helpless to the [illegible] all will be well with [illegible]. But it was not with a [illegible] proposition, but with Him "who was alive and became dead and is alive for evermore," that St. Paul dealt. His faith, being trust in a Person, was vitally connected with love, and that love determined his character and inspired the confidence which casts out fear. For there is an enormous practical difference between dealing with a theology and dealing with a Divine Person—as there is a wide distinction betwixt philosophy of social life and enjoying the friendship of a brother man. The human brother is more than a congeries of propositions. He is one who feels with us, whom we know that we can trust, and to whom we may go in our ignorance and weakness. In like manner if we had only a creed as the object of our faith, we might remain long in suspense and at the best find the intellect more engaged than the heart. But in dealing with Christ our Saviour and Brother, we have to do with the same Jesus Who, when on earth, stooped to the poorest, the weakest, the wayworn, and Who lived out the love and friendship of God towards man. We have, therefore, to look to One touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who understands us in our difficulties, and cares for us in every right way as no one else in the universe can do. To Him, therefore, we can go even when we feel a great way off from what we would wish to be either in our religious views or in our religious life. When we thus deal with the Personal Saviour our faith becomes more than a notion. It becomes the self-surrender of living confidence. Like St. Paul when he commit everything into his hands, to be directed not by our own passions, nor by the world, but by His good and loving will. And the basis to the convincing evidence of a similar experience as his, who said, I know Him Whom I have trusted." The ever unfolding error may utterly confound the arguments of many a sincere child of God overwhelming them with an array of learning he cannot gainsay, while his trust remains unshaken on the foundation of a thousand experiences of Divine goodness and truth. For more easily might his confidence by similar arguments, be overthrown in the character of his nearest and

dearest earthly friend, than is that Saviour who has been the light and stregth and restorer of his soul.

But we must "acquair ourselves with God," if we are to experiene this peace and confidence. We must eal frankly and sincerely with Him, allowin Him to govern us and lead us. And then hen life may be drawing with us also to a end, and when sore sickness or old age tells us that the close is near, the things beyond will not look vague or strange, for we will feel that we have more than empty words to support us. We will taste the fruits of personal trust in Him who is "the same yesterday and to-day and for ever," and be persuaded that He is able "to keep that which we have committed to Him against that day."

BEE LIFE.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

I.

THE reader must not expet to find in the following pages a descrition of the Hive Bee and its management. I shall simply attempt to give an outline history of the various bees all over the wod, their habits, and the work which they do Among them the Hive Bee will find its plce, but not as a domesticated insect, these pges treating of the natural, and not the artificial life, of the insects which will be mentiond.

Roughly speaking, we may ivide the bees into two great groups, the Slitary and the Social, and will begin with th former.

Like the generality of insects, the Solitary Bees are either male or femal and only the latter possesses a sting. It is a universal rule among sting-bearing insects tat the males are perfectly harmless. Unlke the Social Bees, which feed the young grbs, or larvæ, until they are about to assume te pupal state, the Solitary Bees form a separat cell for each of the young, fill it with a spply of food which will nourish it until it bcomes a pupa, close up the cell, and leave it.

Chief among them are the Erth-burrowers, many of which belong to the gnus Andrena.

Some of them prefer hard sils, and have especial liking for well-trodon paths, the harder and more stony the utter. Their holes are very small, and as ey burrow to the depth of eight or ten inch it is not an easy matter to trace their excavtions.

The best plan is to insert a exible grass stem into the hole, and dig a tunel-shaped pit, of which the grass stem ccupies the centre. At the end of the tunnel ill be found a little cell, simply excavated n the earth and filled nearly to the cenne ith pollen. Generally there is only one cll to each tunnel, but occasionally the bes igs several branch tunnels, and pices a sre of food and an egg in each. Wi in tis dark subterraneous chamber the egg is atched into a legless grub, such as has been mentioned. It immediately begins to feed, and as soon as it has finished the pollen heap in which it is placed, it changes into a pupa, and subsequently into a perfect insect.

These bees are very common along the sea-shore, especially where the coast is composed of chalk cliffs above and sand below. Like all bees, they are very fond of salt-water, and may be seen to settle on the sand and drink their briny draught with great zest.

Some of these bees are fond of sand-banks, and one, the Kentish Bee (*Andrena picipes*), is remarkable for the fact that it is almost wholly confined to the county whence it derives its name. The face of any sand quarry in any part of Kent is tolerably sure to contain the tunnels of this bee. It burrows almost horizontally, and does not penetrate to any great depth. The tunnels are generally set closely together, so that I have procured in a few minutes several dozen of the silken cells spun by the larvæ just before their change. The cell at the end of the tunnel is stored with the white pollen of the thistle, and the mother bee has a most curious aspect as she flies to her burrow so laden with pollen that she looks as if she had been rolled in a flour barrel. When she comes out again she would hardly be recognised as the same insect, the colour being nearly black, with the exception of the second joint, or tibia, of the hind leg, which is silvery white below and brown above.

There is one enormous genus of Solitary Bees called Osmia. These insects make their nests in all kinds of unexpected places. They will utilise nail-holes in garden walls; and I have seen an old stone wall that had once belonged to a garden literally swarming with these bees. A brick wall is scarcely so much favoured by them, as the bricks are too regularly laid to allow of much excavation between them. Some of the Osmia bees are very small, and burrow into the pith of broken or cut twigs. If the ends of some cut branches of

a rose, a bramble, or a jessamine be examined, some of them will be found to have a little round hole in the pith scarcely large enough to admit a No. 5 shot. If such twigs be cut

Fig. 1.—Osmia.

Fig. 2.—Megachile.

longitudinally, they will be seen to contain a row of little oblong cells, from which in process of time will be developed tiny blackish bees. Several insects have this habit, but that which is most commonly found in twigs is *Osmia leucomelana*.

The number of cells is very variable. Sometimes there are six or seven, but in a specimen now before me there are only three. The bee, however, seems to have met some impediment in her work. She has begun, as usual, in the centre of the pith, but, instead of keeping to the middle, she has gone off obliquely until she came against the wood. Then she has gone downwards for a little distance between the wood and the pith, and probably has disliked the direction of the burrow, deposited her eggs in as much of it as was completed, and gone off to make another.

Another species, *Osmia parietana*, which is seldom seen except in the northern parts of England, makes its dwellings under flat stones. There is a wonderful example of these habitations in the British Museum. The stone is only ten inches in length by six in width, and in it are fixed two hundred and thirty-six cells.

They will build in almost any crevice, even choosing such singular spots as a keyhole, an empty bottle, the barrel of a revolver pistol, &c. Some years ago I was at a sale, and the auctioneer offered, among other lots, a large bandbox filled with odds and ends. I bought the box, and found among its contents a piccolo flute. In trying its tone it refused to utter a sound, and on looking into it the interior was seen to be stuffed with some soft substance, apparently paper. A closer examination, however, showed that it was completely filled with the cells of an Osmia. The flute can be seen in the nest-room at the British Museum.

Another of these ubiquitous bees, *Osmia bicolor*, generally selects the empty shells of the common banded snail, filling them with eggs, honey, and pollen, placing a wall of some vegetable substance between each egg and its neighbour.

Another wall-frequenting bee is called *Megachile muraria*. It makes cells very like those of the Osmia, as may be seen by the illustration. These cells were found in the fluting of a pillar.

There are several species of Osmia which do not take the trouble of burrowing, but penetrate into straws, especially those of thatched roofs. They have even been known to find their way into grocers' shops and make their way into maccaroni, much to the disgust of the consumer.

Some of these solitary burrowing bees are known by the name of Leaf-cutters, because they make their successive cells of the leaves of different trees and shrubs. Rose-leaves are generally chosen by this insect, which cuts semicircular pieces out of the edge of the leaf, carries the severed portions to its burrow, and in a most wonderfully ingenious manner forms them into a series of cells, looking like a number of thimbles thrust into each other. These beautiful nests are not uncommon, but a good specimen is hardly ever seen in a collection, owing to the difficulty of preserving them. It is useless even to attempt to retain the colour, and without the most careful preparation the leaves will become dry, uncurl themselves, and fall asunder.

Fig. 3.—Rose-cutter Bees, and Nest. *Half actual size.*

On the Continent, but not, I believe, in England, an allied insect uses the petals of the scarlet poppy instead of rose-leaves.

One British solitary bee, *Anthidium manicatum*, seems to have been first noticed by Gilbert White, who called it the Hoop-shaver, because it uses its jaws much as a hoop-maker uses his shave.

It makes its burrow in soft wood, generally the "touchwood" found in decaying willow-trees. If, however, it can find the deserted tunnel of a goat moth caterpillar it will make use of it instead of gnawing a burrow for itself. The cells in which its young are reared are made of the down of various plants, the common campion being apparently the favourite.

Opening its jaws widely, the bee places them against the stem, and, running quickly along it, shaves off the down in a sort of spiral coil which quite covers its head. With this down, mixed with some glutinous substance, it makes the cells for the reception of its young.

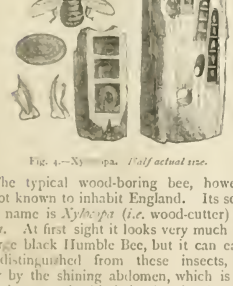


Fig. 4.—Xylocopa. *Half actual size.*

The typical wood-boring bee, however, is not known to inhabit England. Its scientific name is *Xylocopa* (*i.e.* wood-cutter) *violacea*. At first sight it looks very much like a large black Humble Bee, but it can easily be distinguished from these insects, not only by the shining abdomen, which is but sparely covered with hairs, but by the deep violet colour of the wings. Popularly it is called the Carpenter Bee; but there are so many bees which deserve this term that neither of them can arrogate it to itself.

This bee is especially remarkable for the solidity of its work. Usually the cells or partition walls of the tunnelling bees are exceedingly fragile, no matter what may be the material of which they are made.

Unlike the generality of burrowing insects, which carry the excavated material to a distance, so as not to betray the burrow, the Xylocopa reserves a considerable portion of the woody fragments for the purpose of separating her burrow into a series of cells. Having placed a sufficient quantity of food at the bottom of the burrow, and an egg upon the food heap, she takes a number of wood chips, moistening them with saliva, and places them in a ring-like shape just above the food. When the first ring is dry, she makes a second ring within it, and so proceeds until she has made a nearly flat floor of concentric rings. When finished, the floor is about as thick as a penny, and it becomes exceedingly hard as it dries.

Now there comes a problem which could only be solved by careful study of the bee. Cell-making is rather a tedious process, a week or more being consumed between the laying the first egg and the completion of the last cell. Naturally we might think that the eggs which were laid first would hatch first, and that therefore the insect must injure its companions by breaking through their cells in its way to the entrance of the burrow, even if it had sufficient strength for the task. The solution of the problem is beautifully simple, and is thus described by the late Mr. F. Smith, whose knowledge of the Hymenoptera was unrivalled:—"The bees which first arrive at their perfect condition, or rather those which are first anxious to escape into day, are two or three in the upper cells. These are males; the females are usually ten or twelve days later. This is the history of every wood-boring bee which I have bred, and I have reared broods of nearly every species indigenous to this country."

There is another burrowing bee (*Chalicodoma*) which makes partitions in a similar manner. But, as it is an earth-borer, it forms its floors of concentric rings of clay instead of wood chips. It is a native of South Africa.

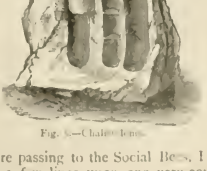


Fig. 5.—Chalicodoma.

Before passing to the Social Bees, I must bestow a few lines upon one very common and very interesting British insect. This is scientifically named *Anthophora retusa*, and it is generally accepted as the British type of the Mason Bees. This insect looks very much like a small Humble Bee, and indeed is

considered as such by all who are not entomologists. It makes a sort of composite nest, placing its cells in the crevices of rocks, holes in the walls, and similar localities, and covering them with a patch of mud, which looks very much as if it had been flung against the wall by accident, and left to dry there. It serves, however, as a protecting cover for the cells, which are made of little pellets of earth fastened together like the wood chips of the Xylocopa. The cells are rough in the exterior, but smooth and polished on the interior.

It is a pretty bee, and can be known by the feathered tips of the middle legs.

Having taken this rapid sketch of the Solitary Bees, we shall in another paper glance at those which are social in their habits.

A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE.

A Victim of the French Marriage Law.

FEW subjects of such vital importance have escaped public attention, or have been so little understood, as the anomalies arising from the French marriage law in its relation to British subjects, and from the marriages contracted in Great Britain and Ireland between them and foreigners, *only* according to our marriage law, which, as regards all civil rights of property, name, legitimacy of children, &c., upon French soil, is null and void.

True, the victims have been mostly our countrywomen and their children—for when a French girl is married in England to one of our countrymen, every precaution is taken to make her marriage legal in the arrondissement of the town in which she was born—but, as yet, there exists no authority by which the same forms should be observed to make the marriage of a Frenchman with one of our countrywomen, contracted here, binding in his own country.

Surely our Government could find some means of legislation to prevent the present painful state of things, which lays numbers of broken hearts upon the hearths of our British homes, and hides in Paris many of our countrywomen, who silently live out their wrongs rather than expose a position proved to be without redress.

One lovely May morning a small party waited at a registry office in London to be married.

A beautiful girl of seventeen was the bride, whose father, now dead, had been an officer in the British army, and had served in the Crimean War. She had been brought up in a school for the orphan daughters of officers. Though scarcely seventeen, her acquirements had justified her appointment as pupil-teacher, and she had the privilege of spending the Saturday and Sunday with her mother, who filled the position of housekeeper in a gentleman's family near London. In one of these weekly visits her uncommon beauty attracted the attention of the man who, on this morning, claimed her as his bride. He followed his prize well up, and had little difficulty in persuading the widowed mother to acquiesce in the trembling assent of the girl. In truth the profession of love from the polished lips of a Frenchman was difficult to withstand, and besides, there was a tinge of romance about him, for he was one of the exiled Communists of Paris! And he was a sculptor, which added to the charm. Alas! no one warned the fatherless girl that beneath these attractions danger lurked. All looked bright, and it would have been hard to instil a doubt into the trusting, loving heart of a girl of seventeen.

True, the mother and daughter would have preferred a religious service, but the bridegroom belonged to the type of thought which was expressed as that of "the Liberals" in France. Later, on the return of these exiled Communists to Paris, this type of liberal thought developed under the editorship of Blanqui, the bridegroom's great friend, his journal assuming the title "Ni dieu, ni maître."

No; his was the grand liberal religion which was fast gaining ground in France; and as he was not a Roman Catholic, the susceptibilities of the mother were quieted.

The day ended with a grand feast, at which many of the chief Communists were present, presided over by Blanqui, one of the mayors of Paris during the time of the Commune.

Wonderful speeches, savouring of "Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité," were made, which to unsophisticated ears made France appear the land of Utopia! . . . .

One bitterly cold day in December, 1879, soon after the heavy fall of snow which besieged Paris for weeks, a poor young woman with a little boy of four years, half frozen with cold and faint with hunger, entered the

waiting-room of the Mission Home, 77, Avenue Wagram. The lady who received them was soon chafing the benumbed hands of mother and child before a good fire, and giving them necessary food and restoratives, the big tears meanwhile rolling silently down the young mother's cheek, drawing attention to a face of no common beauty, though somewhat dimmed by sorrow and want. When partially recovered she told her story: that she had come to Paris about four months before with her husband, an amnestied Communist, to whom she had been married in London five years ago, when he had faithfully promised to fulfil the requirements of the French law if ever restored to his native country.

This he had failed to do, under the plea that he could not obtain his parents' consent. She might share his apartment if she liked, but he could not support her or her children. She was quite bewildered on finding that her marriage in England meant nothing in France. Ignorant of the language, and with two young children, she knew not what to do, for she soon found that her husband, now that he had returned to his former associates, was a very bad man, and that "Paris was not a little heaven." So she left him, and had been trying to support herself and her children by working her sewing-machine and by giving English lessons. Hitherto they had managed to live, but it was bare living, as the worn garments and shattered appearance of mother and child testified. Her baby was out at nurse to leave her free to earn daily bread as best she could. The previous day, hearing that loaves of bread were being distributed at the mairie of her arrondissement, she, pressed with hunger and want, took her place in the long "queue" waiting to receive their portion. Weary and exhausted with cold, before her turn arrived she had fainted. An effort was made by some compassionate women to restore her, but ere they had quite succeeded, in answer to the query, "Qui est-ce?" the truth had come out: "Une de ces Anglaises qui se marie seulement en Angleterre." The words caught the ear of the man who was dealing out the bread, and with a true and patriotic eye to merciless economy and justice, he explained to the trembling woman who had scarcely recovered consciousness, "Qu'il n'avait pas le droit de l'aider, car elle n'etait pas Française; elle devait s'adresser à l'Ambassade d'Angleterre."

Acutely feeling the betrayal of her wrong, she dragged her steps back to her child. Scalding tears fell on the sleeping boy; she looked round the bare room (for all had been pledged for food and fuel), and thought what matter if both sleep, and the sense of hunger and want be hushed for ever by the chill hand of death!

True, both slept, but not in death. How many a sorrowful heart wakes up but to grasp its sorrow anew, all the keener, alas! from its temporary repose. How could she face cold officialism again, perhaps to be told another of the galling truths which seem to overshadow the English wives of Frenchmen in Paris! And she looked round for something more to pledge for the day's needs, but *there was nothing* save her sewing-machine, the bread-winner when food could be earned. The worker's indignant pride was not proof against the mother's love and the child's tears. Soon they were toiling through the deep snow from Vaugirard, and reached at length the British Embassy. Hers was only a common story, and she was directed, like many others, for relief to the Mission Home.

"And I have pledged everything," she added, summing up the brief history of her sorrow and want.

"Everything?" asked the lady, more in sympathy than in questioning; but the sharpened sense of injustice was keen and quick.

"Everything," she repeated. "I will show you what I have left," and putting her hand into her pocket she drew out a letter and a little book. "There," she said, as her eyes filled with tears, "that is all I possess!"

The letter bore the mark of tears; it was from her mother, and the little book was her mother's gift. "Little Pillows," by F. R. Havergal. On the first page was written—"To my child, who will find but a hard pillow to rest on in Paris. May she read a chapter each night for her comfort." And so she had, for the pages were well worn, and had been wept over too. Yes, this and her children were her last earthly treasures, and again the large tears coursed each other silently down her cheeks, and spoke more eloquently than words of how they were valued.

Would she like to return to her mother? Oh, yes, *with her children*. Arrangements were soon made for her to do so at once, and a telegram was sent to the mother, who still occupied the same position of trust, to prepare for her daughter's arrival; and a sovereign was given her, besides her fare, that she and her children on arriving might not be in any immediate difficulty. On reaching London she took a small lodging, and went to the house where her mother

lived, only to find it closed, and that she with the family had gone abroad for some months.

A day or two after, as she was planning a future for herself and children, she was startled by her husband, who, watching her for evil, had not been long in tracing her, and coolly informed her that if she did not return with him to Paris he would force her to do so, as she was his lawful wife in England. Bewildered and disheartened, she assented, he partially assuring her that he would fulfil his previous promise of marrying her according to French law, so legalizing her children. No one was near to counsel—for the poor have but few friends—and she returned with him. During the journey to Paris the baby, scarcely a year old, became very ill. On arriving at her husband's apartment, almost her first request—for medical advice—was refused.

The broken-hearted mother nursed her little one with characteristic devotion until death released the little sufferer. The father forbade any religious service, and would not contribute anything towards the funeral. The few feet of earth which covered the dead babe in the Fosse Commune were consecrated by a mother's tears.

The little boy was still left to her; she determined to be freed, seeing that there was no hope of justice to herself as a wife from a man so heartless, and she came to the "Home" for advice and help.

In a letter to the *Times*, August, 1880, hers was amongst the cases narrated of the victims of the French marriage-laws, who had received aid and sympathy through the "Mission Home."

A few days after its insertion the following letter was received at the Home:—

"My widowed aunt was deeply moved by your letter which I happened to show her, as the case of the lady married to a Communist is a sad repetition of her only child's history. Honourably married here, cruelly deserted on his return to Paris, her child died on her way home, and she only reached here to die.

"You will now understand how a story like that affects my aunt. She would like to try and make that lady happy, and has asked me to request you (if you think it right) to make the following proposal to her, viz.: to accept the shelter of her home, and to act as companion to her, as she is alone and requires one. She would be treated as a daughter, and provision made for her to return to her husband if she wished to do so."

After some correspondence, this kind and providential offer was accepted for the deserted wife and child.

Early in January, 1881, they were to start by the night-mail from Paris with one of the ladies of the Home. As their friend was anxiously awaiting mother and child, a pencilled note was put into her hand:

"There is no hope of saving us. This afternoon I went to the school for my boy, and found that his father had taken him to the Mairie, and had registered him *under his name;* so my child is *his* now by law, while I, his mother, am still no wife. He has taken all I had to love and to live for. It is useless to try and save me, I could not live apart from my boy, I may be his guardian angel, and watch him from a distance. Should anything happen to his father he would perhaps be mine. But you, dear madam, be careful; for he knows who it is that has been helping us, and vows vengeance. When there is another *émeute* there will be a good many stray shots, and I can only pray that he may not teach my child to hate me.—Your broken-hearted, "M."

And who shall follow the mother—still young in years and beautiful—through the weary mazes and seething temptations of Parisian life; a mother, yet no wife, not even bearing her child's name; her mother's heart torn from all that it had left to love, and trampled on by the man who well knew how to win all that was pure and womanly as his lawful wife in England, but to cast her hopelessly, because lawfully, adrift in his own country?

And the child—for whom she alone suffered and toiled—how shall they meet again: when imbued with the principles of "Ni Dieu, ni maître" in some lawless *émeute*, whose "stray shots" fill up the meed of private hatred, goaded by men who seek some new crime to incite lawless passions which have well-nigh palled with satiation? Or have the thoughts embodied in "Little Pillows"—watered by a mother's tears and nurtured by her prayers—fallen upon good ground which shall yet, under God, bear fruit, that shall fall as balm on the wounded, sorrow-stricken heart of his nameless mother—legally married—and yet no wife.

ADA M. LEIGH.

77, Avenue Wagram,
Paris.

THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY.

By S. G. BARNETT.

IN some aspects and developments of the human mind the world has already witnessed a perfection which it will not see again, or at least only after the lapse of ages. The speculative intellect of a Plato, the rich imagination of a Shakespeare, the vast capabilities of a Michael Angelo have illumined literature and art for all time; and of human powers beyond these we feel that we can have no conception. But in the world of science all is reversed. Progress is the watchword of the great pioneers of the present, as it has been the watchword of great discoverers and investigators in the past. That which today seems to have touched by its lofty daring the topmost pinnacle of success, appears in the next generation but the tentative effort of a spirit which was only just beginning to feel the stirrings of its gigantic powers.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that during the nineteenth century alone the world has made greater progress in science than in all the past ages of its history. The subjugation of steam and of the electric force are sufficient to prove this. On all hands we are surrounded by the marvels which have resulted from scientific investigation; and when we think only of what the last quarter of a century has given birth to in this respect, who is bold enough to put a limit to further discoveries, and to say to science, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" If we could project ourselves into the dawn of the twentieth century we should probably be filled with astonishment at the wonders as yet hidden within the womb of time.

In facilities for locomotion we have advanced in an amazing degree. The Atlantic is no longer a formidable drawback to travellers, for the journey from England to New York has been abridged to a little over seven days. In the matter of railways similar marvellous results have been obtained; and the world has recently been called upon to witness the Alps laid under contribution for the purpose of furthering human progress. That vast mountainous range is no longer formidable, as it was in ancient times, or even in the days of Napoleon, which latter have, as it were, but just passed away. It is true that by rendering a thing easy, which before has been supremely difficult and awe-inspiring, we lose somewhat the sense of grandeur and sublimity; but we willingly forego this when we think of the results which ensue from human skill and enterprise. The St. Gothard Railway, which marks an era in the history of locomotion, is now an accomplished fact, and travellers can enjoy all the advantages of crossing the Alps without the toilsome labour which formerly attended the exploit.

This railway, and the road which preceded it in construction, were planned upwards of thirty years ago, but a variety of circumstances interfered with the execution of the project. It was not until 1830 that there was any carriage route at all by way of St. Gothard and the Bernardino, this being the only way entirely through Swiss territory over the mountains. But, when this road was eventually constructed, it could not compete with the Brenner and the Semmering routes, which were so much lower and easier of access. Though the St. Gothard road had the advantage of being shorter, it had the more serious disadvantages of being steep and perilous, and of frequently being rendered almost impassable by snow drifts. It was not unnatural, when railways came to be spoken of and contemplated, that the St. Gothard should have been most favourably regarded. But for eleven years, that is between 1848 and 1859, nothing could be done in consequence of the disturbed condition of Southern Europe. The time, however, came for action, when Germany on the one hand and Italy on the other, became pressing for this new and admirable mode of intercommunication. The Swiss cantons still held aloof, being divided upon the question, but at a conference held at Berne on the 15th of September, 1869, the St. Gothard was accepted as the true line. In this conference Switzerland, North Germany, Italy, Baden, and Wurtemberg, were represented. Difficulties still lay ahead. France naturally held firmly to her own route, the Mont Cenis, and also to the Simplon, which was then about to be constructed. At last the result of the Franco-Prussian war—so disastrous to France—settled the matter, there could no longer be any opposition of moment to the plans of Germany, and the

Entrance to the Tunnel at Göschenen.

Gothard line will be best understood by the aid of the following facts. The journey from Switzerland to Italy, that is, from Lucerne to Lugano, is a little over one hundred miles. In this passage there are no less than fifty-two small tunnels to passthrough, with a total length of fifteen miles. The time occupied in passing through the great St. Gothard tunnel, which in addition is itself nine and a quarter miles in length, is about twenty-three minutes. The scenery, wherever the gaze of the spectator can rest upon it, is glorious. In proof of this weneed only refer to our illustrations. The loveliness of the Urner See and the grandeur of the views about Göschenen particularly affect the traveller. Nor must such points as those afforded by the Devil's Bridge and the Canton of Schwytz be forgotten. The whole length of the line, from the engineering point of view, moreover, is most notable. Not only has the St. Gothard line the longest tunnel in the world, but twenty-four miles, or more than

St. Gothard line was resolved upon. The terms had been arranged at the Conference of Varzin in June, 1870, but the works only began to be pushed forward with vigour in October, 1872. At this latter date the Mont Cenis route was already open, and of course the Brenner and Semmering routes had long been in use.

The great engineering skill called into requisition in the construction of the St.

one-fifth of the whole line, consists of tunnels. A number of these tunnels had to be constructed in spiral or corkscrew fashion, in order that while making the necessary rapid ascent from the valleys to a higher elevation, the line should be perfectly protected against the avalanches which are frequent at those places. Not alone from the point of view of its fifty-three tunnels, but from its lofty viaducts, its bridges, its sheltered galleries, and other works, the St. Gothard line is well entitled to be called one of the most remarkable achievements of modern engineering. The tunnels of the Semmering and Brenner routes are much shorter than those of the St. Gothard, the longest in the Brenner being only 885 metres. The entire covered way of the St. Gothard is no less than 40,718 metres, whereas the Semmering has only fifteen tunnels, with an aggregate of 4,469 metres, and the Brenner twenty-seven tunnels.

The cost of this line of railway was £9,500,000 sterling, a very heavy amount, though the exceptional nature of the work must be taken into consideration. "The huge mass of the St. Gothard," observes one writer, "constitutes the centre of the long circular chain that encompasses the north of Italy. From its four sides flow four of the greatest Alpine streams, two of which, the Rhine and the Rhone, take from their sources a winding course, the Rhine eastwards and the Rhone westwards; while the two others, the

The Devil's Bridge.

The Urner See.

Reuss and the Ticino, run in a straight line away from one another, the one north, the other south—a straight line which is prolonged on the north to the Rhine at Bâle, from Bâle to Cologne, and to the sands of the North Sea; on the south to the lakes Maggiore and Como, to Milan, to Pavia, and to the Mediterranean at Genoa. The St. Gothard Railway thus virtually makes the 'proud city' of Italy a German port in the Mediterranean, just as the Brenner and Semmering have made Venice and Trieste German ports in the Adriatic." The St. Gothard line is also having a perceptible influence already upon the commerce of the north of Europe, considerable additional traffic beginning to set in by way of Antwerp. Indeed, the fact that this route is the straightest and practically the shortest across the vast Alpine chain will not only naturally secure for it the traffic of the Rhenish regions immediately to the north of it, but also that of the greater part of Western Germany and Eastern France, as well as Belgium and Holland and Northern Europe generally.

A comparison has been drawn as to the real distances traversed by the several routes. "For travellers bound to Genoa from Paris or London, from Dresden or Munich, it may be proved that the St. Gothard route is shorter than either the Mont Cenis or the Brenner. For from Paris to Bâle and Lucerne the distance is only 379 miles, which could comfortably be travelled over in twelve hours, at the rate of 31 miles an hour; while the Mont Cenis route is a journey of 348 miles to Culoz, 380 to Montmellan, 431 to Modane, and 501 to Turin. The Brenner route, which is also straight from north to south, along the Tyrol from Innsbruck to Verona, is only 105 miles in length; but Innsbruck is 109 miles from Munich, and the lines from Munich to Stuttgart, Frankfort, Salzburg, Prague, and other cities are so crooked, that even for travellers bound from any part of Germany to the Adriatic, the St. Gothard line will be, by at least three or four hours, shorter than the Brenner route. The Brenner will be found longer still for travellers having to thread their way to the Mediterranean from Verona to Genoa." But be-

sides all this, on the score of its magnificent scenery, the new route is sure to become a favourite one. "The St. Gothard Railway takes its start from the finest of all Swiss lakes, that of the Four Cantons, at Lucerne; it travels along the Bay of Uri to Fluelen, in sight of the most sublime mountain scenery in the world; and it ends at the Lakes

The outlook at Schwyta.

Maggiore, Lugano, Varese, and Como, that group of Italian lakes which surpass in loveliness all other lakes, and to the beauty of which there is nothing comparable in Italy itself, *i.e.* in what has been emphatically called the land of beauty."

For the new route, therefore, we may safely count upon a future as successful and brilliant as that predicted for it by the distinguished guests at the Lucerne fêtes, in May last, when the St. Gothard line was formally thrown open to the world.

AN INCIDENT IN PARIS.

Crammed into those Eight-a-Season Days.

I.

I remember the last week well quite.
  In the Rues severe with their tree-tall walls,
I will honour the city till my days be spent—
  The people, like those at most English seats,
Had I ever seen her before that night?
  Have I ever seen her on earth since then?
So, wasn't turned to me in sorrowful plight
  Her face was a leaf and sad as a gloom.

Times were hard in the January weather.
  And, we had to open a hundred doors
For those with the bowing to and fro, or barter:
  But when twilight came to the quarter-days
She came with the rest, but not, like them,
  Pleading to get her a cheaper room.
She could, as she told me, command me here.
  By the style, manner, air as having grace.

Surely I knew that face before:
  Or was it met me English-wise,
Seen in some church, at an hall-door door,
  And everywhere seem like a scarce smile?
I must ponder it out. Still I must fail me
  How she came to be in the Quarter then.
One thinks of one's youth, and I called about
  To a group in shattering, boorish men.

Then I took them all, and looked again
  For the hand-like look of that English face.
I remember, each group, and I pondered it vain;
  And the light reached quite from the studio place.
"But can she have been when she were sane?"
  Could any one tell me what was her name?"
No, they owned nothing, but pointed to her.
  Except of the meagre one known to them.

I will. Next week she will surely come.
  And, at twilight, he says she answered me.
As I wondered about it seven and more.
  Being the sentence again that were there to me.
For next week came, and they came in scores.
  Pushing and crowding, anger-eyed.
And I stood and watched by the opening door.
  But she was not there. And my whole heart died.

I know not why, but I felt at once
  Something was wrong—I cannot regret.
Something had cost me a God-given chance.
  And I never shall get to that side not think
Of never more here, that name, near the
  Like a sweet snuggle upon an English home.
In a London town an English street has
  Where now is the visible glances gone?

I went to Notre Dame, I searched her out.
  For Morning mingled her sunny colours
But no one knew her. Then some one said
  Perhaps to me, it must be "Miss Rose."

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
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him—his body, embalmed after the manner of other mummies, was laid to its rest. To this again add the biography of Moses, who comes into the history when the national life of the Hebrews is rising like an inundation out of the patriarchal. The departure from Egypt marks the great crisis of the change, and completes the change for ever; yet nothing could alter the fact which is stated in a famous sentence of one of the prophets, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Egypt still remained as the immovable background of all this wonderful history, and in living contact with it, too. The thought of the Hebrews was always reverting to this prelude of the poem of their national life, to this vestibule through which they had passed into the promised home of the Holy Land. Remember all those passages in the Psalms which refer to the time when "Israel came out of Egypt." Remember the active commercial intercourse of the days of Solomon. Remember that Jeroboam was here, when Solomon's son sowed the seeds of fatal disunion among the tribes. Nor is there any more remarkable instance of this reverting of the thought of the Hebrews to their ancient home than that chapter of Isaiah, which contains the "burden of Egypt," and where the scenery and the customs of the country come before us as vividly as if we were travelling through it—the wizards and charmers, the waters of the river, the paper-reeds and flags, the flax, the sluices and ponds for fish. And there are other words in the chapter which at this moment it is impossible not to quote, though they are quoted without any expression of opinion regarding the personages of the day. "Behold the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud, and shall come into Egypt . . . and the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof . . . and the Egyptians will I give over unto the hand of a cruel lord. . . . The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst thereof."

(ii.) But not even in the New Testament does the Bible loosen its hold upon Egypt. On the contrary, this land of ancient wonders forms part of the necessary framework of the history which we read there. We ought not to lose sight of the frequent mention of Cyrene, which lay between Egypt and Tunis, and is, in fact, the modern Tripoli. We find Jews of Egypt specially named among those who were in Jerusalem at the Great Pentecost. It was on the way down into Egypt that Philip met the Ethiopian: and who knows what blessings came, through the Gospel, to the region of the Upper Nile, with the returning pilgrim? Egypt (and this seems to me a most remarkable fact) fills at least half of the famous speech of the first martyr. Nor is Egypt forgotten by St. Paul in his address in the synagogue of the Pisidian Antioch. So that it is as though the shadow of the Pyramids were flung right across the book of the Acts of the Apostles. The command of Joseph concerning his bones, the refusal of Moses to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, the safety procured by the sprinkling of blood in the Passover, the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, these topics constitute an animated passage in that record of the Saints which we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Above all we must remember the direction sent through an angel that, when the massacre of the children was impending at Bethlehem, the Saviour was to take refuge in Egypt, so that the home of His infancy was there, and a new meaning was given to the prophet's words—"Out of Egypt have I called my son."

(iii.) But in recalling this close relation of Egypt to the New Testament, the point to which we are now moving is the separate and special mention made there of Alexandria. Four times is the city named in the New Testament, and on each occasion in such a manner as to have a very large fulness of meaning. In fact, it might be correctly said that this famous Egyptian city comes there before our notice five times; for when we read that Jews of Egypt were at Pentecost, we know very well that the greater part of them came from Alexandria. But to let that pass, and to mark only the places where this city is actually named—it was in the synagogue of Alexandrian Jews at Jerusalem that the great disputation of St. Stephen took place; it was by the learning of Alexandria that Apollos, who is singled out as a sample of the missionary assistants of St. Paul, was fitted for his work; it is in connection with the trade of Alexandria that the great lessons of life and character come to us from the account of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck; and lastly, it was in a ship of Alexandria, whose very name we know, that this apostle successfully completed his voyage to Rome. What kind of religious suggestions these facts have for us we shall see more fully as we proceed. Let us now linger, for a moment, on another general relation of Alexandria to the Bible.

(iv.) We have seen that this city shares with Egypt at large the general character of being a background of sacred history; but it is to be observed that Alexandria, taken apart, has this relation to the New Testament

only. Throughout the whole range of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, though the mention of Egypt is frequent, Alexandria has no existence at all. The city of On is famed as the residence of the father-in-law of Joseph: but this was not Alexandria. Zoan was the chief city of the Delta: but this was not Alexandria. The city of Rameses was the starting-point of the Israelites at the Exodus: but that was not Alexandria. That place on the coast, where our ships have recently been occupied in such serious work, was in those early days, and all through the Hebrew annals down to the very end of the series of the prophets, a mere fishing village, unknown to history.

The origin of this renowned city took place in that interval between the periods of the Old Testament and the New, which is often strangely neglected, even by students of theology; the circumstances of its origin are of the most striking character; its very name is to this day a memorial of one of the greatest men of the world. Alexander, after the completion of his vast conquests from the Mediterranean to the Indus, saw instinctively, in the wide grasp of his capacious mind (for it is difficult to doubt the reality of this prescience), that this spot was adapted to be, as it were, the centre of three continents. I say three continents, because America and Australia were then entirely hid under the cloud of the future. Thus the city was laid out by this famous conqueror and famous organizer, and called by his name. Never was any city founded with so definite a vision of great results. These results were manifold; and if we look over them with a reverential regard to Divine Providence, we perceive that the Christian Church has reaped from them a vast benefit, which we ourselves enjoy to this day.

Alexandria had a good harbour, alike for commerce and for war. The merchandise of India and Arabia began speedily to come this way towards the West and the North. The population increased rapidly; and this population, as it has been in our day, was from the first of very various nationalities, with a marked liability to faction and turbulence. Among these nationalities was a very large proportion of Jews. Great privileges were given to them by Alexander, and continued by his successors. Special quarters of the city, of wide extent, were marked out for them. It might almost be said that there was a repetition of that residence of "Israel in Egypt," which has furnished a subject for the genius of Handel.

Thus the connection of Alexandria and Jerusalem became very close: and this opens out to us that wider prospect of religious results, to which, from our present point of view, we are bound to pay attention.

(v.) The learning of Alexandria, in connection with the diffusion of the Greek language, has had the most important bearing on the early spread of the Gospel, on Christian theology, and on Ecclesiastical history. Alexandria became not simply a great mercantile city and a centre of great political power. It became also a place for the accumulation of knowledge, for philosophical inquiry, and the most active intellectual pursuits. Its library and museum were renowned throughout the world. Here was the great meeting-place of the East and the West. Here above all was the great meeting-place of the Greek and the Hebrew, of Greek Philosophy and of Hebrew Religion. The Jews acquired here wider views than would have been possible in Palestine. This doubtless was by no means an unmixed advantage: but these changes prepared the way for the future.

And especially when we think of this preparation, and of the divinely appointed connection of Alexandria with Religion, we must bear in mind the spread of the Greek tongue, as the means for communicating thought, and the translation of the Ancient Scriptures into that noble universal language of poetry and philosophy. This translation was used by the Apostles in the structure of the New Testament, its dissemination among the heathen facilitated the reception of the Gospel, which itself was preached in Greek—some have gone so far as to say that in our Lord's day it was the familiar Bible of the Synagogues in Palestine; it was certainly the Old Testament of the Early Church after the time of the Apostles, as it is the Old Testament of the Greek Church to this day. No treasure of equal value was in Ptolemy's great library. And this translation was executed at Alexandria. Is it not a thought to lay strong hold on our imagination, that tradition places the homes and the work of these translators on the sea-shore, precisely opposite the outer position taken by our ships during the late bombardment?

(vi.) We are now in a condition to perceive more clearly the significance of those four passages, where Alexandria appears by name in the Acts of the Apostles. "The Word of God increased in Jerusalem: the number of the disciples multiplied greatly; and Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.

Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called the synagogue of the Alexandrians, disputing with Stephen: and they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." This is the preamble of the first martyrdom: and if we look closely into the historic fact recorded here, we perceive it to be important. Jews of Alexandria had a synagogue in Jerusalem; they were recognised as being in some way different from the Jews of Palestine; yet they were recognised. All this indicates not only frequent communication between Jerusalem and Alexandria, and frequent passing to and fro, but interchange of thought likewise, and frequent debate. And debate of this kind had no small effect on the growth of Christianity.

Such notices, though slight at first appearance, have not their place in Holy Scripture by accident. And a suspicion arises in the mind (though I am not aware that this has occurred to any of the commentators) that Stephen himself may have been from Alexandria, and trained in its schools. This would account for that very large mention of Egypt which occurs in his speech: and another circumstance appears to me to tend in the direction of the same conclusion. This speech is the only part of the Bible in which we are told that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

(vii.) Whatever may be our speculation regarding a possible connection of Stephen with Alexandria, we know of this connection as a certain fact in the case of Apollos. St. Paul had now completed his Second Missionary Journey and was beginning the Third. Through the dissemination of the synagogues, and by the help of the Greek language, the Gospel had now been widely spread. "And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, came to Ephesus. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord." The word here rendered "eloquent" ought rather to be rendered "learned." Apollos had been trained in the schools of Alexandria. We observe that it is said he was born there. He had not been a mere casual resident in the place; but it seems that he came to the work of evangelisation with all the influence and apparatus of the learning of the place; and it is highly probable that he was only a sample of many who, under Divine Providence, were engaged in the first planting of the Gospel.

(viii.) The next passage takes our thoughts from the learning of this city to its trade: and this, too, we see connected with the early work of the Gospel. St. Paul, with other prisoners, had set sail in an Adramyttian vessel from Cæsarea, under the charge of a centurion, bound for Rome: and, after touching at Sidon, they had "sailed under the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." It was thought likely that some other vessel, on its way to Italy, would be found in one of the harbours of the coast of the mainland beyond this island. This expectation was fulfilled. "We came to Myra, a city of Lycia," says St. Luke, "and there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria, sailing into Italy, and he put us therein." The same circumstances of weather which had impeded the other vessel doubtless detained this Alexandrian ship, and caused her to be in harbour here for a time before prosecuting her voyage. Egypt was the granary of Italy; and that this was a corn-ship we know from "the casting out of the wheat into the sea" at the time of the shipwreck. And the thought which is brought into the mind by such a combination of circumstances is this—that we see Religion here in conjunction with Trade. The Gospel moves, and has a right to move, along the line of common things. The presence of St. Paul in this corn-ship, his character and his teaching, remind us of the great blessing which results to the world whenever a high moral purpose is combined with mercantile traffic.

(ix.) But Alexandria appears once more by name in the history of the Acts. The Apostle was wrecked at Malta; and the ship and the cargo were lost, though all the crew and the passengers were saved. Malta and Cyprus! How strangely the places which are made familiar to us by the distressing and anxious events of the present time, and by the movements of our own ships and soldiers, seem to come before us, like a fresh commentary on what we read in this part of the Bible! The winter was spent in Malta, "and after three months," continues the historian, "we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux." Those who are acquainted with classical mythology know very well what kind of figures they were which were painted or carved on this Alexandrian vessel. The remainder of the voyage, too, is made vivid and distinct to us by the mention of the places at which they touched —first Syracuse, then Rhegium. They came

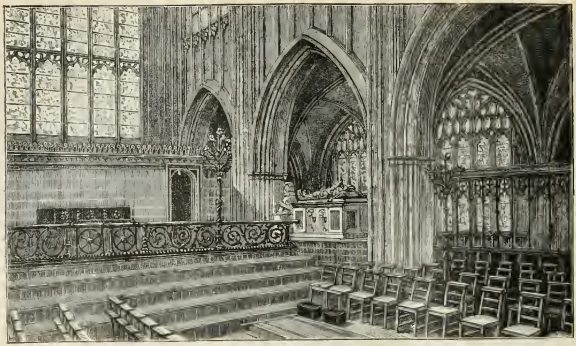
into their final harbour at Puteoli, where the Alexandrian corn-ships then unloaded their cargoes. So they went to Rome. Now all I desire to say at this point is that such was the mode of effecting long voyages in those days. Travellers were obliged to make use of such opportunities as mercantile ships afforded them. This might be exemplified by the voyages of kings and emperors over the sea which St. Paul had been crossing. Such then was the mode in which missionaries travelled during the early Gospel days; and thus we see here the famous sea-port of Alexandria in another of its relations to the spread of Christianity and the building-up of the Church.

(x.) This is far from exhausting the history of the influence of Alexandria in the furtherance of our Holy Religion. Even the Biblical associations of the subject are not finished at this point. I see no reason for discrediting the tradition that St. Mark first founded the Christian Church at Alexandria. His name has ever been connected with the Christianity of Egypt. One form of the tradition connects the African work of this Evangelist with Barnabas, and with Cyprus, which, as recent events have reminded us, is very near to this coast. If we were quite sure of the truth of this general fact, it would be a speculation of extreme interest to connect in thought the Christianity of the Nile with the work of one whose defection in early life was followed by faithful labour in association alike with St. Peter and with St. Paul.

After the Apostolic age a very wide view opens out to us of other sacred topics which were localized here, and are full of interest and instruction. The fourth and fifth centuries constituted, as has been truly said, "one of the cardinal and critical eras in the history of the human race, in which virtues and vices manifest themselves side by side;" and in both aspects Alexandria had a great place in the influence exercised by that age upon mankind. Our concern here is with Christian influence and the permanent good which resulted from it: and in a case like the present, where brevity is imperative, it is desirable, as it is commonly consonant with truth, to connect such a subject with one great personality. Now Alexandria was the city of Athanasius. In the mere statement of this fact is summed up a wide range of momentous Church history. A curious story is told of the boyhood of Athanasius; and the scene of it is that very sea-shore with which we have been lately made so painfully familiar. Some boys were playing at Baptism, one of them administering the imaginary rite to the rest. The aged bishop of Alexandria, who had been watching the game, sent for them and rebuked them. That boy was Athanasius, who afterwards, as himself Bishop of the same city, won imperishable renown, and was more than once, after exile, received and welcomed back with all the honour that the place could bestow. A city associated with such a biography deserves, if we may so say, a perpetual vitality.

Alexandria will revive. Of this no doubt can be entertained; already she has revived, after a long period of obscurity under the Mahommedan sway; and so it will be again after this shorter but crushing trial. Great cities have a wonderful power of rising from their ashes. It happened to me to be in the United States when Chicago was burnt, and to hear of that terrible fire when standing by the Falls of Niagara. Everthing was colossal in that calamity, and it filled the mind with awe. But now Chicago is a more magnificent, more busy, more prosperous city than ever. So will it probably be with that smaller, but far more ancient city, of which we have been thinking.

But how will the Alexandria of the future be related to the highest subject of all? The answer to this question will perhaps in a large degree depend upon Great Britain. We must hope that the city of Alexander and Athanasius has a destiny full of blessing to mankind. And there is a cheerful omen suggested by an incident contained in our newspaper intelligence. There is—to turn in imagination to the same point again—a lighthouse in Alexandria, on the extreme rock of Pharos, just opposite the outer position of our ships. The lighthouse was injured and broken by the bombardment: but by the courage and activity of some of our sailors the light was within a few hours reconstituted. Now, as is generally believed, the earliest lighthouse in the world, erected in the times which separated the histories of the Old and New Testaments, was on this very spot. This rock then is one of the glories of Alexandria; and in its earlier days it was certainly prophetic of light and safety diffused over many a dangerous coast. May the prophecy be fulfilled in the highest sense! may light come out of disaster and darkness! may that become literally true which is predicted in that chapter of Isaiah, in which "The burden of Egypt" is contained, "The Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord!"



ON THE KNEELING FIGURE IN MALVERN PRIORY.

[This old Renaissance figure (of a lady) is placed just outside the altar rail; looking northwards, with one side of the face turned to the west, the other to the altar. Although kneeling, it has at a little distance the appearance of standing, owing to its peculiar erectness from the knees upwards. The face is remarkable for the singular smile, half cynical, half spiritual (especially in the tightly compressed lips), which gives an expression of *living* interest.]

TENANT of stone! here still thou worshippest,
Smiling the prayer that on thy lips has hung
While ages travelled. Still thou kneel'st among
The quiet tombs. Impassioned joy or spleen
Moves not thy face—in part to heaven addressed,
In part to the green hills thy feet have clomb.
Image of what is past, and what shall come!
Silent as death, which thou embodiest
Far more than life. Mute sentry! stood between
The crumbled mortal and ascended sprite!
Hast thou no sense for what is, or has been?
Can nothing break thy sepulchre of rest?
Once thy heart throbbed with human motion keen,
Thy folded hands with others warmly pressed,
Thy close-sealed lips have sweetly spoke or sung—
Now an eternity is not more dumb!
The organ peals around thee its deep notes;
But thou art deaf to music's noblest strains.
A glory of rich hues about thee floats;
Thou car'st not for the splendour of bright panes.
What fateful storms and changes hast thou seen!
How little dost thou heed the mad world's hum!
Our childhood knew thee as doth now our age—
Time stirs not thee. Where art thou all this space,
The part of thee which not in stone remains,
While wondering centuries roll past thy place?
They change and cease: the whole world turns a page—
But thou still wear'st that smile upon thy face.

CHARLES GRINDROD.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

II.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IT was by one of those strange coincidences in literary history, which are not without a peculiar significance of their own, that Charles Kingsley in England, and the Duke of Montalembert in France, took for their subject the life of St. Elizabeth in their first attempts at authorship. The coincidence forms a connecting link between the subjects of the last and the present paper, Lamennais and Kingsley; for both the former, an intimate friend of Montalembert, and the latter were attracted by this mediæval saint because, among other reasons, Elizabeth of Hungary had been "the poor man's patroness" and the representative of Christian socialism in the thirteenth century. When Montalembert paid a reverential visit to her tomb in 1833, and when, ten years later, Kingsley commenced a history of her life, which ultimately appeared in another form as *The Saint's Tragedy*, they were both enthusiastic young men passing through "a season of acute struggle" in their views on religion and society. Both had the welfare of the poor deeply at heart, and were naturally fascinated by a kindred spirit of religious philanthropy. And so Montalembert produced a biography and Kingsley a tragedy, both having for their object to teach the religious world its duty towards the starving multitude in their struggle, not only with the ancient "tyranny of the feudal caste," but also the modern "tyranny of capital." For this there is abundant evidence (so far as Kingsley is concerned) in *The Saint's Tragedy*.

Thus Count Hugo, one of the *dramatis personæ*, is simply a specimen of the doctrinaire-economists whose cruel Malthusian theories were attacked later on more directly, and almost fiercely, in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke."

Count Hugo is the practical business-man who takes a common-sense view of things in famine time.

> "The sharper the famine, the higher the prices, and the higher I sell, the more I can spend; so the money circulates, sir, that's the word—like water—sure to run downwards again; and so it's as broad as it is long, and here's a health—if there was any beer—to the farmer's friends, 'a bloody war and a wet harvest.'"

The Abbot, speaking in the language of the so-called Manchester school, equally hateful to Kingsley's mind, rejoins:—

> "'Strongly put, though correctly. For the self-interest of each it is which produces in the aggregate the happy equilibrium of all.'
>
> "'But look you, sir,' retorts another interlocutor, 'private selfishness may be public weal, and yet private selfishness be just as surely damned for all that.'"

Here we have C. Kingsley's own sentiment, or his social philosophy in its incipient stage. Here he appears for the first time as "the apostle of a new revolutionary gospel."

We have seen that such, too, in the main was Lamennais' standpoint. This suggests a brief comparison of the two men, and the state of things around them which gave rise to the social movement in which they took such an active part.

There are striking similarities on the one hand, and characteristic peculiarities on the other. Both Lamennais and Kingsley were impetuous and thorough-going, sanguine to a fault, and charged with nervous excitability to the last degree. In both we observe the same energy and enthusiasm producing premature exhaustion, the same sincere simplicity, the same conscientious concentration upon the self-imposed task, which made them fretful under reverses, impatient of trifles, and which produced, at an early stage of their career, that weariness of life which made Kingsley often exclaim, "How blessed it will be when it is all over!"

The distinguishing characteristics of Kingsley are his capacity for physical enjoyment and love of science, his appreciation of home life, quick sense of humour, practical understanding, and wide social sympathies. These preserved him from many errors and extremes to which Lamennais fell an easy victim. Gifted with a natural cheerfulness of disposition and capable of healthy sensuous enjoyment in the house and in the fields, Kingsley rarely gave way to those melancholy broodings which embittered the life and marred the happiness of Lamennais. This English buoyancy of spirits and relish for fun and frolic formed a strange contrast to the recluse habits of the Frenchman, who, though he could be cheerful at rare intervals in conversation with intimates and enjoyed his little Sunday dinners with Béranger at Passy, was nevertheless a victim of almost habitual moroseness.

These personal characteristics had their effect on Kingsley's public life, and had their special value in the maintenance of mental

balance (comparatively speaking) during that "convulsed era" of socialistic agitation when he with others joined "the battle against starvation" in the stormy years between 1848—1855.

It was an "anxious and critical time," as Kingsley's friend Thomas Hughes called it. On both sides of St. George's Channel widespread distress and famine had produced loud discontent. The revolution on the Continent fomented the popular agitation in this country. In most of the industrial towns riotous meetings were held. London was declared in a state of siege. The bridges and Downing Street were barricaded, the Bank of England and other public buildings were garrisoned, and the Houses of Parliament provisioned as if for a siege. A million of special constables were sworn in for the protection of life and property against the Chartist rising. This exhibition of force quelled the movement, and the crisis passed away. With the disappearance of immediate danger, men began to underrate the causes of these disturbances as soon as they ceased to be afraid of the consequences. To sound the alarm against this growing feeling of supine indifference, some powerful articles appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* to disabuse the public mind of this easy-going misconception as to the real state of things. They startled the world in disclosing the dangers which London had just escaped from, and drew attention to some of the crying social evils which had brought the country within easy distance of a revolution; and with it the conviction dawned in the minds of many that "something ought to be done." Among these was that small band of Christian Socialists who had F. D. Maurice for their leader and C. Kingsley for their most popular and eloquent spokesman. They perceived what others, blinded by prejudice, failed to see, that the extinction of Chartism as the symptom of dissatisfaction was not the end of the evil itself. They knew full well that the country had not been quite free from disturbances ever since the Reform agitation. Kingsley himself had been present, as a boy, at the Bristol riots in 1831. What the effect of these early impressions on his mind was he told the Bristol people twenty-seven years later.

"When the first excitement of horror and wonder was past, what I had seen made me for years the veriest aristocrat, full of hatred and contempt of these dangerous classes, whose existence I had for the first time discovered. It required years—years, too, of personal intecourse with the poor—to explain to me the true meaning of what I saw here in October twenty-seven years ago; and to learn a part of that lesson which God taught to others thereby."

This lesson of experience taught him that the duty of the Church was not confined to counsel and consolation in times of distress, but that the "new era" required a clergy with intelligent sympathy for the sufferings of the masses, able to apply the moral lever of religion with a view to raise them from their sunken position. He had learned that the gentry who had "discoursed upon the perverseness and wickedness of the human heart which led men into discontent and rebellion" had mistaken the signs of the times, and that a strong effort would be required to bring about a reconciliation of existing class-antagonisms.

The Duke of Richmond had said, in 1830, in the House of Lords, "I believe a feeling now exists among the labouring classes that your lordships and the upper classes of society are to be regarded rather as their foes than their friends." This feeling in the public mind had not subsided, but had been rather intensified in 1848, notwithstanding the passing of the Reform Bill and legislative measures in favour of the working classes, which had occupied the greater portion of the session of 1843.

Dr. Arnold, with the ardour of a religious reformer; Sidney Smith, with the force of religious common sense, and Dean Hook, with the skilful energy of religious organization, had each in their way prepared the way for the Christian Socialists. Sir Robert Peel had passed his measures of reform of Church property to augment small livings, with the intention expressed at the time in the following words:—

"The advantage I anticipate is, that by this proceeding I shall place the Church of England in a favourable light before the people of this country, and conciliate towards it that favour and affection to which I believe it to be justly entitled, and lay the foundation of extended usefulness."*

The time had now come when Dr. Arnold's fears lest the old ecclesiastical structure was no longer suited to the needs of the times were to be dispelled by the appearance of a body of men in the Church, taught in his school and imbued with his spirit, who rose to the occasion, and in the person of Parson Lot made it their effort to have "God justified to the people."

For a while Kingsley watched keenly the

* *Martineau:* "History of the Peace," vol. iv. 275; and *cf. ib.* 271, *et passim*; also vol. ii. 485. Dr. Hook during the election of churchwardens in 1843 had said that the Chartists "were the only body of churchwardens who had conducted themselves in an honourable, straightforward, and gentlemanly manner."—*Ib.* vol. iv. 279.

current of events from his retreat at Eversley without taking an active part in the movement, except by way of correspondence with Maurice. But when the news of the Chartist rising reached him at last, he could contain himself no longer, but went up to town to take his share in the work.

Soon after this appeared *Politics for the People*, with those powerful contributions of Charles Kingsley under the well-known title "Letters to the Chartists," signed by "Parson Lot." They were sadly misunderstood and misinterpreted by contemporaries as of the most violent revolutionary character. They were nothing of the sort. Kingsley had said, indeed, in one of them, "My only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough in reform." But what he meant by going not far enough he explains further on, when he points out the error of the Chartists in "fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament." He then directs their mind to the only true organizing force of society, when he says:—

"God will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own self, while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the Parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and 'personal' request, as that a man should mend himself." Immediately afterwards he directs their attention to the Bible, as "the poor man's comfort and the rich man's warning."*

It was with sentiments like these (he called it "Bible-Radicalism") that Kingsley, on a memorable occasion, attended one of the meetings, organized by the Christian Socialists to meet the Chartists, at the Cranbourn Tavern; Maurice presiding. Some vehement speeches had just been made against the Church when Kingsley rose, and, folding his arms across his chest, he threw back his head and began: "I am a Church of England parson," and then, after a long pause, "a Chartist." But here, too, he not only expressed sympathy with the grievances of the Chartists, but also courageously condemned some of their false methods in the proposed settlement of the question.†

Want of funds put an end to the publication of *Politics for the People*, but this did not prevent an effort being made in another direction.

Mr. Ludlow had just returned from Paris, where he had seen something of the working of organized labour-associations. It was intended to start similar co-operative societies in England. A new publication was started to advocate co-operative principles, and Ludlow became its editor. It called itself the *Christian Socialist*, and its main object, as stated in the first number, was "to diffuse the principles of co-operation *as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry*."

Its promoters boldly expressed their belief in the essential harmony between Christianity and socialism; but socialism with them only meant associated labour, as distinguished from individual enterprise. In fact, the alternative name of this publication was much more appropriate, though less sensational and less exposed to misinterpretation —*A Journal of Association*.

However, although association and co-operative labour was the primary, it was not to be the sole object of the Christian Socialists.

"We must touch the workman at all his points of interest," said Kingsley at the time, in a letter to Mr. Ludlow. "First and foremost at association, but also at political rights, as grounded both on the Christian ideal of the Church, and on the historic facts of the Anglo-Saxon race. Then national education, sanitary and dwelling-house reform, the free sale of land, and corre-sponding reform of the land-laws, moral improvement of the family relation, public places of recreation (on which point I am very earnest), and I think a set of hints from history, and sayings of great men, of which last I have been picking up from Plato, Demosthenes, &c."‡

In one of the early numbers of the *Christian Socialist* Kingsley, under the *nom de plume* of "Parson Lot," draws a parallel between the exodus of the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage and the deliverance of the working classes from modern "tyrants." In a later number† he labours to show as against the *Reasoner*, a Chartist publication, that the higher notion of the "dignity of labour" is derived from the inspired teaching of Holy Writ. In a lecture of Kingsley's, published there, he refers to the success of the Moravian Establishment compared with the failure of other social schemes in their practical application, and assigns the following as the reasons:—

"Because they were undertaken in the fear of God, and with humility and caution: because the Moravians acted in the faith that they were brothers and sisters, members of one body, bound to care not for themselves, but for the commonwealth."‡

In fact, throughout, the aim of this publication was very similar to that of *L'Avenir* in

* *Politics for the People*, p. 38, 48, and "Letters and Memorials of his Life," vol. i., p. 161. "The Bible" says Charles Kingsley, "not only dwells on the rights of property and the dignity of labour, but 'Thou shalt not steal' is in it, and it proclaims ten times over, the *duties of property and the rights of labour*."

† See Prefatory Memoir by Thomas Hughes to "Alton Locke," p. 212.

* Prefatory Memoir to "Alton Locke," p. xxi.

† *Christian Socialist*, vol. i., pp. 25, 26—28 [pp. 113–114.

‡ *Christian Socialist*, vol. i., p. 83.

France. "The new element is democracy in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it. *Let us Christianize it instead.*"*

To do this a courageous attitude was indispensable, and Kingsley was prepared in his pugnacious way for a bold step. As he put it himself, "I want to commit myself; I want others to commit themselves. A man never fishes well in the morning till he has tumbled into the water!"

The tumble came at a time when he least expected it. It happened in the year of the Exhibition in 1851. By this time the Christian Socialists had established themselves sufficiently to attract public attention. Their publications, especially Kingsley's tract entitled "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," had caused considerable sensation. When, therefore, a series of lectures on social subjects were organized by some of the London clergy, Kingsley, too, through Maurice, was requested to join in the enterprise. He consented, and selected for the subject of his sermon, "The Message of the Church to the Labouring Men." The incumbent of the church at which it was to be delivered cordially approved of it, and no guarantees were given of any kind as to the manner of treatment by the preacher.

Kingsley took for text Luke iv. 16—21, and in the course of his sermon remarked:—

"I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise liberty, equality, and brotherhood in the fullest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of these three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's will, and with his Lord's blessing on him. . . . . .

"All systems of society which favour the accumulation of capital in a few hands, which oust the masses from the soil which their forefathers possessed of old, which reduce them to the level of serfs and day-labourers, living on wages and on alms, which crush them down with debt, or in any wise degrade and enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed." †

At the close of the sermon the incumbent got up and declared that in his opinion the greater part of it was untrue, and that he had expected something quite different. Kingsley made no reply. It must have been a great trial to repress his vehement indignation at such conduct. The congregation evidently expected a reply. He merely bowed his head, pronounced the blessing, and descended from the pulpit.

The unusual step taken by the incumbent was all the more surprising as he had professed acquaintance with, and expressed great admiration for, Charles Kingsley's published writings. Among them were "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," the former of which had appeared in *Frazer's Magazine* in 1848, the latter had been published in 1850, and both contained matter of a much more inflammable character than the sermon in question.

It is to them we must turn now as containing the most characteristic sentiments of Charles Kingsley at this period of agitation, and the most important in our biographical sketch of Kingsley as the Christian Socialist. "Yeast" was seething in the author's mind during the period of suspense which preceded the Chartist outbreak, and, as its name implies, it was intended to reflect the turbid state of the public mind at the time.

In the book itself, the fragmentary and unconnected form of which Kingsley acknowledges and attributes to "the yeasty state of the mind of the world around him," we have here and there strong socialistic passages of which the following is a fair specimen. It is in the form of a dialogue between a country gentleman and Lancelot, the hero of the story:

"'If man living in civilised society,' said Lancelot, 'has one right which he can demand, it is this, that the State which exists by his labour shall enable him to develop, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to the very utmost, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author remains a spade-drudge, or a journeyman while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is willing to place himself, that man has a right to complain of the State's injustice and neglect.'

"'Really, I do not see,' said Vieuxbois, 'why people should wish to rise in life. They had no such self-willed fancy in the good old times. The whole notion is a product of these modern days.'

"'I think, honestly,' said Lancelot, whose blood was up, 'that we gentlemen all run into the same fallacy. We fancy ourselves the fixed and necessary element in society, to which all others are to accommodate themselves. "Given the rights of the few rich, to find the condition of the many poor." It seems to me that the other postulate is quite as fair—"Given the rights of the many poor, to find the condition of the few rich."'

"Lord Minchamstead laughed.

"'If you hit us so hard, Mr. Smith, I must denounce you as a Communist.'"*

Nowhere in his writings, except perhaps in Alton Locke, does Kingsley paint in more vivid colours, or with a more painfully realistic intensity, the extremes of luxury and poverty than in this volume, and yet he is not without hope. He does not see in this the "grinding of the iron wheels of mechanical necessity," but a general plan which Providence will reveal presently. His two princi-

*Letters and Memories of his Life, i. p. 141.

†See Sermon at St. John's Church, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, June 22nd, 1851.

*"Yeast," pp. 100-101.

pal characters in the novel are to become "an ideal pair of pioneers towards the society of the future."

"Yeast" contains some hard hits at the country parsons, which gave offence at the time. The fact is he was young and ardent when he wrote the book, and his language was not cautious, nor did he intend it to be so. He more frequently wrote as a partisan than with the judicial calm of a social philosopher. But then he only described the state of feeling prevailing at the time without necessarily expressing sympathy with its violence. He drew a picture of the disaffected peasantry, dark and lurid, indeed, but true as drawn from nature. He described what he saw with his own eyes. His critics imagined that he revelled in the contemplation of the anarchical turmoil which he described. In this they were mistaken. Kingsley may have been carried away by excess of sympathy to exaggerate the case, but it was done unconsciously and under a deep sense of duty to speak out and avert dangers which he saw, or imagined he saw, were threatening the very existence of society.

This, too, is true of "Alton Locke," that powerful story of the adventures of a Chartist tailor, and which was, as has well been said, "the outpouring of Kingsley's impulsive sympathy with conscious powers impotently struggling under the artificial conditions of a corrupt civilisation." Kingsley knew from personal experience something of the difficulty of rising genius which he pictures so faithfully in Alton Locke. There is a curious passage in one of his letters from America which probably describes his own state of mind at this time: "Thirty years ago . . . I meant to go in despair . . . and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or to swim, *escaping from the civilisation which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man!*" *

"Alton Locke" has been called "the greatest poem" and "the grandest sermon," and was highly approved of by Carlyle. It contained many passages which startled the world, just then awakening out of its comfortable sleep of selfish ease. When Kingsley accused the commercial world of cannibalism,† devouring in its greed bodies and souls of the working man, whilst they were devouring one another in the competition struggle for employment, he appeared to exaggerate on purpose to show the worst side of things. But the impassioned rhetorical utterances of the period were the result mainly of an excited brain unconsciously exaggerating the danger of the hour. What Sainte-Beuve says of Lamennais was evidently true of Charles Kingsley, his mind was "oxidised by the age" he lived in.

After the storm then followed a calm, even in Kingsley's own disturbed career, and he, too, like most men under similar circumstances, reached the safe haven of contented optimism. The war-cries of his younger days grew more feeble by degrees as things improved around him.

> "Hireling and Mammonite, bigot and knave
> Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave."

Such was the burden of his song in the turbulent days of 1848. His muse assumed a more cheerful and less combative tone before it was finally hushed into silence. Still, Kingsley remained true to the main principles of his social philosophy, though in his method of vindicating them he grew less violent and aggressive.

It would be difficult to state in full these principles. There are passages in his social novels which almost show a tendency towards what is now called State-socialism, as in the passage in "Yeast" quoted above. But the confession of the heroine in "Alton Locke" represents more accurately, perhaps, Kingsley's own aspirations:—

> "One by one every institution disappointed me. They seemed, after all, only means for keeping the poor in their degradation by making it just not intolerable to them—means for enabling Mammon to draw fresh victims into his den by taking off his hands those whom he had already worn out into uselessness. Then I tried association among my own sex—among the most miserable and degraded of them. I simply tried to put them into a position in which they might work for each other, and not for a single tyrant; in which that tyrant's profits might be divided among the slaves themselves. Experienced men warned me that I should fail; that such a plan would be destroyed by the innate selfishness and rivalry of human nature; that it demanded what was impossible to find—good faith, fraternal love, overruling moral influence. I answered that I knew that already; that nothing but Christianity alone could supply that want, but that it could and should supply it; that I would teach them to live as sisters by living with them as a sister myself. . . . . to make my workrooms, in one word, not a machinery, but a family. . . . . And I have succeeded, as others will succeed, long after my name my small endeavours are forgotten amid the great new world—new Church, I should have said—of enfranchised and fraternal labour." *

This was Kingsley's Christian Socialism, the methods for improving society were to be divine. He knew of no universal remedy

* "Letters and Memories," ii. p. 433.

† "[I] that I had the tongue of St. James," he writes to his wife from London in 1850, "to plead for these poor fellows to tell what I saw myself, to stir up some rich men to go and rescue them from the tyranny of the small shopkeeping landlords who get their rents out of the flesh and blood of these men."—"Letters and Memories," i. 210-217.

* "Alton Locke," pp. 297, 298.

for curing social evils, nor did he believe "rising in life" to be the great panacea of happiness for the classes struggling into competency. He looked forward to a total change in their condition by means of an entire transformation of character, and a regeneration of the human heart.*

In the later stages of his Christian Socialism Kingsley contented himself to direct his reformatory efforts against indiscriminate and inquisitorial methods of almsgiving, sanitary improvements, the education of women, and the application of science to the solution of social problems.

Those who had watched him with apprehension before now began to feel more at ease. Others who had regarded him as a great social prophet, a modern John the Baptist, imagined now they saw in him one of those clothed in soft raiment, who lived delicately in kings' courts. They missed in his later utterances the haughty scorn of selfish indolence, timid avarice, the severe intolerance of the mean and weak which had characterized his early speeches and writings. He himself seems to have been fully aware of the change that had come over him, and said as much in some of his letters to his friends and in private conversation. He *had* changed with the times; when the atmosphere around him grew more cool he, too, became more subdued in his strictures on society, and began to condone more readily its faults. He hailed gladly every well-intentioned effort (of which there were many) to improve the condition of the people, and henceforth adopted studiously the language of moderation.†

Kingsley, however, in his later development had no more sympathy with the out-and-out obstructives than in his earlier life he had agreed with the thorough-going demagogues. "Politics and political economy," he says in 1857, "may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working-people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God." He acted on this principle in his own parish, endeavouring to "redeem it from barbarism." He strove with all his might to influence others in his lectures and speeches to do the same. Great was his delight when his own efforts and those of Sir Arthur Helps in this direction received recognition and support from those in power, like Lord Palmerston. It would cheer his heart now to see the great efforts made for spreading culture among "the masses."

In "Yeast" already Kingsley endeavoured to inculcate that lesson of true democracy, which considers the beautiful the heritage of the poor as well as the rich, and Tregarva, one of the principal characters in that novel, becomes the type of "English art-hating Puritanism, which becomes gradually convinced of the divine mission of art." The lesson has not been thrown away on those whom it most concerned. It has been acknowledged since that the true communism is that of ideal goods: "The British Museum is a truly equalising place, in the deepest and more spiritual sense." Many of the "safe men," who were so much shocked by Kingsley's attitude at that time, have since gone much farther than he did in the direction of spreading sweetness and light among the labouring poor. Penny-readings—inaugurated first, we believe, by him in his parish—have been superseded by a larger number of superior intellectual and artistic enjoyments, to relieve the tedium and the depressing monotony of factory labour in

> "Sunless cities, and the very haunts
> Of smoke-grimed labour, and foul revelry."

In matters of sanitary science Kingsley, as in everything else he took up, was too sanguine; as, for example, when he says, in 1859, "I shall try henceforth to teach sound theology through physics." But many who may doubt the soundness of his theology, as well as this novel instrument of thought in religious speculation, and many more who may neither care for the matter or the manner of Kingsley's theological teaching, will assign to him, nevertheless, a high place among those who, in a practical way, have become "saviours of society." *

This brings us to the conclusion of the matter—the question as to the real value of Kingsley's agitation in its ultimate results.

The main object of the Christian Socialists, in the first instance, was the substitution of co-operation for competition, association in the place of isolated enterprise, the organization of labour instead of the scattered efforts of social units, in the general struggle for existence. In this effort the Christian Socialists were not successful; they have not been able to avert "the horrible catastrophe of a Manchester ascendancy." Free competition, for better or for worse, prevails as before, and co-operation is only feebly and slowly strug-

* *Ib.*, p. 87.

† *Cf.* Prefatory Memoir in "Alton Locke," p. xxiv. to xxv. "Letters and Memories," vol. ii., pp. 237, 242, 394.

* Several instances occur in the "Letters and Memories" of his life to show some important results from these efforts. See vol. ii. pp. 387, 389, 391, *et passim*.

gling into existence, as the new principle of industry. The associations established by the Christian Socialists have disappeared after a short-lived existence; nor have the terrible things come to pass in consequence, which Kingsley expected in 1852.* But this is partly owing to the legislative measures in favour of co-operative societies passed in Parliament mainly through the influence of the Christian Socialists and their friends, and partly on account of the growing tendency of friendly and concerted action between the masters and the men, as well as the slow but steady development of self-help among the working classes themselves.

Kingsley lived long enough to observe the practical failures of some of his schemes; but he was also shrewd enough to foresee the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated, as he says in the last words of the *Christian Socialist*, when it came to an end:

> "The proper impulse has been given,
> I Wait a little longer."

* See "Letters and Memories," vol. i., 314-15.

Taking it all in all the life and work of Charles Kingsley were alike interesting and most useful. As the author of the *Saint's Tragedy*, "Yeast," and "Alton Locke," as the "Chartist Parson," in his poems and occasional letters, as the sanitary reformer and advocate of co-operation, preaching in his latter days the "gospel of godliness and cleanliness," as the influential university professor inspiring the young with noble ideals, as the type of a happy father in the bright cheerfulness of his home-life, and as the genial companion of a large and select circle of friends and acquaintances, who to this very day bear record to the attraction of his personal intercourse, Kingsley exercised a healthy influence on his immediate surroundings and the outer world, where he was chiefly known by his books of fiction.

Some few of his dreams have been realised. Some of his schemes for the regeneration of society have proved premature. The lesson of his life is contained in the words which ever cheered him both in success and failure—"*Work, and despair not!*"

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

PART II.

THERE is an idea by those who do not ride the tricycle that the work of it is exceedingly fatiguing, and those who are seen riding receive often from the lookers on anything but complimentary observations, with proffers of assistance as singular as they are uninviting. In point of fact, however, nothing is so easy as the work when the art of working is mastered. It is easier than walking, it is easier than riding on horseback on the easiest horse that can be ridden.

The peculiarity of the process of riding on the tricycle is, indeed, when once the art is obtained, so that much can be done not only without fatigue, but with a sense of lightness and of relief from weariness, bodily and mental, which is positively refreshing. I can ride forty miles on the tricycle experiencing, I can safely say, less fatigue than from walking ten or from riding on horseback twenty, although I am a practised hand in both the last-named exercises all my life through, while I am comparatively a novice on the tricycle. The reason of this is not difficult to explain.

In walking, the legs carry directly all the weight of the body, and as each foot comes down on the ground there is a certain vibration or shock quite through the body, which, though not acutely perceptible, is, nevertheless, fatiguing. The breathing, also, is carried on at a disadvantage, for the diaphragm or great respiratory muscle is not able to act in walking with that steadiness, and as it may be said, purchase, as it is when the pelvis is fixed, the spinal column firm, and the upper limbs steady. The circulation, too, is considerably quickened, and the heart is toiling at a rapid speed, lifting very quickly the whole of its blood over that hill called the ascending aorta, the first part of the great blood-vessel which springs from the heart in the form of a beautiful arch to supply with blood the upper and lower parts of the body.

In riding on horseback the body is seated, but the sitting is not firm. The body rises in the saddle with one forward movement of

the animal, and falls with the next movement, so that there is with the best riders a persistent concussion; there is, moreover, some weight borne from the stirrups. All these movements are adverse to saving of labour, and are very fatiguing. The lower limbs become weary from the support they have to give to the body of the rider, and from the grip they have to maintain on the body of the horse. The upper limbs become fatigued from the exercise that is demanded in guiding the horse, while the movement incident to the motion of the body and of breathing is carried out at a great disadvantage, a disadvantage quite as great as that from walking. The effect on the circulation is still worse. With each concussion the column of blood rising from the heart is brought back upon the protecting aortic valves, and the tension of the great artery is tried severely. In the old days of posting, when men were regularly employed to ride post, this effect of constant strain upon the great aorta gave rise to a disease, an aneurism or dilatation of the vessel to which the significant name of "post-boy's disease" or "post-boy's aneurism" was applied.

In tricycling these difficulties are very greatly lessened if not removed. The body is lightly seated, and the direct weight of the body upon the lower limbs is taken off, the limbs themselves being left free to do the work required. The concussion of the body through the limbs is also much relieved. The body is firmly placed and the breathing is well and easily and firmly sustained. Best of all, the heart is not subject to over-strain or concussion by the exercise when the exercise is carried out with even common regard to steadiness and freedom from violence of effort.

These are the reasons why the motion got by the bodily work in tricycling is so much easier than that got by walking or by riding on horseback, easier, in short, than any other mode except by the bicycle.

Learning to Ride.

It must not, at the same time, be supposed that tricycling can be successfully practised off-hand, and that it is only to mount and be off. There really is a good deal to learn in order to tricycle—quickly, merrily, safely, healthily. The art must be learned, and a few of the most important points to be learned, in order to make the exercise good and healthful, may appropriately come in here.

Beginners often are led to make hard work of the exercise from not getting hold of the art of moving the pedals. I was myself a long time very clumsy, and made myself more weary in a mile than I would now in twenty miles. This art can only be acquired by practice, and it does not consist at all in throwing all the force of the rider into every movement, but in skill in making each movement sharp, clean, and complete in itself, reserving always the full force that may be judiciously thrown in for special occasions when the necessity arises. The art is perfect when the rider, while progressing, has learned to forget that he has any legs at all, and when he works them automatically, changing the pressure without any serious thought as to the reason of change, and leaving the higher nervous centres free for steering and foreseeing all the obstacles that lie in the way.

To arrive at this very simple perfection a few details have to be attended to by the learner. The first of these is that he makes up his mind to the certainty that there is no practical difficulty in the way of attaining to the perfection required. The next is to gain confidence in the power to sit and propel with the feet. The third is to adjust the seat or saddle and the handles in such manner as to suit the precise requirements of the particular rider. The last is to hold all force that is not required for immediate service, in reserve for emergencies.

In propelling, then, the learner, if on a rotary machine—and this is so distinctly the best I shall refer to no other—must be careful to plant his feet firmly on the pedals in such manner that the ball of the foot rests on them. Many commence by putting either the arch of the foot or the toes on the pedals, which is an entire mistake, because as a fundamental rule it must be remembered that the best motion is got by treading as in walking, and the nearer the movement of walking is obtained the better. The pressure down being made from the ball of the foot, the heel should be brought into good play: the heel should descend as the foot goes down, by which movement the pedal is not only brought to its lowest, but without extra labour is pushed forward. This prevents partial dead stops or locks, makes the machine move on evenly and gives momentum. The motion started in this manner should be sustained steadily; it should never be in starts or spurts, and, except when the object in view is actual racing, it should not be at racing speed. Six miles an hour, taking one

road with another, for six hours a day, is the steady motion to be attained to. A great deal more may of course be accomplished by practice, but the rider who can master this pace and keep it up day by day has nothing to be ashamed of, while he may be assured that if he be in fair condition he is pursuing a course which is as healthful as it is enjoyable.

If it be kept in mind that walking is the mode of propulsion to be imitated, the ankle motion will then be gained as a matter of course, and the knee motion will not be strained. It will be soon discovered that the knees must not be too much bent, and that three parts standing is the best position in the seat or the saddle. If the seat is set low, and the knees are bent, the power that is lost is dead against good and effective work. In the bent position there is no weight put into the work which is a loss, while there is an impediment introduced from another cause. When the knee is bent the great muscle which runs down the fore part of the thigh and which, including the knee-pan, ends in a tendon or sinew attached to the large leg bone, the tibia, is working at each contraction with very great friction, its tendon being held tight upon the knee-pan. It therefore soon becomes exhausted, wearied, stiff, and painful. But if the limb be kept nearly straight while at work, the weight of the body comes into instant action, and the rectus left easy in its work undergoes no more fatigue than the other muscles of the thigh and leg.

The lessons to be drawn from this fact are these :—(1) Do not sit too heavily on the seat, but only so as to rest the body firmly. (2) Keep the seat so high that the feet reach the pedals when at their lowest, comfortably and no more. (3) Have the seat sufficiently forward to enable you to be well over the pedals, or as the usual saying is, "well over the work."

Too much attention cannot be paid to these details. Many riders fail for a long time, from no other cause than from neglect in attending to them.

The character of the seat is of moment. The seat should be so shaped that it does not in the least interfere with the backward movement of the limbs. For this reason I recommend gentlemen to ride on a rather long and narrow saddle. For ladies I recommend a small seat well hollowed out on the front edge so as to give as much freedom of movement as can possibly be obtained.

It is a matter of moment for every one to keep to his own saddle or seat. It is good for every rider to keep to his own machine and to have it altered for others as little as possible ; but it is almost essential for the saddle to be exclusively his own ; it soon becomes modelled to the necessary fit, and, like a shoe, is that which no two persons can comfortably adapt and adopt

In learning to ride the tricycle the management of the breathing should have a first consideration. To get into a good and healthy habit of breathing, and to get that habit confirmed is worth a great deal to riders of all ages. Let then the following brief rules be kept in mind.

There are two handles on the tricycle, one of which, that on the right hand, is used for steering the machine ; the other, that on the left hand, for holding by. Both afford support. By seizing these handles firmly, and pulling up by them, great power may be got for propelling the machine, because by this means the hands and arms come in to assist the legs and an extra force is put on. Young riders are apt to begin by laying on this reserve power and never giving it up. To use this assistance, however, the chest has to be firmly fixed. The easy, natural movements of the chest, those movements by which we unconsciously fill the chest in the ordinary way when we are quietly moving about or sitting, are not carried out, but deep breathing is established, the lungs are filled with air to distention, and great pressure is thrown upon the heart. These are bad effects to keep up ; they soon cause extreme fatigue, and they prevent the rider from being ready to meet difficulties in climbing, in going over rough roads, and in meeting other obstacles which are sure to spring up whenever he undertakes a few hours' journey. The point of practice, consequently, is to use the handles as rests for the hands on all common occasions, to let them hold the handles lightly, with no more force than is just necessary for steadiness and mastery, and only to bring them into full use when the necessity arises —that is to say, when extra power is suddenly called for, as on approaching the upper part of a hill, or in moving over rough or soft ground.

Another rule about breathing is, to learn from the first to breathe by the nostrils, not by the mouth. I do not know why it is, but certain it is, that most riders get into the way of mouth-breathing, as if they had no nose at all, the moment they get into the saddle. The result is always

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE CONQUERING HERO.

THERE had been only a hint given of the intended flight to the south for the winter; but the Fiscal understood it and all that it meant. To the amazement of Mrs. Musgrave he did not rise at the hint and offer opposition.

She misunderstood his silence for approval, and in one sense she was not quite pleased. That is to say, she did not like to feel herself of such small account as to make it easy for him to dispense with her society for several months.

He was too sad to oppose her. And when he looked at Ellie, noting how pale and thin she was growing, he thought that any change would do her good and that, by-and-by, she might come home to happiness. Meanwhile his own mind being so much disturbed he believed it would be best for her that she should be away.

But he would miss her—so much! How this gnarled oak of a man clung to that tender ivy which had wound itself round about his life so that it seemed, and was to him, the evergreen foliage of the parent trunk.

It would be best for her, however, all things considered, that she should be away for a time; and so, when his wife urged that they should seek a warmer climate for the winter on account of their daughter's health, he made no opposition.

He had no doubt of Armour—no doubt, certainly, of Ellie. They would be faithful and they would come together by-and-by—that is if he might permit it.

That was why he had warned Armour to be prepared for the impending flight, although it had not yet been finally decided upon. It soon was decided, however.

Returning from his victorious campaign at Gartburn, and with his new honours fresh upon him, the first visit Fenwick paid was to Torthorl. It might have been some lurking sense of gratitude to Mrs. Musgrave which inspired this prompt courtesy. She thought it was, and her congratulations were the more effusive in consequence.

But he observed that Ellie was not impressed by his importance as a British legislator; she was even miserably cold in her reception of him; and he was disappointed.

With the affectation of a vain man he pretended to make light of his success.

"It is really nothing. Anybody could have done it as well as me if he had only taken the right way."

Of course *he* had taken the right way, and was thus enabled to buy new admiration cheaply; for besides implying that he was above the weakness of being excited by this trifling incident in his life, he also implied that the really great things were to come.

"Why, I thought you told the electors that you were unspeakably proud of the honour they had conferred upon you," said Ellie innocently.

"Oh, yes, one says that sort of thing in a speech—it's a matter of form. You are obliged to put it in whether you mean it or no."

"Do you say things that you do not mean, then?"

"In public speeches everybody does so—it is unavoidable. If we were to say only what we mean there would be few speeches, and they would be short."

"Unless you say what you mean, I do not understand how you can make a speech at all," was Ellie's comment.

"It is quite easy, I assure you, Miss Musgrave. You get up your subject and then tell the electors how you will turn everything to their special advantage. Make them believe that to be the whole object of your existence, and it's all right."

"I should prefer to make them believe only what I thought might be accomplished."

"Ah, you would never succeed as a parliamentary candidate."

"You do not understand these things, Ellie," broke in the mother; "Mr. Fenwick does, and you see he is elected!"

The fact of the election was a sufficient answer to the silly ideas of her daughter about the propriety of saying only what one meant. Ellie said nothing more: she was of the same opinion still—that John Armour would never have given the people promises he did not mean to fulfil.

When Mrs. Musgrave found an opportunity of speaking to Fenwick alone she said with an expression of much anxiety:

"Do you observe any change in Ellie?"

"She seems to be a little out of sorts."

"I am afraid she is a great deal out of sorts, poor child. Did you not observe how thin and pale she has grown?"

"I hope there is nothing serious the matter with her."

"We hope not, but the doctor says she must have a complete change and I purpose taking her to Cannes or Nice for three months or so."

Fenwick's countenance fell.

"That will no doubt set her up; but I wish the place had been nearer so that I might have had a chance of seeing her—and you, occasionally."

"I should not think the journey one of excessive fatigue for a gentleman accustomed to travel."

Fenwick's countenance brightened into a smile.

"That's true. I'll call and leave a card," he said gaily.

"It will be delightful. We shall be so lonely, you know, for Ellie does not make new friends readily and we do not know of any one who is going out this winter, but I think of asking Miss Dinwuddie to go with us."

"She would be capital company for you both—she is such a jolly girl. When do you intend to start?"

"As soon as we can make our arrangements. In about a fortnight I should think."

Fenwick went away contented. He did not mind Ellie's coldness now, and he overcame his chagrin at the marked care with which she avoided being alone with him even for a moment; for he would soon have plenty of opportunities of seeing her under circumstances more favourable to his suit. He had no doubt the change would do her good and under the influence of the sunny south she would forget Armour.

"Poor beggar!" he mentally exclaimed as he rode along, "he has fallen upon bad times. To lose his fortune and his lass at one stroke is hard upon him."

There was a curious mingling of sincere pity and a petty sense of triumph in Fenwick's mind. He congratulated himself upon being such a lucky dog. Whatever indifference he might affect in the presence of others, he was proud of his election; and he was confident that in the end he would gain the election to Ellie's hand, too. It was not in the nature of things that any girl would go on moping long for a man who was ruined and had no prospect of being able to support a wife for years to come.

Mrs. Musgrave had very much the same idea and her little plan was working perfectly. Now that Fenwick had promised to follow them, she at once proceeded to inform her husband distinctly of her intentions for the winter.

"Very well," said the Fiscal as quietly as if she had only told him that she was going out for a walk.

"I am sure you must see yourself how much she needs this change," Mrs. Musgrave proceeded to argue as if he had raised some objection. "She has had far too much vexation for one so young and she will never get over it if she is kept within sight of Thorniehowe."

"Yes, she has had some fash, like other folk," was the placid response.

"You do not disapprove of the arrangement?"

"No."

"Then you will impress upon Ellie the importance of trying to be cheerful and to take an interest in her travels."

"I will make out a list of rules for her guidance and she will of course obey them. Ten minutes will be at first allowed for moping, five minutes afterwards and all the rest of the day to be given up to laughter and sight-seeing."

"But I particularly wish you to advise her not to waste her time and health thinking about Mr. Armour."

"We can give the advice but it is too good to be adopted."

"I am convinced she would obey if you were to advise her in earnest."

"I shall be most earnest in counselling her to abandon everything that may waste her time and health," said he solemnly.

"Then there is another matter upon which I desire to consult you. I propose to invite Miss Dinwuddie to accompany us so that Ellie may have a suitable companion."

"Very well," in exactly the same tone as before.

"I think it will be very pleasant for her and agreeable to me."

Poor Mrs. Musgrave, she wanted to discuss the details of this important journey—how important it was in her estimation only she herself quite understood and she could find no one who would discuss them with her. She was obliged to force the conversation.

"Then we will start immediately after the Cluden Peel party is over."

"Very well."

The Fiscal was abstracted and busy making the arrangements for his retirement from office. These were the more troublesome as his resignation had been returned to him with an earnest request that he would reconsider it.

Ellie could not take an interest in the proposed journey. At another time she would have liked to make it, but at this juncture it seemed as if she were running away from Armour when he had most need of all the help her love and presence could give him. But her father had said that she ought to go; and that was enough. Armour could not join her at Cannes as he had done at Kirkcudbright.

There was one point, however, in which she did take some interest—that was to learn as soon as possible the date of their departure. She would have liked it to be before the Cluden Peel dinner, but knew that it would not be; and she was not disappointed when her mother informed her that they would leave three or four days after it. She was able to look forward to this tiresome party with some resignation as her father had promised to accompany them to it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Musgrave found in Miss Dinwuddie the enthusiastic sympathy in discussing all the details of preparation for the journey which she did not find at home. Miss Dinwuddie accepted the invitation gleefully, came over to see her and Ellie about it and would have been pleased to start at once, but that she, too, was to be at the great Cluden Peel dinner and would have been very sorry to miss it.

That "great banquet," as Mrs. Musgrave called it, brought together the largest company that had been at the Peel since the bridal day of its present master. Light and mirth filled the rooms and many hearty congratulations were offered to the new member for Gartburn. As Mrs. Musgrave surveyed the scene she was full of joyful anticipations.

"Ellie must be impressed by all this. She must compare the brilliant future which is before her, with the dreadful one she has so narrowly escaped from."

"She must begin to feel that it is worth thinking twice about me," Fenwick was saying to himself as he watched Ellie in the drawing-room.

"Is it nearly time to go, papa?" Ellie was whispering at the same time.

"Yes, I think we had better go soon. It has begun to snow and I expect storm is not far off," said the father.

CHAPTER XLII.—A FAREWELL.

When the Torthorl party at Cluden Peel the snow had only begun to fall in big soft flakes, which drifted hesitatingly to the ground like pieces of down, every gust of wind altering their course. The flakes fell faster and thicker as the night advanced, the wind became stronger, and the white masses were like whirlpools in the air.

The snow had ceased to fall before dawn, and the wind had become quiet. The sun was a red flame, and there was a broad prairie of fire in the sky which tinted the white ground. The cold stillness of the morning and the robin chirping on her window sill made Ellie think of the lines

> "When the hills are covered with snow,
> O then it's winter farin'."

She opened the window; the bird came in and perched on the top of the looking-glass, with head on one side, very like his hostess knowingly. The bird and Ellie were great friends: her window-sill was a place of general entertainment for them. A small platform had been constructed on it where a plentiful repast of crumbs was spread every morning; and in one corner was a water dish which Ellie seldom allowed to be empty. The consequence of this hospitable entertainment was that she had many visitors during the winter and spring months, although in summer time the platform was almost deserted. But Ellie did not accuse them of ingratitude: she was content to serve them in their time of need.

And now she wondered if the bird sitting there with his comical look of gravity had any suspicion that she was about to take flight and leave them all at the mercy of a servant who might or might not remember her instructions. It seemed as if she were being taken away from everything—and everybody—she liked. The thought of the loneliness of her father during the long absence of her mother and herself was a sad one. It made her even think of pleading for an alteration of plans. But she had said it was best that she should go, and she must obey with as few signs of discontent as possible.

The two were very silent at breakfast that morning. A huge blazing fire made the room cheery and took away all discomfort from the white wintry look of things outside. The snow was thawing from the eaves of the

windows and trickling down the panes in fantastic lines. The ground outside presented a perfectly smooth white surface; the shrubs beyond were like so many irregular piles of snow, and overhead was a cold grey sky. But the atmosphere was clear and bracing, exhilarating to the active worker and walker.

"I am going to Dalwheattie to-day, papa, to say good-bye to Mr. Thorburn," said Ellie as she poured out the coffee.

"Yes," he answered quietly without any symptom of surprise; "how are you to go?"

"I wrote to Mrs. Armour saying that I would go by train, and she is to have some one at the station to meet me. Can I take any message?"

"There is none, except that I shall be well please to hear that he is better. I'll tell Bryce to get the gig out and we can drive into the town together. Does your mother know?"

"I am going to tell her now."

Mrs. Musgrave was not pleased when made acquainted with her business.

"We really must attend to the ordinary civilities of life, child," she said somewhat petulantly; "we must call at Cluden Peel to-day."

"Very well, mamma," was the submissive answer; "but you will not be going until the afternoon and I shall be home in time to go with you."

That was so far satisfactory; it showed that Ellie was not trying to avoid the call as she had done on a former occasion. Therefore with an injunction "not to be late on any account," she allowed her to go.

It was not the frost or the snow, or the want of subjects of conversation which made the father and daughter so silent during the drive into town. They were both thinking about the impending separation. It was the first time in her life that she had been away from him more than a couple of weeks together and she had never gone so far away. The circumstances of the moment, too, made the event the more unpleasant to them.

She had much of her father's dislike to emotional displays, and both were quiet, but each was conscious that the same subject occupied the other's thoughts.

The distance to Dalwheattie by the railway is only a few miles and on arriving at the little station Ellie found Wull Greer waiting.

"He's just that anxious about your coming, miss, that Mr. Armour was thinkin' she oughtna to ha tauld him to expec' you," was Wull's salution.

"It is not far, is it?"

"Ou, no, but there's a short road an' a lang ane. What ane will we take?"

"The shortest, if you please."

"That's through the neep field, and it you're no feart for wattin' your feet we'll be there in nae time."

They passed down the road in the centre of which the snow had been already churned by cartwheels and horses' hoofs into a red-dish slush. Ellie was glad to be led out of this mire into a turnip field where, in spite of the snow, men and women were busy "pu'in' the neeps." The workers were merry at their task as they moved along the furrows in an irregular line. The left hand grasped the "shaws," pulled up the bulb from the soft ground; then a deft stroke with knife or reaping hook swept off the tops and the turnip was ready for the byre or the sheep-fold. There was plenty of time to exchange all the "clash" of the neighbourhood, for rough jokes and personal comment upon each other. But healthy good-nature predominated amongst these blithe workers in the snow.

"It's no far noo, miss," said Wull," yon's the hoose."

And he indicated the cottage with a jerk of his thumb.

Passing from this scene of vigorous life into the sick-room was like passing suddenly from light into darkness.

Thorburn could not be induced to keep his bed; he persisted in getting up daily and he was allowed to have his way as the doctor said it would be dangerous to excite him by opposition. He was now on the little sofa propped up with pillows and muffled in blankets. Grannie was seated beside him knitting.

His eyes brightened as Ellie entered and he hastily threw a handkerchief over his head.

"Do you think you can bear the sight of me?" he asked before she had time to speak.

"Oh yes, Mr. Thorburn, you cannot look so ill as I have imagined you."

"Pull down the blind, mother."

The little room was not at any time well lighted by its small window, and it seemed to be late gloaming when the thick holland blind was down.

"You needna be sae particular, Jock," said Grannie, gently chiding what she, remembering the past, regarded as his vanity, "Ellie is nae qualmish miss that canna thole the sight o' a scart. I ken that she has gaen

to help folk that were far waur to look on than you can be."

"I have no doubt, but I don't want her to think with a scunner of the last time she saw me."

"But this is not to be the last time, Mr. Thorburn," interposed Ellie. "I mean to see you often yet, and you must not take such gloomy views of your own condition."

He uncovered his face, and if the light had permitted her to see how haggard and sallow it was she would have been grateful for his considerate precaution.

"I am not gloomy at all now," he said with a faint smile, "I am more content than I have been for many years, and am only taking a reasonable view of the course of nature. The accident has done me good—it has let out all the bad blood, and I am not the same man you used to come to at the cottage, except in the pleasure it gives me to see you again."

"I would have come sooner, only my father told me it would be better for you if I waited for a few days. But I could not delay any longer as we are going away on Monday."

"Going away?"

"Yes, with my mother to Cannes for the winter."

Thorburn was observing her face curiously, and she felt the blood tingling in her cheeks. She knew quite well what he was thinking. Was she running away because Armour stood on the brink of ruin and must fall into the abyss as everybody thought? She would have liked to assure him that it was not so, but she did not know how. He did not require the assurance.

"*He* will feel that loss more than the other. You don't want to go?"

"No, but my mother is very anxious about it, and my father agrees that we should go."

"Eh, but I'm wae to hear that," exclaimed Grannie sadly, "for it will take the fusion out o' my puir lad, and he is sare needin' a' that he has enoo."

At that cry Ellie felt as if she had agreed to do something wicked. She was sensible that this journey was intended by her mother to mark the close of her engagement with Armour. Her mother had not said a word to this effect, but her meaning was quite plain. Indeed Mrs. Musgrave was now acting as if she assumed that the affair had been definitely broken off in the course of that interview which she had herself arranged, just as at first she had treated the idea of a match between her daughter and the paper-maker as too preposterous to be entertained seriously. Ellie had not attempted to force an explanation from her mother. That would be to cause unnecessary pain to them both. She was innocent of any suspicion that her mother could deliberately plan to separate her from the man to whom she had plighted herself. She was convinced that, by-and-by, when their fidelity had been proved—when it became clear that time, distance, and misfortune had no power to alter them—even her mother would become reconciled.

So she had been passive, prepared to wait calmly until her lover came to claim her. When he did come she would place her hand in his and go forth with him to meet and to endure whatever ills fortune might have in store for them. If she might have had her own way she would have preferred that the marriage should take place at once, so that she might have had what would have been a privilege in her eyes—a share in his new struggle. That would have been true happiness, and would have provided a rich store of sweet memories for after years. He, however, had said "We must wait." Her father evidently approved of that course, and it would afford her mother some satisfaction. So she was ready to wait submissively.

But when she heard Grannie's lamentation it found such sympathetic echo in her own heart that she felt guilty of cowardice. Her troth to Armour was as binding upon her as marriage vows, and she saw how she was deserting him when she should have been standing bravely by his side helping and comforting him. She was dismayed and distressed exceedingly.

Thorburn helped her out of the awkward whirlpool of thought into which she had been plunged.

"You mistake him for once, Grannie," he said: "her absence will put more pith into him, for he will know that the harder he works the sooner she will be back to him. There is only one thing which could take the fusion out of him—to learn what he never will learn, that she had jilted him. I'll answer for her."

Ellie made a little impulsive movement towards the speaker, and her cheeks were flushed with a grateful smile.

"There's nae need for onybody to answer for her," said Grannie; "an' I wasna meanin' to cast ony doubt upon Ellie, as she kens. I was just thinking about him at this minute—me here, and her awa'—left a' his lane to warstle wi' the warld."

"It's no far noo, miss," said Wull, "yon's the hoose."

"He'll pull through, never fear," was Thorburn's confident assurance. "His back may be at the wall, but he has the stuff in him that makes a man fight best when the odds are greatest against him."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt, but I'm wae to hear that Ellie's to be awa'."

"It is only for a few months, you know, Grannie," said Ellie, "and we can speak to each other through the post. He will be so busy that the time will pass quickly, and when I come home again we shall all be very happy!"

Then there was a pleasant chat about the future, and what was to happen when Ellie came home. Thorburn entered into the speculations as to the future as if he expected to be present to share their joy. At moments a grim smile would flit across his face when they spoke of the part he was to take in the rejoicings, but it passed so swiftly that Ellie only once observed it. A chill passed over her—she understood his thought although Grannie was quite deceived by her own wishes and the cheerfulness of his speech. He knew that his place would be vacant when she came home.

His almost supernatural sensitiveness made him aware that Ellie had divined his thoughts. A slight, quick movement of his hand enjoined silence, and indicated that his assumed cheerfulness was for Grannie's sake. In his face she read this, "It is the only kindness I can do her—to let her believe that there is still hope."

He said aloud,

"You will tell your father, Miss Musgrave, that I was at the Dalwheattie market yesterday——"

"At the market!"

"Oh, yes, I made them take me out! You see, I can't get them to believe how strong I am. They would coddle me up here and kill me with kindness if I allowed them to have their own way. But I won't let them do it. Tell him, too, that I mean to be at the kirk on Sabbath, and a man who has been at kirk and market after such an accident as mine can't be said to die of the effects of it. Be sure to tell him all that, and how blithe you found me."

"I shall not forget anything."

"And what do you think Grannie has been trying to do? You won't believe it. She has been trying to prevent me from going to kirk. Did you ever hear the like?"

"You ken it's because we are feared that you are no strong enough yet," was Grannie's mild defence of her extraordinary conduct.

"But I am strong enough. Do you not feel how much cheerier I am since we drove through the market? I mean to be at the kirk on Sabbath and I mean to be at Kirkcoobry, too, on the first day that John can take me. . . . I *will* do it."

It is told that people have lived beyond the physical term by the sheer force of WILL. Thorburn was trying to do so now; and to that end he was hoarding all his strength. He who had been so eager to die was now eager to live—but only for a few days, that he might accomplish his work of atonement and hear the message of mercy—he had no doubt it was one of mercy—which Graham had left with his sister for him.

"Is it not too much for you to do all at once?" queried Ellie.

"Not at all. They hap me so that I am like a clothes peg; I can walk a little and Wull Greer can do all the rest for me. . . . I want you to remember him, Miss Musgrave. He is worth remembering."

"My father told me that he was to have a small farm of his own soon."

"Oh! . . . . he did not tell me about that, but I am glad of it. He'll give up poaching then I should think and keep out of mischief, like that old radical who became a wild tory as soon as he was rich enough to buy a coo . . . . I am glad to hear it. I suppose your father has done this for him?"

"He is helping him."

Then Ellie had to say good-bye.

"It is farewell," said Thorburn in a low voice as he held her hand. Then suddenly drawing her towards him he kissed her on the brow. "God bless you—I may ask a blessing for you although I may fear to ask one for myself."

"It is only good-bye," she answered with an attempt to smile; "you will be in your own cottage when I come back and able to play some of the old ballads for me again"

He smiled, pleased by her vain hope; he knew that it was vain. His fingers moved nervously as if they were touching the keys of a piano and "I'm wearin' awa,' Jean," was the air he heard and was dumbly repeating.

"You will make him happy," he pleaded in a low voice. The gentle pressure on his hand was sufficient assurance on that point. "He is not so deep in the mire just now as people think, and he is worth being pulled out of it. I can see a long way ahead, and I see you two together. I am content . . . . be sure to tell your father, I am content. All goes as he and I would wish. He will understand."

"I shall remember everything. Good-bye."

"It is farewell," he repeated and he was still smiling when the door closed upon her. Grannie's last words were hopeful, and almost removed from Ellie the eerie feeling she experienced in taking leave of one she was never to see again on this side of the grave. She, too, could hope; it is so difficult for the young to realise that death is near as long as there is life and speech. But the strange tone in which he repeated—"It is farewell," made her feel cold and awed.

She had not looked forward to the call at Cluden Peel with any pleasurable sensations, but after the morning visit to Thorburn she felt much as one might do when compelled to pass suddenly from the chamber of death into a ball-room. All the commonplaces, all the frivolities of life seemed to be bronght into unholy proximity with all that is most solemn.

"You were extremely dull, Ellie," said Mrs. Musgrave after the visit and as they were driving home; "you were almost rude to Mrs. Fenwick, who really likes you and wishes to be kind. Luckily she attributed your strange manner to illness."

"I am not well, mamma," was all that Ellie could say. She was thinking that in a few more hours she would have to say good-bye to the dearest friend of all.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LOOKING FORWARD.

She was gone. As he watched the train diminishing in the distance, and then the last carriage disappear at a bend of the line, Armour felt that the best part of him had gone with her. Long after the train had disappeared he still saw the dear white face which gazed from the carriage window so longingly with a smile of mingled regret and hope until the curving embankment hid him from her sight.

They had been very quiet and behaved with most respectable coldness in the presence of the others. But for his standing so long looking after the train no onlooker would have suspected that this was a parting of lovers; and even as he stood there, no one would have imagined that he was watching the dearest treasure of his life passing away from him.

He could be calm because he was already looking forward to the day when he would be watching the train coming back and straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the face which would then be bright with glad smiles.

Their real parting had taken place on the afternoon of the day before. They had met on one of the terraces of Torthorl overlooking the river. They had walked up and down talking a little about the past and much about the future. Whatever fears they might entertain about the favonrs of fortune, there was one thing they were quite confident about—that they would be faithful to each other. And that confidence made the parting comparatively easy. There would have been nothing at all to disturb them in this brief separation if they had not been depressed by the conviction of Mrs. Musgrave's obstinate resolve that this should be the end of all between them.

They did not speak about that, however; both respected the mother sufficiently to believe that she would not continue to be obstinate when she found that it would destroy her daughter's happiness. So they spoke cheerfully of the future, taking sensible views of the practical difficulties before them, he resolute to overcome them and she believing that he could not fail.

Then they said "Good-bye—it will not be such a long time till we meet again."

That sweet assurance comforted them and he went lightly down the terrace steps to the gate which opened on the lower road; she returned to the house.

After this meeting they could afford to act calmly at the station. Mrs. Musgrave was excited; she was fussing about everywhere; and she was most gracious to Armour, treating him as an ordinary friend who had been "so good as to come to see them off on their travels." How Armour hated being told that he was "so good!"

Miss Dinwuddie was in ecstasies with everything and everybody; she had no time to observe how pale and quiet Ellie was, or to be in the least disconcerted by the unusual reserve of the Fiscal. He scarcely spoke to any one: even to Ellie he said little, but he kept her beside him till the train came up and she was obliged to take her seat. Then he mumbled something and stood by as if he had nothing to do with the travellers.

As the two men walked away from the station Armour was surprised and pleased to find the Fiscal linking arms with him.

"They will have a cold journey," he said; "I would have liked to have seen them safe to the end of it; but it was impossible. However, Ellie and that Dinwuddie lass have good Scotch tongues in their heads, as the saying is, and Mrs. Musgrave fancies she has a good English tongue, so they'll manage

amongst them. I wish they were home again and all well."

"It is not a very exhausting journey," rejoined Armour whilst he was saying to himself a hearty "Amen" to the wish of his companion.

"It is not the journey that fashes me—it's what may come of it. . . . Ellie tells me that—your father was at the Dalwheattie market the other day."

Although he tried to speak with the air of one who is simply curious to learn particulars of an unexpected event, he seemed to find difficulty in getting the words out clearly.

"Yes, and he was at the kirk yesterday. He insisted upon it in such a way that we were obliged to give in. Grannie says he never showed any eagerness to go to the kirk before and she looks upon it as a sign that the end is very near. We got a pew near the door, and when we lifted him out of the gig he walked in holding Grannie's hand and leaning on my arm. He sat out the whole service and was more cheerful than I have ever seen him when we got back to the cottage."

The Fiscal drew a long breath as if relieved of some troublous thought.

"That is good news. He'll come round yet."

"At times I have thought so too; but the doctors will not give a decided opinion. So far as I can make out they regard these exertions as the result of excitement and not of returning strength."

"Doctors have a way of giving no decided opinion until they are certain that nature will confirm it."

"Johnstone says we will know the best or worst after the visit to Miss Graham. I am sorry I told him about her droll fancy for he has caught it up as daftly as herself."

"May be her fancy is not so daft as it appears to you," said the Fiscal thoughtfully. "She and her brother were close friends and Graham may have told her something he kept from everybody else."

"At any rate, we are going to see her to-morrow or next day."

"I suppose you are to drive all the way. Take our machine; it will be standing idle now and the outing will do the horses good. I'll tell Bryce to be ready for you whenever you send."

"Thank you, that will be very convenient—your carriage goes easier than anything I could hire here about."

"Ay, Mrs. Musgrave was particular about it being made comfortable," said the Fiscal, pleased that his offer had been so frankly accepted.

"We will go to-morrow or next day. Mr. Moffat is to be with us, and he suggests that if the journey does not prove too much for him we should bring him back to his own cottage here."

They were by this time at the Mill. Work was going on as steadily as if the men and women had heard nothing of the pending bankruptcy of "the Master"; the work-people looked as cheery as ever, thanks chiefly to the assurance Mr. Oswald had given them that the Mill would not be closed no matter what happened to their present employer. They were cheery also because the complacent manner of the old cashier made them believe that nothing particular would happen to the Master in spite of the wild rumours of immediate ruin which were flying about.

They were quite certain that there was little danger to fear when they saw Armour, accompanied by the Fiscal, passing amongst them now, stopping occasionally to give some directions to one of the men in his ordinary good-natured but decisive way. When Armour spoke every one felt that he had practical experience of what he was dictating. More than once he had shamed a clumsy or a lazy workman by doing himself what he was told could not be done in the way he suggested. He never required to tell that man a second time how the work should be done.

When the door of the private office closed on the Master and his friend, Lawson said with a contented grin to a neighbour:

"They may say as they like, an' break wha likes, auld Oswald is right — oor maister's no gaun to break."

These comforting words speedily passed through the Mill and helped to make hearts lighter and fingers more nimble than before. The first rumours had caused dismay to all the hands, for here was a hard winter upon them and to be suddenly thrown out of employment would have meant starvation to most of them.

In the office the Fiscal was seated at Armour's table going methodically over the statement of affairs which had been prepared for his inspection. He studied every item, questioned everything that did not seem clear with a cold shrewdness which pleased Armour, because it satisfied him that any arrangement entered into between them would be of a purely business character.

They were three hours at their task. In the

outer office Mr. Oswald was waiting to learn the result with as much nervous anxiety as if he had been charged with some crime and was doubtful what the verdict might be. He fidgeted about amongst his papers accomplishing a little work mechanically, and then, conscious of his divided thoughts, doing it all over again lest he should have made errors.

At length Mr. Musgrave closed the last sheet of the statement and leaned back in the chair.

"Everything is perfectly plain, Armour. It is an admirably clear statement of your position and there is only one thing which could make my friend hesitate to join you."

"You mean my possible liabilities in connection with the Bank shares."

"Exactly. You see there is no telling yet what they may involve. But I have no doubt we can come to an understanding. The business itself is in a sound position, most of your debtors are in the South and not likely to be affected by the Bank failure. At any rate with such orders as you have on hand there will be no need to stop the mill."

When Mr. Oswald heard the news he was only restrained by a severe sense of propriety from dancing a reel of joy. As he could not do that he took a large quantity of snuff and spilled a great deal more.

CHAPTER XLIV.—A PILGRIMAGE.

"I HAVE been observing everything that has been going on and making notes for future use," said the minister, when he had seated himself in the carriage beside Armour, and Bryce was driving them at a steady pace over the hard frosted road towards Dalwheattie. "But I did not want to put my finger into your pie until you invited me."

"You know how I value everything you say, and you know how I have profited by some of your advice."

He was remembering that it was Mr. Moffat's counsel which had inspired him to speak out to Ellie when he met her at the sluice. The little minister turned sharply round upon him.

"No," he said as if speaking to himself after closely studying Armour's face for a moment, "you are not a humbug—you are not saying that only because you think it will please me. You do respect what I say, and *I* think you ought to do so. Can you guess why?"

"Certainly; because you are my friend, and because your perception of the right way of doing things is quicker than mine."

"That might be mistaken for another sop to my vanity; now here's a sop for yours—the man who accepts advice and acts upon it is as wise as the counsellor. However, I have no intention of entering upon a disquisition as to the advantages—I say, advantages advisedly, for they are many and often substantial—of vanity and flattery. What it was in my mind to say was that I am pleased with you—very much pleased."

"I am glad of that," rejoined Armour, smiling at his companion's professional perception of subjects for discourse in the most ordinary conversation.

"Yes, it has been a great satisfaction to me to watch you keeping your feet steady and your head cool while fortune has been giving you hard dunts."

"But not the hardest she might have given me—she has left me her best gift of all."

"Oh, ay, she has left health and that is her best gift. Prize it, my man, and take care of it."

There was a merry twinkle in the minister's clear, keen eyes as he said this; he knew quite well that Armour referred to Ellie.

"I did not mean health exactly, although I am thankful to possess it."

"You would have meant it then if you had ever known the want of it. But of course you mean the bonnie lass who is ower the borders and awa. Well, you are right to be thankful for that, too. I wish men could always be in love; for, though the popular notion is that it makes fools of them, my notion is that it brings out the best stuff that is in a man. I have even known a fool grow wise under its influence.

"Why is it you have never married, Mr. Moffat?"

The minister looked as serious as if the question had been put to him for the first time.

"I have whiles thought of that and I positively don't know how it comes about. May be it is because I have been so busy marrying other folk that I had no time to marry myself. However," he added cheerily, "there is no saying what may happen yet. I am just a laddie of threescore and twelve, and I have many a time threatened Matthey that I would find some strapping hizzie to be mistress of the manse and him yet. Meanwhile I want to know how it is you feel so much at ease about Miss Musgrave when you have yourself broken off the engagement."

"There is really no difference in our posi-

tion. Our engagement was only binding so long as she wished it to be so; and all that I have done has been to tell her and her father that I do not consider her pledged to me in any other way. Her mother urged me to do it, and under the circumstances I could see no reason why she should not have her way. But Ellie will wait."

"I dare say, I dare say," said the minister meditatively, "but I am sure her mother will not."

Armour was not disturbed by that suggestion; for he knew that Mrs. Musgrave would not wait if she could help it. But what did that matter so long as he was sure of Ellie? Even when they were passing Cluden Peel there was no jealous thought of Fenwick in his mind; but the minister was thinking about the newly elected M.P., and of all that Mrs. Musgrave had said to him.

The horses moved quietly up the slippery brae to Dalwheattie Mill. Wull Greer saw them approaching and informed Thorburn who was impatiently waiting, ready to start on his strange pilgrimage.

He was dressed in a huge ulster which reached to his heels; and a travelling cap with flappets which covered his cheeks completely and concealed all signs of his accident. He was unusually calm, but the trembling lips and the restless movement of his eyes betrayed his eagerness. He was standing, leaning heavily on Wull's shoulder when his friends entered.

"Glad to see you on your feet again," said the minister, blithely. "How are you, Grannie? Your sick man is thriving fine, we'll have him running about as lively as ever in a few weeks."

"Ay, I think he's getting on fine," said Grannie in her quiet way; and then, as if addressing a child who was going out to play, "tak care o' yoursel' noo, Jock, and no catch auld."

He was taken out to the carriage, and surprised Armour by the degree of vigour he displayed. Every precaution was taken to guard him from the effects of the keen frost. The minister chatted pleasantly and told some of his best stories. But during the whole journey Thorburn scarcely spoke. His gaze was fixed steadily on the window, as if watching for something which he yet half feared to see.

When they arrived at Miss Graham's squat little cottage Armour went forward to prepare her for the visit of his father. He had already explained her idiosyncrasies as he understood them from Miss Dinwuddie and her father Thorburn had only said:

"I have no doubt of being able to convince her that I am myself."

As Armour passed through the toy garden, with its squares and straight paths, the primness of which was at present somewhat modified by a thin layer of frosted snow, he heard, as on the former occasion, the discordant chorus of dogs, parrots and canaries. The window was open as usual, in spite of frost and snow, and he heard the same words which greeted him on his first making acquaintance with the cottage.

"Qu'ate, ye brutes—qu'ate!" Then followed a short howl from a dog which had been chastised with its mistress's heavy staff.

"Do you remember me, Miss Graham? I called on you some time ago with Miss Dinwuddie."

The old lady shaded her eyes with one hand and peered under it as if she were looking at some object afar off, whilst she bent forward, leaning on her staff.

"What's your name?" she demanded in her gruff masculine voice.

"John Armour."

"Ou, ay, I mind noo. But you're no the John Armour I ken. Nobody kens whar he is, and I canna get thae birds to learn his name and gang awa' and find him."

"I have found him, and although I did tell him your name he is very glad to come and see you.

"Whar is he?" she said stolidly.

"Wha're ye, wha're ye," cried the one parrot; "kail brose—hoo's a—hoo's a," shrieked the other, and "Qu'ate, ye brutes" was the shrill command of their mistress.

"He is outside," said Armour as soon as he could be heard; "but he has had a very severe illness, and it has changed him so much that you may not be able to recognise him."

"Fetch him ben," was the decisive response.

The minister on one side and Armour on the other, Thorburn was led to the door. There Mr. Moffat halted and father and son entered the strange little room together. There was a three-legged stool in a corner which Armour hastily pulled forward, but Thorburn remained standing.

Miss Graham peered at him in precisely the same attitude as that she had assumed on Armour's first entrance, but she looked longer. Then she leaned back discontented but still staring at the visitor.

"Can ye no tak' aff your bonnet, man?" she said irritably.

"Will you excuse that, Miss Graham?"

interposed Armour. "An accident happened to him a little while ago and it would be dangerous for him to uncover his head. He has come to see you at great risk to himself and in spite of all our persuasions to the contrary."

"Ay, did ye want to keep him awa and he wouldna be keepit? That's like him. . . . . Can you no speak?"

Thorburn appeared to find it difficult—the face of the woman brought back to him vividly that horrible incident which had ruined his life. At length, huskily:

"It is not easy to speak, Grizel Graham. . . . . I am thinking of Eddie."

At that her eyes seemed to start forward. She rose slowly to her feet and the tall, gaunt form was trembling. She stretched out her long bony hand with one finger pointing at him.

"Naebody has called me Grizel, since he gaed awa'. I hae heard naebody speak o' Eddie for many a lang day. . . . You are the man."

"Yes, I am the Jock Armour you knew and he knew in other times. . . . I am told that he gave you a message for me. I come to hear it."

A sudden stillness fell upon the place. Even the parrots were quiet and the terriers were crouching at the feet of their mistress. She broke the silence in a low voice, and whilst evidently searching her memory for something which was continually eluding it:

"Ay . . . . an' you're Jock Armour! Vow me, man, what hae ye been daein' to yoursel'? You look as though you were an auld man an' it's no that lang since you were a spruce young lad skippin' about the kintry garrin' mony a braw lass sab and want her supper. . . . Ay, an' you're Jock Armour! I would never hae ken'd ye if ye hadna gi'en me my name."

"It is not always years that make folk look old, Grizel," he said, repeating the name which had helped so much to satisfy her of his identity.

She did not seem to be heeding his words; she was still busy searching her treacherous memory.

"An' am I like you? Am I as auld like?"

Without waiting for a reply she snatched up a hand bell and rang it violently shouting all the time "Nell Baird—Nell, ye limmer, come here—fetch me a lookin' glass this minute."

The dogs barked, the parrots screeched and the din was at its height when a stout, ruddy-faced woman appeared leisurely at the door with the inquiry,

"What's wrang noo, mistress?"

"Fetch me a looking glass this minute Can you no hear?"

"Ye'll hae it just directly."

And stout as she was Nell Baird did return quickly with a small handglass. Miss Graham looked at her own face eagerly She frowned: then thrust the glass away from her.

"Hoots, that canna be me. Tak' it away it's just ane o' thae mockin' glasses that y keek in at the fair an' see yoursel' upsid down and a' head an' naebody. Tak' it awa an' see if you can find something wise-like."

But there was a sad note of doubt in he voice, and the frown lingered on her brow a she resumed her seat. She was disturbed the one idea which had been so constant i her mind during those weary years had de serted her at the moment for which she ha been waiting.

"Did you speak about Eddie? Wha was't you said?"

"About the message he gave you for me."

"Ay, ay, I mind noo," she said smilin and nodding her head. "He was in the jail, ye ken, an' they hanged him—the scoon drels! Hanged my brither!"

Thorburn shuddered and growing fain was obliged to sit down on the stool, a last, Armour at his back supporting him Miss Graham continued to smile and noc graciously to her visitors quite insensible to the pain and shame which had wrecked her reason, and unconscious of the agony her listener was suffering.

"Ay, I mind noo what it was—eh, but he was the kindest hearted lad that ever drew breath. It was in the jail as I was sayin' an' they wouldna let us hae mair than twa or three minutes thegither. 'Grizel,' says he 'I'm gaun to gie you a man's sowl an' conscience to take care o' for my sake! 'Deed an' its ower muckle for me to dae, Eddie,' I says. 'But you maun dae it or I'll never rest in my grave.' That was fearsome to hear an' it was fearsome to take or to refuse the responsibility. What would ye think I said?"

"What was it he said to you?" asked Thornburn feverishly.

"It wasna what he said to me, it was what I said to him, an' it was this—'Gin the Lord gies me strength I'll dae onything you want, Eddie.' 'Very well,' says he, 'find out Jock Armour wherever he may be and tell him this—that I gave myself up to the police two

ours before he arrived at the station. Tell
m that I die on my own confession and no
an need think that he has betrayed me or
ope to get the price set upon me . . . .
ell him, moreover, that I am sorry for the
ouble I have caused him—sorry for the
istake he has made, and that with all my
art I forgive him the harm he intended to
me."

Thorburn's head was bowed upon his
nees and there was a half-stifled whisper on
s lips:

"Thank God—thank God, I am for-
ven!"

But no one heard it and Miss Graham
oceeded as if there had been no interrup-
on.

"'Bear this in your mind, Grizel,' he says,
o matter what comes, and I will die with
easy conscience. Seek him out wherever
may be and give him my message. It
ll lift a curse from his soul that may ruin
m.' I was meanin' to go to you at once,
ck Armour, but something happened—I
nna ken what it was—they say I wasna
eel, for a while after they hanged him.
hen I cam' to myse'f you were off to
reign parts and naebody ever ken'd ony-
ng about ye till the noo. I'm rael glad to
e ye here and rael glad that Eddie's errand
done and he'll be able to rest qu'ate noo,
ir lad. He maun hae been sair fashed
iting for you a' this while . . . . doon,
ggie, doon."

One of the dogs had been trying to jump
to her lap as her voice had sounded low
d soft. Then she sat nodding and smiling
the man who in his present position
emed to be crouching before her. He did
t speak.

"Do you feel ony better noo? He said it
uld tak' the curse aff ye as soon as ye
ard his message. . . . It maun be an awfu'
ng to be gaun about the world wi' a curse
your shouthers."

He rose almost without assistance and took
iss Graham's hand.

"I do feel better now, Grizel. Thank you
d good-bye.

"Guid day, guid day, Jock Armour. You
un come an' see me soon again, an' we'll
e a crack about Eddie—I want to hae a
ick about Eddie. There's naebody here
out that ken'd him an' I'm wearying to
ar a' your news. Folk aye say ye were a
ver chiel, Jock, an' that you would mak'
spoon or spoil a horn. Whilk are you gaun
do?"

"I have done all that I can do already
and the horn is spoiled, Grizel," he answered
bitterly.

"Find anither, then, find anither. Guid
day; come back soon."

Armour led him to the door, Miss Graham
speaking cheerily to them all the time as if
some great burden had been lifted from her
own shoulders. And for days afterwards it
seemed as if the relief she had found pro-
mised to restore her mental balance com-
pletely. But the relief came too late, and
by-and-by she forgot all about the visit of
Jock Armour, except when his son called to
see her. She went on as before with her
menagerie and was in her way happy.

The minister was waiting to add his
strength to Armour's in taking Thorburn
down the garden to the carriage. He grew
rapidly more feeble as they moved away from
the cottage. He fell into a kind of stupor
and knew nothing of the anxious glances and
whispers which his son and the minister ex-
changed. He recovered a little when they
stopped at the door of Armour's house in
Thornichowe.

The intention had been at first to take
him to his own cottage as it was thought he
might feel more at ease there than in the Mill
House. But the apparent collapse which
appeared to be the result of the glad tidings
he had heard from Miss Graham caused
Armour to alter his mind and to have him
conveyed to his own room. Grannie was
there waiting for them, having been brought
home by Wull Greer. When she found that
Thorburn did not speak on his arrival at the
house she said softly to herself:

"I was feared that it would end this way."

When he was laid on the bed and still
did not speak she leaned over him, feeling
his brow and his hands.

"Do you ken whar you are, Jock?"

He moved a little on his side as if turning
away from the light.

"No, and it does not matter, Grannie. . .
The work is done."

When the doctor came and looked at him
he shook his head.

"He has overdone it, as I expected, Mrs.
Armour. Still we need not despair; he has
wonderful strength in him—splendid consti
tution he must have had—and ruined."

"It does not matter, doctor," murmured
Thorburn himself; "the work is done. . . .
Musgrave is safe. . . . and I know that Gra-
ham's blood is not on my hands. All is well."

At intervals throughout the night he would
rouse himself and murmur that consoling
phrase, "the work is done."

When the doctor saw him in the morning he was lying quite passive, cool and clear, but wearied and unwilling to speak.

"Better to-day, Thorburn?" said Johnstone, in his rough hearty way.

"Ay, better to-day, and it will be all right to-morrow.

* * * * *

To think of it all, lying there on his back, with the white ceiling transformed into the open pages of the record of his life! Droll, how distinct it was, and how invisible hands seemed to turn the pages so that he read the history of the past over and over again.

He could, in a sense, put his finger on the passages where he had blundered and gone astray, misled by that most villainous Will-o'-the-Wisp, Jealous Passion; here misinterpreting very simple signs, looks and words; there misunderstanding actions which, read by the light of the later pages, were honest and natural.

Why had they not trusted him? That was the wail which rose to his lips although it did not pass them. And then the leaves were swiftly changed, and he was aware that they could not trust him because he had no faith in them; because explanation on their part at the time would only have led to new misunderstanding on his part.

It was pitiful, most pitiful, to learn this now when he was helpless and could do nothing to redeem the past. . . . Redeem the past! Oh! the folly of the wish and the bitterness of it! How easily everything might have been altered; by what imperceptible slips the wrong road had been taken at first and pursued, widening and leading farther away from the right at every step until this miserable end was reached.

Then came the cry of the selfish heart. Granting his folly and his madness, why had Fate been so cruel to him as to deny him, until the last moment, the knowledge that the revengeful act he had meditated had been frustrated, and that the friend he would have betrayed had forgiven him? Why had Grizel Graham been rendered speechless to him until now? He could have done so much in the course of these years of torture if—

But there was that terrible "If;" so slight a thing it seemed and yet it had barred him from happiness and hope. It had made his life a wreck, full of remorse and vain regret.

The leaves were turned swiftly again and he saw that it was his own blind passion and haste to escape from the shame of his own position which had given the demon "If" power to control his life and turn every endeavour awry. If he had boldly faced position which he had himself created; if had remained in Scotland a few weeks- few days—he might have learned the truth time to have made his career so differe from what it had been. *If* he had membered the duty he owed to those w were nearest to him, and stood stoutly them, that fiery record of heart-burni remorse would never have been written.

He closed his eyes in the vain effort shut the whole thing out from his mind; h the lines only appeared to become the mo distinct, and the phantoms which they co jured up the more terrible.

He opened his eyes again and stared the ceiling, determined that now he shou show no cowardice: he would not attem to run away from his own sin again. H would look it straight in the face and try master it.

The watchers thought he was resting mo satisfactorily, he was so quiet. When h eyes closed, he seemed to sleep; and wh they opened again no one observed it.

"John," he said suddenly, reaching o his worn hand to the son who was leani over the foot of the bed watching him.

Grannie moved in her chair by the side the invalid and turned her face towards hi It was the first time she had heard h address his son by his Christian name. was pronounced, too, so distinctly that h heart fluttered with new hope.

Armour hastily advanced and took t extended hand quietly between his ow That seemed to afford the father mu relief.

"You think I am poor, John. You a mistaken. I am rich; I have a legacy leave you more precious than all the weal your bank has lost. . . . You think I a raving. No, I am speaking calmly an truly: the treasure which I leave you h been purchased by a life of bitter experienc . . . . Your mother would have understoo me. Will you try to understand me for h sake?"

"I will try."

"Then this is my legacy—have faith everything and everybody. You will li and die happier if you have faith in me and women, no matter how they may deceiv you, than if you have doubted them an wronged them. It is a richer legacy tha you can understand it to be at present."

And then he stretched out his disengage hand, resting it on Grannie's arm, and close his eyes.

"KITTY'S PRAYER."

Page 734.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.—DICK TAKES HIS FINAL LEAVE.

WHEN Sir Francis received the reply which Miss Altifiorla sent to his letter, he was not altogether satisfied with it. He had expected that the lady would at once have flown into his arms. But the lady seemed to hesitate, and asked for a week to think about it. This showed so much ingratitude on her part,—was so poor an acknowledgment of the position which he had offered her, that he was inclined to be indignant. "If she don't care about it she shan't have it." It was thus that he expressed himself aloud in the hearing of Dick Ross; but without however explaining who the she was, or what the "it" was, or indeed in any way asking Dick's opinion on the matter. Not the less had Miss Altifiorla been wise in the nature of the reply which she had given. Had she expressed her warm affection, and at once accepted all that had been proffered, the gentleman would probably have learnt at once to despise that which had been obtained so easily. As it was he was simply cross, and thought that he had determined to withdraw the proposal. But still the other letter was to come, and Miss Altifiorla's chance was still open to her.

The immediate consequence of these doubts in the mind of Sir Francis was a postponement of the verdict of banishment which he had resolved to pronounce against Dick as soon as his marriage with Miss Altifiorla should have been settled. He did not wish to leave himself altogether alone in the world, and if this Dick were dismissed it would be necessary that he should provide himself with another,—unless he were minded to provide himself with a wife instead. He became therefore gradually more gracious after the little speech which has been above given. Dick had understood perfectly who the "she" had been, and what was the "it" intended. As no question had been asked he had made no reply, but he was quite quick enough to perceive the working of the Baronet's mind. He despised the Baronet almost as thoroughly as did Mr. Western. But for certain purposes,—as to which he despised himself also,—the friendship of the Baronet suited him just at present.

One morning, for private reasons of his own, Dick went into Perth, which was twenty miles distant from the Baronet's shooting lodge, and returned the same day bringing the postbag with him from a point in the road at which it was daily left by the postman. Sir Francis with unusual haste read his letters, and among them was one from Miss Altifiorla. But Dick had a budget of news which he was anxious to reveal, and which he did tell before Sir Francis had said anything as to his own letter. There was another friend, one Captain Fawkes, at the Lodge with them, and Dick had at first been restrained by this man's presence. As soon as he found himself alone with Sir Francis he began. "Lady Grant has gone off to Dresden," he said.

"Where did you hear that?" asked the Baronet.

"They told me so at the club. Everybody in Perth knows that she has gone;—and why."

"What business is it of theirs? Since you know so much about it, why has she gone?"

"To persuade her brother to come home and take his wife once more. It was a great shame that they should ever have been separated. In fact she has gone to undo what you did. If she can only succeed in making the man know the whole truth about it, free from all lies, she'll do what she's gone to do."

"What the devil do you mean by lies?" said Sir Francis, rising in wrath from his chair.

"Well; lies mean lies. As I haven't applied the word to any one I suppose I may be allowed to use it and to stand by it. I suppose you know what lies mean, and I suppose you are aware that Western has been made to believe lies about his wife."

"Who told them?"

"I say nothing about that," said Dick. "Lies are a sort of thing which are very commonly told, and are ordinarily ascribed to the world at large. The world never quarrels with the accusation. The world has told most infernal lies to this man about his wife. I don't suppose the world means to call me out for saying as much as that." Then the two remained silent for some moments and Dick proceeded with his eloquence. "Of course there have been lies, wretched lies. Had a man, or a woman—it's all one,—gone to that poor creature with a pistol in his hand and blown her brains out he wouldn't have done a more dastardly action."

"What the mischief do you mean by that?" said the other.

"I'm not talking about you,—specially. I say lies have been told; but I do not say who has told them. I rather suspect a woman to be at the bottom of it." Sir Francis, who had in his pocket a most tender and loving reply from Miss Altifiorla, knew very well who was the lady to whom Dick referred. "That man has been made to believe certain things about his wife which are all lies,—lies from beginning to end."

"He has been made to believe that she was engaged to me first. Is that a lie?"

"That depends on the way in which it was told. He didn't send her home merely for that. I am not saying what the lies were, but there were wicked lies. You sometimes tell me that I ain't any better than another,—or, generally, a great deal worse. But I'd rather have blown my brains out than have told such lies about a woman as have been told here by somebody. You ask me what they were saying at the club in Perth. Now you know it pretty well all."

It must be supposed that what had passed at the club had induced Dick to determine that it would no longer become him to remain with Sir Francis as his humble friend. Very evil things had in truth been said of Sir Francis, and they were more than Dick could endure. The natural indignation of the man was aroused, so that by degrees it had come to pass that he hated the Baronet. He had before said very sharp words to him, but had now gone home resolved in his righteous mind to bring things to a conclusion. It matters little in the telling of our story to know what lies Dick did in truth impute to his friend; but they were of a nature to fill his mind with righteous wrath and to produce from him the eloquence above described.

Sir Francis, whose vanity had been charmed by the letter which he kept in his pocket, had already made up his mind to part with Dick. But Dick's words as now spoken left him no alternative. It was a question with him whether he could not so part with him as to inflict some further punishment. "Why, Dick," he said smiling, "you have broken out quite in a new place."

"I know nothing about that."

"You must have been with the Bishop and taken a lesson in preaching. I never heard you come out so strong before."

"I wish you'd heard what some of those men at Perth said about you."

"And how you answered them,—as my friend."

"As far as I remember I didn't say much myself. What I did say certainly was not in your favour. But I was hardest on that sweet young lady with the Italian name. You won't mind that because you and she are two, now."

"Can you tell me, Ross, how long you have been eating my bread?"

"I suppose I could."

"Or how much you have drunk of my wine?"

"I haven't made a calculation of that nature. It isn't usual."

"For shooting here, how much have you ever contributed?"

"When I shoot I contribute nothing. All the world understands that."

"How much money do you owe me?"

"I owe you nothing that I've ever promised to pay."

"And now you think it a sign of a fine gentleman to go and talk openly at a club about matters which you have heard from me in confidence! I don't. I think it a very——"

"A very what, Sir Francis? I have not done as you allege. But you were going to observe a very——; what was it?" It must be here explained that Dick Ross was not a man who feared many things; but that Sir Francis feared much. Dick had little to lose by a row, whereas the Baronet would be injured. The Baronet therefore declined to fill in the epithet which he had omitted. He knew from former experience what Dick would and what he would not bear.

"I don't choose to descend to Billingsgate," said Sir Francis. "I have my own ideas as to your conduct."

"Very gentlemanlike, isn't it?" said Dick, with a smile, meaning thereby to impute it to Sir Francis as cowardice that he was unwilling to say the reverse.

"But, under all the circumstances, it will be quite as well that you should leave the Lodge. You must feel that yourself."

"Oh; quite so. I am delighted to think that I shall be able to leave without having had any unpleasant words. Perhaps to-morrow will do?"

"Just as you please."

"Then I shall be able to add a few glasses to all those buckets of claret which you threw in my teeth just now. I wonder whether any gentleman was ever before asked by another gentleman how much wine he had drunk in his house, or how many dinners he had eaten. When you asked me did you expect me to pay for my dinners and wine?"

Sir Francis refused to make any reply to this question. "And when you delicately hinted at my poverty, had you found my finances to be lower than you'd always known them? It is disagreeable to be a penniless younger brother. I have found it so all my life. And I admit that I ought to have earned my bread. It would have been much better for me had I done so. People may declare that I am good for nothing, and may hold me up as an example to be shunned. But I flatter myself that nobody has called me a blackguard. I have told no lies to injure men behind their backs;—much less have I done so to injure a woman. I have sacrificed no girl to my revenge, simply because she has thrown me over. In the little transactions I have had I have always run straight. Now I think that upon the whole, I had better go before dinner and not add anything to the buckets of claret."

"Just as you please," said Sir Francis. Then Dick Ross left the room and went away to make such arrangements for his departure as were possible to him, and the readers of this story shall see him and hear him no more.

Sir Francis when he was left alone, took out Miss Altifiorla's letter and read it again. He was a man who could assume grand manners in his personal intercourse with women, but was peculiarly apt to receive impressions from them. He loved to be flattered, and was prone to believe anything good of himself that was said to him by one of them. He therefore took the following letter for more than it was worth.

"My dear Sir Francis,

"I know that you will have been quite quick enough to have understood when you received my former little scrawl what my answer would be. When a woman attempts to deceive a man in such a matter she knows beforehand that the attempt will be vain; and I certainly did not think that I could succeed with you. But yet a feeling of shamefacedness,—what some ladies consider as modesty, though it might more properly be called *mauvaise honte*,—forced me into temporary silence. What could I wish better than to be loved by such a one as you? In the first place there is the rank which goes for much with me. Then there is the money, which I admit counts for something. I would never have allowed myself to marry even if I had chanced to love a poor man. Then there are the manners, and the peculiar station before the world which is quite separate from the rank. To me these alone are irresistible. Shall I say too that personal appearance does count for much. I can fancy myself marrying an ugly man, but I can fancy also that I could not do it without something of disgust." Miss Altifiorla when she wrote this had understood well that vanity and love of flattery were conspicuous traits in the character of her admirer. "Having owned so much what is there more to say than that I am the happiest woman between the seas?"

The reader must be here told that this letter had been copied out a second time because in the first copy she had allowed the word girl to pass in the above sentence. Something told her that she had better write woman instead, and she had written it.

"What more is there for me to add to the above except to tell you that I love you with all my heart. Months ago,—it seems to be years now,—when Cecilia Holt had caught your fancy, I did regard her as the most fortunate girl. But I did not regard you as the happiest of men, because I felt sure that there was a something between you which would not suit. There is an asperity, rather than strictness, about her which I knew your spirit would not brook. She would have borne the battlings which would have arisen with an equal temper. She can indeed bear all things with equanimity,—as she does her present position. But you, though you would have battled and have conquered, would still have suffered. I do not think that the wife you now desire is one with whom you will have to wage war. Shall I say that if you marry her whom you have now asked to join her lot with yours, there will be no such fighting. I think that I shall know how to hold my own against the world as your wife. But with you I shall only attempt to hold my own by making myself one with you in all your desires and aspirations.

"I am yours with all my heart, and with all my body and soul.

"Francesca.

"I say nothing now about the immediate future, but I hope it will please your Highness to visit your most worthy clerical relations in this cathedral city before long. I shall say nothing to any of your clerical relations as to my prospects in life until I shall have received your sanction for doing so. But the sooner I do receive it the better for my peace of mind."

Sir Francis was upon the whole delighted with the letter, and the more delighted as he now read it for the third time. "There is

such an air of truth in every word of it." It was thus that he spoke to himself about the letter as he sucked in the flattery. It was thus that Miss Altifiorla had intended that he should receive it. She knew herself too well to suspect that her flattery should fail. Not a word of it failed. In nothing was he more gratified than in her allusions to his matrimonial efforts with Miss Holt. She had assured him that he would have finally conquered that strong-minded young woman. But she had at the same time told him of the extreme tenderness of his heart. He absolutely believed her when she whispered to him her secret,—that she had envied Cecilia her lot when Cecilia was supposed to be the happy bride. He quite understood those allusions to his own pleasures and her assurance that she would never interfere with him. There was just a doubt whether a thing so easily got could be worth the keeping. But then he remembered his cousin and determined to be a man of his word.

CHAPTER XX.—THE SECRET ESCAPES.

"All right. See you soon. Ever yours, F. G." Such was the entire response which Miss Altifiorla received from her now declared lover. Sir Francis had told himself that he hated the bother of writing love-letters. But in truth there was with him also an idea that it might be as well that he should not commit himself to declarations that were in their nature very strong. It was not that he absolutely thought of any possible future event in which his letters might be used against him, but there was present to him a feeling that the least said might be the soonest mended.

Miss Altifiorla when she received the above scrawl was quite satisfied with it. She, too, was cautious in her nature, but not quite so clever as her lover. She did, indeed, feel that she had now caught her fish. She would not let him escape by any such folly as that which Cecilia Holt had committed. The Baronet should be allowed his full swing till she was entitled to call herself Lady Geraldine. Then, perhaps, there might be a tussle between them as to which should have his own way,—or hers. The great thing at present was to obtain the position, and she did feel that she had played her cards uncommonly well as far as the game had gone at present.

But there came upon her an irresistible temptation to make her triumph known among her friends at Exeter. All her girl friends had got themselves married. There was Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Thorne, and Mrs. Western. Poor Cecilia had not gained much, but still she was Mrs. Western. Miss Altifiorla did in truth regard herself as Miss Altifiorla with but small satisfaction. She had her theories about women's rights, and the decided advantages of remaining single, and the sufficiency of a lady to stand alone in the world. There was probably some vague glimmering of truth in her ideas; some half-formed belief in her own doctrine. But still it had ever been an uncomfortable creed, and one which she was ready to desert at the slightest provocation. Her friends had all deserted it, and had left her as we say high and dry on the barren bank, while they had been carried away by the fertilising stream. She, too, would now swim down the river of matrimony with a beautiful name, and a handle to it, as the owner of a fine family property. Women's rights was an excellent doctrine to preach, but for practice could not stand the strain of such temptation. And, though in boasting of her good fortune, she must no doubt confess that she had been wrong, still there would be much more of glory than of shame in the confession.

It was chance probably that made her tell her secret in the first instance to Mrs. Thorne. Mrs. Thorne had been Maude Hippesley and was niece to Sir Francis Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla had pledged herself to Sir Francis not to make known her engagement at the deanery. But such pledges go for very little. Mrs. Thorne was not now an inhabitant of Exeter, and was, so to say, the most bosom-friend left to her,—after her disruption from Mrs. Western. Was it probable that such a secret should be kept from a bosom-friend? Mrs. Thorne, who had a large circle of friends in the county, would hardly have admitted the claim, but she would be more likely to do so after receiving the intimation. Of course it would be conveyed under the seal of a sacred promise,—which no doubt would be broken as soon as she reached the deanery. On this occasion she called on Miss Altifiorla to ask questions in reference to "poor Cecilia." With herself, and the Dean and Mrs. Dean there was real sorrow at Cecilia's troubles. And there was also no mode of acquiring true information. "Do tell me something about poor Cecilia," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Poor Cecilia, indeed! She is there all alone and sees almost no one. Of course you've heard that Lady Grant was here."

"We thought it so nice of Lady Grant to come all the way from Scotland to see her sister-in-law."

"Lady Grant of course is anxious to get her

brother to take back his wife. They haven't a great deal of money among them, and when Mrs. Holt dies Cecilia's fortune would be a nice addition."

"I don't think Lady Grant can have thought of that," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Lady Grant would be quite prudent in thinking of it and like the rest of the world. Her husband was only a regimental officer in India who got knighted for doing something that came in his way. There isn't any family property among them, and of course she is anxious."

This solicitude as to "family property" on the part of Miss Altifiorla did strike Mrs. Thorne as droll. But she went on with her inquiries. "And what is Cecilia doing?"

"Not very much," said Miss Altifiorla. "What is there for her to do? Poor girl. She has played her cards so uncommonly badly, when she took up with Mr. Western after having been dropped by Sir Francis."

"After dropping Sir Francis!"

Miss Altifiorla smiled. Was it likely that Cecilia Holt should have dropped Sir Francis? "It doesn't much matter now. If it does her wounded pride good to say so of course she can say it."

"We always believed that it was so at the deanery."

"At any rate she made a mess of it. And now she has to bear the fortune which her fates have sent her. I own that I am a little angry with Cecilia, not for having dropped Sir Francis, as you called it, but for managing her matters so badly with Mr. Western. She seems to me to have no idea of the sort of duties which fall to the lot of a wife."

"I should have thought you'd have liked her the better for that," said Mrs. Thorne, with a smile.

"Why so? I think you must have misunderstood my theory of life. When a woman elects to marry, and does so from sheer love and regard for the man, she should certainly make her duty to him the first motive of all her actions."

"What a grand lesson! It is a pity that my husband should not be here to hear it."

"I have no doubt he finds that you do so."

"Or Sir Francis Geraldine. I suppose my uncle is still in search of a wife, and if he knew where to find such excellent principles he would be able to make his choice. What a joke it would be should he again try his luck at Exeter!"

"He has again tried his luck at Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla in a tone in which some slight shade of ridicule was mixed with the grandiloquence which she wished to assume.

"What on earth do you mean?" said Mrs. Thorne.

"Simply what I seem to mean. I had not intended to have told you at present, though I would sooner tell you than any person living. You must promise me, however, that it shall go no further. Sir Francis Geraldine has done me the honour to ask me to be his wife." Thus she communicated her good news; and did so in a tone of voice that was very low, and intended to be humble.

"My uncle going to marry you? Good gracious!"

"Is it more wonderful than that he should have thought of marrying Cecilia Holt?"

"Well, yes. Not that I know why it should be, except that Cecilia came first, and that you and she were so intimate."

"Was he doomed to remain alone in the world because of that?" asked Miss Altifiorla.

"Well, no; I don't exactly mean that. But it is droll."

"I hope that the Dean and Mrs. Hippesley will be satisfied with his choice. I do particularly hope that all his friends will feel that he is doing well. But," she added, perceiving that her tidings had not been received with any strong expression of family satisfaction—"but I trust that, as Lady Geraldine, I may at any rate be the means of keeping the family together."

There was to Mrs. Thorne almost a joke in this, as she knew that her father did not at all approve of Sir Francis, and was with difficulty induced to have him at the deanery. And she knew also that the Dean did in his heart greatly dislike Miss Altifiorla, though for the sake of what was generally called "peace within the cathedral precincts," he had hitherto put up also with her. What might happen in the Dean's mind, or what determination the Dean might take when the two should be married, she could not say. But she felt that it might probably be beyond the power of the future Lady Geraldine "to keep the family together." "Well, I am surprised," said Mrs. Thorne. "And I am to tell nobody."

"I don't see any good in publishing the thing in High Street just at present." Then Mrs. Thorne understood that she need not treat the communication as a strict secret. "In fact, I don't see why it should be kept specially in the dark. Francy has not enjoined anything like secrecy." This was the first time that she had allowed herself the use

of the Baronet's name without the prefix. "When it is to be I have not as yet even begun to think. Of course he is in a hurry. Men, I believe, generally are. But in this case there may be some reasons for delay. Arrangements as to the family property must be made, and Castle Gerald must be prepared for our reception. I don't suppose we can be married just off hand, like some happier folks." Mrs. Thorne did not know whether to take this to herself, as she had been married herself, at last, rather in a scramble, or whether it was intended to apply to poor Cecilia, whose husband, though he was in comfortable circumstances, cannot be said to have possessed family property. "And now, dear," continued Miss Altifiorla, "what am I to do for bridesmaids? You three have all been married before me. There are his two unmarried sisters of course." Mrs. Thorne was aware that her uncle had absolutely quarrelled with his mother and sisters, and had not spoken to them for years. "I suppose that it will come off in the cathedral, and that your father will perform the ceremony. I don't know, indeed, whether Francis might not wish to have the Bishop." Mrs. Thorne was aware that the Bishop, who was a strict man, would not touch Sir Francis Geraldine with a pair of tongs. "But all these things will shake themselves down comfortably no doubt. In the meantime I am in a twitter of ecstatic happiness. You who have gone through it all will quite understand what I mean. It seems that as a lover he is the most exigeant of gentlemen. He requires constant writing to, and woe betide me if I do not obey his behests. However, I do not complain, and must confess that I am at the present moment the most happy of young women."

Mrs. Thorne of course expressed her congratulations and took her departure without having committed herself to a word as to the other inhabitants of the deanery. But when she got to her father's house, where she was for the present staying, she in truth startled them all by the news. The Dean had just come into the drawing-room to have his afternoon tea and a little gossip with his wife and his own sister, Mrs. Forrester, from London. "Who do you think is going to be married, and to whom?" said Mrs. Thorne. "I'll give you all three guesses a piece, and bet you a pair of gloves all round that you don't make it out."

"Not Miss Altifiorla?" said her mother.

"That's only one. A marriage requires two personages. I still hold good by my bet."

"Miss Altifiorla going to be married!" said the Dean. "Who is the unfortunate victim?"

"Papa, do not be ill-natured. Why should not Miss Altifiorla be married as well as another?"

"In the first place, my dear," said Mrs. Forrester, "because I understand that the lady has always expressed herself as being in favour of a single life."

"I go beyond that," said the Dean, "and maintain that any single life would be preferable to a marriage with Miss Altifiorla."

"Considering that she is my friend, papa, I think that you are very unkind."

"But who is to be the gentleman?" asked her mother.

"Ah, there's the question! Why don't you guess?" Then Mrs. Dean did name three or four of the most unpromising unmarried elderly gentlemen in Exeter, and the Dean, in that spirit of satire against his own order which is common among clergymen, suggested an old widowed Minor Canon, who was in the habit of chanting the Litany. "You are none of you near the mark. You ought to come nearer home."

"Nearer home?" said Mrs. Dean with a look of discomfort in her face.

"Yes, mamma. A great deal nearer home."

"It can't be your Uncle Septimus," said the Dean. Now Uncle Septimus was the unmarried brother of old Mr. Thorne, and was regarded by all the Thorne family as a perfect model of an unselfish, fine old loveable gentleman.

"Good gracious, no!" said Mrs. Thorne. "What a horrible idea! Fancy Uncle Septimus doomed to pass his life in company with Miss Altifiorla! The happy man in question is——Sir Francis Geraldine."

"No!" said Mrs. Hippesley, jumping from her seat.

"It is impossible," said the Dean, who though he greatly disliked his brother-in-law still thought something of the family into which he had married and thoroughly despised Miss Altifiorla. "I do not think that Sir Francis could be so silly as that."

"It cannot be," said Mrs. Hippesley.

"What has the young lady done to make it impossible?" asked Mrs. Forrester.

"Nothing on earth," said Mrs. Thorne. "She is my special friend and is in my opinion a great deal more than worthy of my uncle Francis. Only papa who dislikes them both would like to make it out that the two of them are going to cut their own throats each by marrying the other. I wish papa

could have heard the way in which she said that he would have to marry them,—unless the Bishop should like to come forward and perform the ceremony."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," said the Dean angrily.

"If you had heard, I," continued his daughter, "all that she had to say about the family name and the family property, and the family grandeur generally, you would have thought her the most becoming young woman in the country to be the future Lady Geraldine."

"I wish you wouldn't talk of it, my dear," said Mrs. Hippesley.

"We shall have to talk of it, and had better become used to it among ourselves. I don't suppose that Miss Altifiorla has invented the story out of her own head. She would not say that she was engaged to marry my uncle if it were not true."

"It's my belief," said the Dean getting up and walking out of the room in great anger, "that Sir Francis Geraldine will never marry Miss Altifiorla."

"I don't think my brother will ever marry Miss Altifiorla," said Mrs. Dean. "He is very silly and very vicious, but I don't think he'll ever do anything so bad as that."

"Poor Miss Altifiorla," said Mrs. Thorne afterwards to her Aunt Forrester.

That same evening Miss Altifiorla feeling that she had broken the ice, and oppressed by the weight of the secret which was a secret still in every house in Exeter except the deanery, wrote to her other friend Mrs. Green and begged her to come down. She had tidings to tell of the greatest importance. So Mrs. Green put on her bonnet and came down. "My dear," said Miss Altifiorla, "I have something to tell you. I am going to be——"

"Not married!" said Mrs. Green.

"Yes, I am. How very odd that you should guess. But yet when I come to think of it I don't know that it is odd. Because after all there does come a time in,—a lady's life when it is probable that she will marry." Miss Altifiorla hesitated, having in the first instance desired to use the word girl.

"That's as may be," said Mrs Green. "Your principles used to be on the other side."

"Of course all that changes when the opportunity comes. It wasn't so much that I disliked the idea of marriage for myself, as that I was proud of the freedom which I enjoyed. However that is all over. I am free no longer."

"And who is it to be?"

"Ah, who is it to be? Can you make a guess?"

"Not in the least. I don't know of anybody who has been spooning you."

"Oh, what a term to use! No one can say that any one ever——spooned me. It is a horrible word. And I cannot bear to hear it fall from my own lips."

"It is what young men do do," said Mrs. Green.

"That I think depends on the rank in life which the young men occupy;—and also the young women. I can understand that a Bank clerk should do it to an attorney's daughter."

"Well; who is it you are going to marry without spooning, which in my vocabulary is simply another word for two young people being fond of each other." Miss Altifiorla remained silent for a while feeling that she owed it to herself to awe her present companion by her manner before she should crush her altogether by the weight of the name she would have to pronounce. Mrs. Green had received her communication flippantly, and had probably felt that her friend intended to demean herself by some mere common marriage. "Who is to be the happy swain?" asked Mrs. Green.

"Swain!" said Miss Altifiorla, unable to repress her feelings.

"Well; lover, young man, suitor, husband as is to be. Some word common on such occasion will I suppose fit him."

Miss Altifiorla felt that no word common on such occasions would fit him. But yet it was necessary that she should name him, having gone so far. And, having again been silent for a minute so as to bethink herself in what most dignified language this might be done, she proceeded. "I am to be allied,"——again there was a little pause,—— "to Sir Francis Geraldine!"

"Him Cecilia Holt rejected!"

"Him who I think was fortunate enough to escape Cecilia Holt.'

"Goodness gracious!' It seems but the other day."

"Cecilia Holt has since recovered from her wounds and married another husband, and is now suffering from fresh wounds. Is it odd that the gentleman should have found some one else to love when the lady has had time not only to love but to marry, and to be separated from another man?

"Sir Francis Geraldine!" ejaculated Mrs. Green. "Well; I'm sure I wish you all the joy in the world. When is it to be?" But

Mrs. Green had so offended Miss Altifiorla by her manner of accepting the news that she could not bring herself to make any further gracious answer. Mrs. Green therefore took her leave and the fact of Miss Altifiorla's engagement was soon known all over Exeter.

CHAPTER XXI.—LADY GRANT AT DRESDEN.

"You have first to believe the story as I tell it you, and get out of your head altogether the story as you have conceived it." This was said by Lady Grant to her brother when she had travelled all the way to Dresden with the purpose of inducing him to take his wife back. She had come there solely with that object, and it must be said of her that she had well done her duty as a sister. But she found it by no means easy to induce her brother to look at the matter with her eyes. In fact, it was evident to her that he did not believe the story as she had told it. She must go on and din it into his ears till by perseverance she should change his belief. He still thought that credit should be given to that letter from Sir Francis, although he was aware that to Sir Francis himself as a man he would have given no credit whatsoever. It had suited his suspicions to believe that there had been something in common between Sir Francis and his wife up to the moment in which the terrible fact of her engagement had been made known to him; and from that belief he could not free his mind. He had already been persuaded to say that she should come back to him,—but she should come as a sinner confessing her sin. He would take her back, but as one whom he had been justified in expelling, and to whom he should be held as extending great mercy.

But Lady Grant would not accept of his mercy, nor would she encourage her coming back with such a purpose. It would not be good in the first place for him that he should think that his wife had been an offender. His future happiness must depend on his fixed belief in her purity and truth. And, as for her,—Lady Grant was sure that no entreaties would induce her to own that she had been in the wrong. She desired to have no pardon asked, but would certainly ask for no pardon on her own behalf.

"Why was it that he came, then, to my house?" asked Mr. Western.

"Am I, or rather is she, to account for the conduct of such a man as that? Are you to make her responsible for his behaviour?"

"She was engaged to him."

"Undoubtedly. It should have been told to you,—though I can understand the reasons which kept her silent from day to day. The time will come when you will understand it also, and know, as I do, how gracious and how feminine has been her silence." Then there came across her brother's face a look of doubt as indicating his feeling that nothing could have justified her silence. "Yes, George; the time will come that you will understand her altogether although you are far from doing so now."

"I believe you think her to be perfect," said he.

"Hardly perfect, because she is a human being. But although I know her virtues I have not known her faults. It may be that she is too proud,—a little unwilling, perhaps, to bend. Most women will bend whether they be in fault or not. But would you wish your wife to do so?"

"I, at any rate, have not asked her."

"You, at any rate, have not given her the opportunity. My accusation against you is, that you sent her away from you on an accusation made solely by that man, and without waiting to hear from herself whether she would plead guilty to it."

"I deny it."

"Yes; I hear your denial. But you will have to acknowledge it, at any rate to yourself, before you can ever hope to be a happy man."

"When he wrote to me, I believed the whole story to be a lie from first to last."

"And when you found that it was not all a lie, then it became to you a gospel throughout. You could not understand that the very faults which had induced her to break her engagement were of a nature to make him tell his story untruly."

"When she acknowledged herself to have been engaged to him it nearly broke my heart."

"Just so. And with your heart broken you would not sift the truth. She had committed no offence against you in engaging herself."

"She should have told me as soon as we knew each other."

"She should have told you before she accepted your offer. But she had been deterred from doing so by your own revelation to her. You cannot believe that she intended you always to be in the dark. You cannot imagine that she had expected that you should never hear of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine."

"I do not know."

"I had heard it, and she knew that I had heard it."

"Why did you not tell me, then?"

"Do you suppose that I wished to interfere between you and your wife? Of course I told her that you ought to know. Of course I told her that you ought to have known it already. But she excused herself,—with great sorrow. Things had presented themselves in such a way that the desired opportunity of telling you had never come." He shook his head. "I tell you that it was so, and you are bound to believe it of one of whom in all other respects you had thought well; of one who loved you with the fondest devotion. Instead of that there came this man with his insidious falsehoods, with his implied lies; this man, of whom you have always thought so badly;—and him you believed instead! I tell you that you can justify yourself before no human being. You were not entitled to repudiate your wife for such offence as she had committed, you are not entitled even had there been no mutual affection to bind you together. How much less so in your present condition,—and in hers. People will only excuse you by saying that you were mad. And now in order to put yourself right, you expect that she shall come forward, and own herself to have been the cause of this break. I tell you that she will not do it. I would not even ask her to do it;—not for her sake, nor for your own."

"I am then to go," said he, "and grovel in the dust before her feet."

"There need be no grovelling. There need be no confessions."

"How then?"

"Go to Exeter, and simply take her. Disregard what all the world may say for the sake of her happiness and for your own. She will make no stipulation. She will simply throw herself into your arms with unaffected love. Do not let her have to undergo the suffering of bringing forth your child without the comfort of knowing that you are near to her." Then she left him to think in solitude over the words she had spoken to him.

He did think of them. But he found it to be impossible to put absolute faith in them. It was not that he thought that his sister was deceiving him, that he distrusted her who had taken this long journey at great personal trouble altogether on his behalf; but that he could not bring himself to believe that he himself had been so cruel as to reject his young wife without adequate cause. It had gradually come across his mind that he had been most cruel, most unjust,—if he had done so; and to this judgment, passed by himself on himself, he would not submit. In concealing her engagement she had been very wrong, but it must be that she had concealed more than her engagement. And to have been engaged to such a man added much to the fault in his estimation. He would not acknowledge that she had been deceived as to the man's character, and had set herself right before it was too late. Why had the man come to his house and asked for him,—after what had passed between them,—if not in compliance with some understanding between him and her? But yet he would take her back if she would confess her fault and beg his pardon,—for then he would be saved the disgrace of having to acknowledge that he had been in fault from the first.

His sister left him alone without saying a word on the subject for twenty-four hours, and then again attacked him. "George," she said, "I must go back to-morrow. I have left my children all alone and cannot stay longer away from them."

"Must you go to-morrow?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes. Had not the matter been one of almost more than life and death I should not have come. Am I to return and feel that my journey has been for nothing?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Return with me, and go at once to Exeter."

He almost tore his hair in his agony as he walked about the room before he replied to her. But she remained silent, watching him. "You must leave me here till I think about it."

"Then I might as well not have come at all," she said.

He moved about the room in an agony of spirit. He knew it to be essential to his future happiness in life that he should be the master in his own house. And he felt that he could not be so unless he should be known to have been right in this terrible misfortune with which their married life had been commenced. There was no obliterating it, no forgetting it, no ignoring it. He had in his passion gone away from her, and, passionately, she had withdrawn. Let them not say a word about it, there would still have been this terrible event in both their memories. And for himself he knew that unless it could be settled from the first that he had acted with justice, his life would be intolerable to him. He was a man, and it behoved

him to have been just. She was a woman, and the feeling of having had to be forgiven would not be so severe with her. She, when taken a second time into grace and pardoned, might still rejoice and be happy. But for himself, he reminded himself over and over again that he was a man, and assured himself that he could never lift up his head were he by his silence to admit that he had been in the wrong.

But still his mind was changed,—was altogether changed by the coming of his sister. Till she had come all had been a blank with him, in which no light had been possible. He could see no life before him but one in which he should be constantly condemned by his fellow-men because of his cruelty to his young wife. Men would not stop to ask whether he had been right or wrong, but would declare him at any rate to have been stern and cruel. And then he had been torn to the heart by his memory of those passages of love which had been so sweet to him. He had married her to be the joy of his life, and she had become so to his entire satisfaction when in his passion he had sent her away. He already knew that he had made a great mistake. Angry as he had been, he should not have thus sought to avenge himself. He should have known himself better than to think that because she had been in fault he could therefore live without her. He had owned to himself, when his sister had come to him, that he must use her services in getting his wife once again. Was she not the one human being that suited him at all points? But still,—but still his honour must be saved. If she in truth desired to come back to him, she would not hesitate to own that she had been in fault.

"What am I to say to her? What message will you send to her? You will hardly let me go back without some word." This was said to him by his sister as he walked about the room in his misery. What message could he send? He desired to return himself, and was willing to do so at a moment's notice if only he could be assured that if he did so she would as a wife do her duty by owning that she had been in the wrong. How should he live with a wife who would always be asserting to herself, and able to assert to him, that in this extremity of their trouble he had been the cause of it,—not that she would so assert it aloud, but that the power of doing so would be always present to her and to him? And yet he was resolved to return, and if he allowed his sister to go back without him never would there come so fair an opportunity again. "I have done my duty by you," said his sister.

"Yes, yes. I need hardly tell you that I am grateful to you."

"And now do your duty by her."

"If she will write to me one line to beg me to come I will do so."

"You have absolutely driven her away from you, and left her abruptly, so that she should have no opportunity of imploring you to spare her. And now you expect that she should do so?"

"Yes;—if she were wrong. By your own showing she was the first to sin against me."

"You do not know the nature of a woman, and especially you do not know hers. I have nothing further to say. I shall leave this by the early train to-morrow morning, and you can go with me or let me go alone as you please. I have said what I came to say, and if I have said it without effect it will only show me how hard a man's heart may become by living in the world." Then she left him alone and went her way.

He took his hat and escaped from the Hotel and walked along the Elbe all alone. He went far down the river, and did not return for many hours. At first his thoughts were full of anger against his sister, though he acknowledged that she had taken great trouble in coming there on a mission intended to be beneficent to them both. With the view solely of doing her duty to her brother and to her sister-in-law, she had taken infinite trouble. Yet he was very angry with her. Being a woman she had most unjustly taken the part of another woman against him. Cecilia would have suffered but little in having been forced to acknowledge her great sin. But he would suffer greatly,—he who had sinned not at all,—by the tacit confession which he would be thus compelled to make. It was true that it was necessary that he should return. The happiness of them all, including that unborn child, required it. His sister, knowing this, demanded that he should sacrifice himself in order that his wife might be indulged in her pride. And yet he knew that he must do it. Though he might go to her in silence, and in silence renew his married life, he would by so doing confess that he had been wrong. To such confession he should not be driven. In the very gall of bitterness, and with the sense of injustice strong upon him, he did resolve that he would return to England with his sister. But having so resolved, with his wrath hot

[illegible] Lady Grant, his mind gradually turned to Cecilia and her condition. How sweet would it be to have her once again sitting at his table, once again leaning on his arm, once again looking up into his face with almost comical doubt, seeking to find in his eyes what answer he would best like her to make when referring to her for some decision. "It is your opinion that I want," he would say. "Ah! but if I only knew yours I should be so much better able to have one of my own." Then there would come a look over her face which almost maddened him when he thought that he should never see it again. It was the idea that she who could so look at him should have looked with the same smile into the face of that other man which had driven him to fury;—that she should have so looked in those very days in which she had gazed into his own.

Could it be that though she had been [illegible] to the man she had never taken delight in so gazing at him? That [illegible] whom he had thought to make his wife, and [illegible] had so openly filled him, had never understood him as Cecilia had done,—had never looked at him as Cecilia had looked. But he after he had been so treated,—happily so treated,—had certainly never desired ever to see the girl. But the wife of his, who was possessed of all the charms which a woman could own, of whom he acknowledged to himself day after day that she was, as regarded his taste, peerless and unequalled, she after breaking from that man, that man unworthy to be called a gentleman, still continued to hold intercourse with him! Was it not clear that she had still remained on terms of intimacy with him?

His walk along the Elbe was very bitter, but yet he determined to return to England with his sister.

THE GRACE OF CHRIST A LAW OF CONDUCT.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (Birmingham).

THERE is nothing so contagious as a great example. Christian morals have their root and inspiration in Christ Himself rather than in His isolated precepts. In every age men have been caught in the glorious and mighty currents of His infinite love for the human race, and have been swept away from the narrow interests of their personal life into the ocean of a boundless charity. The words of Tiburzio to Luria in Robert Browning's noble poem—words in which the Pisan general describes the worth to a nation of a man of heroic goodness—illustrate the philosophy of Christian morals:—

> "A single life is the attempt of many
> [illegible] to the completer life of one;
> [illegible]
> [illegible] value than beyond
> [illegible] and such a [illegible]
> [illegible] a nation
> [illegible] opposite we are."

For eighteen hundred years the Christian Church has found its unity, its vigour, all its hope and all its glory, in "the attempt of many to rise to the completer life," of Him who revealed at once the righteousness and love of God, and the true ideal of human perfection.

Men need not wonder that we care so much for the great truth that Christ was the eternal Son of God, who at the impulse of an infinite love descended from Divine heights to the infirmities and sorrows and temptations of the common life of mankind. There are great religious reasons which invest this truth with infinite importance; but it also lies at the foundation of Christian morals. Let the descent of Christ from His eternal throne for our sakes be denied, doubted, forgotten, and the world loses the springs of a moral inspiration which renders possible the most generous forms of goodness. For what we all need is, not merely a clear knowledge of duty, but that vigour of moral purpose, that intensity of moral enthusiasm, which will not merely enable us to master temptations to indolence and selfishness, but which will raise us to lofty moral levels where these temptations will not be able to assault us.

The story of one man's heroism makes a thousand heroes. The story of the grace of Christ who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich, has filled the heart of Christendom with floods of compassion for human want and pain and misery. It has built thousands of hospitals for the sick, thousands of asylums for the aged, for orphans, for those who have been suffering from every description of misfortune and desolation. It has constrained millions of unknown men and women who were poor:

themselves to become still poorer, in order to relieve the greater wretchedness of others. If ever I lose heart when I think of the magnitude of the claims of the friendless, the desolate, the oppressed, on the help and service of those who are happier than themselves—if I begin to fear that men will be too selfish to discharge obligations so immense, and demanding such enormous self-sacrifice—my courage returns when I think of Christ. I know that the story of His grace will continue to inspire the hearts of men through future centuries, as it has inspired them in centuries gone by. I see that, notwithstanding the intellectual confusions by which we are environed, it is exerting a greater power on the moral life of the race at the present moment than it has ever exerted before. I believe that the will of God which received so noble an expression in the incarnation, the miracles, the sufferings, and the death of Christ will at last be done on earth even as it is done in heaven.

The grace of Christ is to be a law of Christian conduct. Grace transcends love. For in loving others we may be only meeting their claims upon us; and grace passes beyond all claims. It does more than fulfil the law. It accepts sacrifices which the law could not impose; it confers benefits which the law could not award.

Paul, after his manner, made the grace of Christ a reason for Christian generosity. The Christians in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood were suffering from great poverty; and he asked the Churches in remote heathen cities to contribute towards their relief. Although the Jewish Christians had not shown a brotherly spirit to himself or to those whom he had converted from heathenism, he might have obtained help for them by appealing to the common human sympathies of his Gentile converts. The sense of Christian brotherhood, affectionate veneration for the Church of Jerusalem, many of the members of which had been the personal friends of the Lord Jesus Christ, might have strengthened natural pity for human suffering, and led the converts to the Christian faith at Corinth and elsewhere to respond to his appeal. But to give fire and energy to their generosity, he reminded them of the most glorious and sublime manifestation of the Divine love for the human race. Christ was rich and for our sakes became poor. The infinite grace revealed in the incarnation is to be revealed in Christian conduct. The mind that was in Christ is to be in us; and therefore the Christians at Corinth were to send money to relieve their Christian brethren in Jerusalem and Judæa. They were to suffer loss that they might serve others.

We have better wealth—all of us—than money; and the voluntary poverty of Christ for our sakes is to have far more important effects on character and conduct than the creation of a disposition to give money for the relief of poverty and suffering. There is a selfishness of a more subtle kind than that which makes us keep a tight hand on our silver and gold. The giving of money may be the discipline of a loftier kind of generosity; but in some cases it seems to be made a substitute for the nobler service. It was not mere money that Christ gave when He became poor to enrich the human race; and if the power of His example and His spirit rests upon us we shall give, and give freely, what we value infinitely more than money. It is a law of the Christian life that we should impoverish ourselves in many ways to enrich other men.

What, then, is our wealth—the wealth we care for most?

There are some to whom the refined and gracious habits of a cultivated life are far more precious than gold. They were fortunate in being born of intelligent and gentle parents. They received an education which not only informed and disciplined their mind, but which preserved and confirmed the traditions of their home. They are offended and pained by coarseness of nature and roughness of speech, as the ear of a musician is offended and pained by a voice out of tune, or the eye of a painter by bad drawing and harsh contrasts of colour. The delicacy, purity, and refinement of nature which came to them by the felicity of their birth and early training are not to be bought with money, and are not always transmitted with inherited wealth. Rich men may purchase luxury and splendour, and may fill their houses with the beautiful creations of art; but that nameless, indefinable grace of which I am speaking is not sold in any market, and those who possess it are conscious of its absence in the vulgar rich as well as in the vulgar poor. It is a distinction which, if they could, they would not sell for all "the wealth of Ormuzd or of Ind." How are they to make the grace of Christ a law of conduct?

I have known educated and refined Christian women who have made friends, not merely of the gentle poor, but of those who had been born in rough homes, who had

been always surrounded by rough people, and who, not by their fault but by their misfortune, were rough themselves. It would have been much pleasanter to these Christian women to spend all their leisure with people of another kind. To men and women of refined nature, living in refined homes, the wealth of life consists largely in the advantage and happiness of congenial society. There is a loss of enjoyment, and of something more than enjoyment, in intimate association with persons whose minds have never been cultivated, whose moral tastes are coarse, whose manners are ungentle. And it is one of the most beautiful and effective ways of imitating Christ to accept this voluntary poverty for His sake, to part with the wealth which we most value for the sake of enriching those who are wholly destitute of it.

It seems to be thought that rough uncultivated men and women, if only they want to do good, are likely to be of more service than the refined and educated to people who are coarse and ignorant. Thank God, it is possible for everybody that really cares for others to do them good; and it is wonderful how much good may be done by those whose knowledge is very small, whose powers are very limited, and whose education has been altogether neglected. But those who have been more fortunate have within their reach an exceptional kind of service. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Societies have been formed in several parts of England for diffusing a delight in beauty among those whose lives are environed by unlovely conditions. They give concerts of good music in the poorer parts of great towns; they cover with pleasant decoration the bare and hideous walls of school-rooms, and mission-rooms, and private houses; they send bright flowers for people living in close and gloomy courts to put on their window-sills. The Kyrle Societies seem to me to be doing a very kindly service. But the noblest works of art are not in marble or on canvas; the loveliest music is not heard at concerts or the Opera; and there is something fairer than any flower that ever blossomed under southern skies. In a cultivated, refined, and gracious man or woman there is a charm, a spell, a beauty of a diviner order. Take the brightness, the music, the perfume of your gentle and delicate life into the homes of people who are coarse in their habits, and whose words are rude; sit down with them as a brother or a sister; talk to them, remembering that they, too, are God's children, that perhaps they are trying to do His will as far as they know it, and that at last He may receive them home with words of welcome and joy. To them your life is a song, let them listen to it; a poem, let them read it; a picture, let them see its form and colour; a flower, for a little time let the brightness and the sweetness of it be theirs. Make your visit to them as charming as possible. Let me ask the ladies who may read these pages not to put on their plainest and shabbiest dresses when they go into their "districts." If the weather is fine wear a pretty dress, a dainty bonnet, and gloves of which you would not be ashamed when you visit your friends. If you must wear out dresses which are a little dingy let them be worn when at the houses of rich people, who see bright pretty things every day. Be courteous to the poor, and make your visit delightful to them.

It is not always pleasant work. You will have to breathe an ungenial atmosphere; and as the plants when transferred from your gardens and green-houses to the narrow street and the close court, where the air is foul with smoke, are conscious that their very life is touched, so you with your delicate ways will be conscious of a certain pain and loss. But how are these brothers and sisters of ours to be led to higher levels of life except by service of this kind? And the service will lead you into a deeper knowledge of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. A morning spent among the poor and the miserable will sometimes teach you more about Christ than many mornings spent in church—will give you a clearer, closer vision of His love for us, and will enable you to trust in His love with a firmer and happier confidence.

There is another way in which many of us may fulfil the law of Christ. Whether we are rich or poor, cultivated or uncultivated, our pleasant friends are among our most precious wealth. I mean the friends who exhilarate us, increase our courage, reinforce our strength when we are tired of life, and soothe and quiet us when we are restless and agitated. Most of us know people of a different sort; people who, not intentionally, but under the influence of some evil fate, always remember the things which it would be pleasant to forget, and always speak of the things about which we wish they would be silent; people who have a talent for misery—who are miserable themselves and make other people miserable; who when the sun is rising and filling the east with the fresh

pure light of the dawn look westwards, where the heavy clouds of night are still hanging in funereal gloom, and who when the west is burning with the gorgeous splendours of sunset look eastwards where the grey twilight is ascending like the shadowy ghost of the departed day. They always walk on the shady side of the street. Their life is an arctic winter without even an arctic summer, for when they have had six months of darkness at the north pole, instead of taking the six months of pale sunlight which follow, they escape to the south pole to get another six months of darkness there.

We must carry our own light and fire into their darkness and cold. People of this kind are to be found among those who have wealth as well as among those who have none; wherever they are found they are really the most destitute and miserable of mankind. But perhaps the destitute and miserable rich are the more pitiable. They have luxurious dinners, but their intellect and heart are starved; they have company at their table, but they are without friends; they have music about them, but no music in their hearts; pictures on their walls, but they have no forms of beauty in their fancy, no golden splendour, no romance, no mystery, no grace.

They are in want of something that it is harder to give them than money, of something that is more rare even in the worst times, of something that we are more reluctant to part with. There must be a real impoverishment of ourselves if we are to enrich them. We must lose part of our own vital force if we are to endure, even for a little while, the chill and the gloom in which they are always living; we must burn up some of the fuel which might keep ourselves warm to give them warmth; we must be fretted by their fretfulness, and depressed by their depression. There is a conscious loss of life when we are in contact with them. Virtue goes out of us at their touch. To be with them for an hour involves a lowering of our intellectual and moral temperature. But to submit to this loss in order to cheer and to animate them, is to accept the grace of Christ as a law of conduct.

We must impoverish ourselves in other ways if we are to imitate our Lord. To some people—and the number increases every year—delight in intellectual pursuits, in science, in art, in literature, is one of the most precious of all kinds of wealth. An additional five per cent. on their investments gives some men less happiness than the effort to master some new department of science; a diamond necklace gives some women less happiness than a new and noble poem. I sometimes wonder whether intellectual covetousness will be as unfriendly to zeal in the public service and in the work which, by way of distinction, we call religious, as covetousness of a baser sort. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Covetousness of all kinds is idolatry. Some men who have to pay a very light income-tax are in just as much danger from their "riches" as men who have to return their income in five figures. Even those of us who are far enough from having anything that can be described as intellectual wealth are not safe.

I should like to illustrate this danger; but in a kindly notice of a volume which I published a year or two ago, the writer complained that my illustrations were "provincial." The complaint was a just one. Human life, as I know it, is the life of Birmingham manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen, and of Birmingham working-people who work in iron, and brass, and tin, who make pens, and guns, and jewellery, hardware of all sorts, and beautiful things in silver and gold. When I think of human life I think of it in the forms which it assumes among the people with whom I have lived for more than thirty years. I think of the troubles and temptations which come to them in their trade, and of their keen interest in public affairs. And if I am to illustrate the dangers of intellectual covetousness I cannot illustrate them from the life of literary or fashionable people in London, or from the life of ladies and gentlemen living in pleasant country houses. I must take the material which lies under my hand. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

For a man who has a keen delight in literature, and who can snatch only an hour or two now and then for reading, it is not a pleasant thing on a winter's evening, when he happens to be at leisure, and when he might have two or three hours of perfect happiness with a poet, with an historian, with some master of philosophy, or with some charming essayist—it is not, I say, a pleasant thing for him to leave his warm room and his books, and to walk a mile or two through the damp and cold, to be present at a meeting of the "eight hundred," or to speak for a municipal candidate in a noisy Ward meeting, or to attend a Ward committee. It is not a pleasant thing for such a man to give a couple of hours to a hospital meeting in the morning, or two or three hours to a

meeting of the School Board in the afternoon, knowing that after dinner he will be obliged to work off the business letters of the day, instead of being free to read some delightful book on the history of Art. For a Sunday-school teacher to give up an evening every week for the preparation of his lessons instead of attending a class in some science in which he is interested, for the conductor of a Band of Hope to make a similar sacrifice, requires a real and vigorous moral effort.

In the case of hundreds and thousands of us, in every part of the country, one public claim after another interferes with intellectual cultivation. We miss the opportunity of adding to our knowledge; we lose what we once knew. We are humbled when we are with men and women who have not been called to the service which we have endeavoured to render to others, or who have declined it, and who have been able to accumulate an intellectual wealth, which is in vivid contrast to our own poverty. Perhaps we think that our native powers were not inferior to theirs, that we had an equal passion for intellectual achievement, and are capable of an equal industry. If it happens that they assume airs of superiority, it is hardly possible for us not to resent the assumption, although in our better moments we are conscious that their superiority is indisputable, and that their intellectual resources are really larger and more varied than our own. But that is a noble poverty which comes upon men as the result of the free and voluntary service which they have rendered to the ignorant, the suffering, and the wretched—to their town, to their country, and to the Christian Church. It involves no disgrace. The poverty is real; there is folly in the refusal to recognise it; but it is a poverty which brings us into closer fellowship with Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich.

I do not mean that young men and women should let the golden years of youth slip by without a serious attempt to carry on the studies which were only begun at school, and to acquire some knowledge of the glorious literature which is the noble inheritance of all Englishmen. For the sake of doing more effective work in future years, as well as for the sake of their own intellectual cultivation, they ought to avail themselves of those means of intellectual improvement which are within their reach. But there is a point—every one must determine it for himself—at which the claims of our own intellect must give place to the claims of human want and misery. We must consent to be intellectually impoverished ourselves for the sake of increasing the wealth of other men.

The law extends to a still higher province of human life. It requires us to sacrifice religious advantages for the sake of others. There may be a certain selfishness in the hunger for religious knowledge and religious enjoyment, as well as in the cultivation of the intellect, in the pursuit of social pleasures, and in dealing with money. Whatever may be said about the worthlessness of sermons, and the dulness of public worship, there are large numbers of people who listen to preaching with keen interest, and to whom the sermons and worship of Sunday are the strength and joy of life. But their true place on Sunday may not always be at church, but at the bedside of a parent, a child, a friend, a man that works with them in the same warehouse, or a neighbour living in the same street. If they make the grace of Christ the law of conduct they may have to watch by the sick when they would like to be worshipping God. Or, perhaps, their true place is with some aged person, weary of the monotony of living week after week in the same room, and weary of almost unbroken solitude; or, perhaps, with husbands, brothers, wives, of whom they can see little during the week, who will not come with them to worship, whose affection they are losing and whose happiness they are marring, while enriching their own religious life. Every one must judge for himself.

Or perhaps they could give more to others by mission work, or school work, on Sunday evenings than they could gain for themselves by listening to sermons and joining in prayer and song. The work involves a real loss to those who engage in it—a loss of religious knowledge and of the religious refreshment which would make life easier and brighter. But if the sacrifice is made under the inspiration of a desire to serve others, it is a part of that imitation of Christ which is the law of the Christian life.

Of the more heroic forms in which the law is illustrated—of the courage and self-devotion of those who, at the impulse of love for Christ and mankind, leave home and country and friends, the refinements and the intellectual excitements of civilised life, the noble virtues and the sacred purity of Christian society, in order to live among heathen and barbarous people, I will say nothing. They have heard a diviner voice than mine,

and they know the secret of the voluntary poverty of Christ as I cannot know it. But to the imitation of Christ all Christian people are called; and in all human conditions it is possible to translate into conduct the law of Christian perfection. It is not merely in the virtues of His human life—this is the point of my paper—that Christ is our example. According to the measures of our strength we are to imitate the infinite grace which, for our sake, brought Him from heights of divine majesty to the weakness, the poverty, and the suffering which had become the inheritance of the human race. In His incarnation He has given us an example that we should walk in His steps.

A SONG OF OLD AGE.

By Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SING me a song of old age,
When the blood no longer is boiling,
When heaviness drags the limbs,
And the arm is wearied with toiling.

Not to the blare of the trump,
Loud wars, and masterful slaughters;
But sing me a song of sweet peace,
To the hum of low-murmuring waters.

Sing me a song where I sit,
Where the breath of summer is blowing,
And, dappled with vegetive gold,
The soft, green grass is growing

Sing me a song on the skirt
Of the brown far-stretching mountain,
Where the birch-tree droops
O'er the trickling grace of the fountain–

Where roses, the white and the red,
Like happy sisters together,
Ramble up hill and down dale,
And spread their smiles to the weather.

Sing me a song of old age,
Not wildly and wantonly sweeping
Over the limits of sense,
With proud self-confident leaping;

Not in a thunder-car
With Jove's red lightning flaring,
Measuring measureless space
With thoughts that revel in daring.

But sing me a song like the brook
That through the green lea wanders
From grassy bend to bend,
With lightly twined meanders—

A song of homeliest things,
Familiar, fond, and common—
Wild flowers, eyes of children,
And smiles of gracious woman!—

Things that gently slide,
In hours of happy musing,
Into the home of thought
Without the pain of choosing.

Sing of the time when men
Looked forth on the young creation,
Young and fresh with wonder, and love,
And strong veneration;

Feeling the might of the gods
That with glory and terror confound us.
Weaving a mystical chain
Of sleepless miracles round us;

Stirring our hearts with thoughts
That kinship claim with the Highest,
Laying us low with a word
When the voice goes forth—*Thou diest!*

Sing me a song of the time
When hymns and songs were the teachers,
And sun, and moon, and stars
Were God's own bright-eyed preachers.

Better to worship the spheres
As they wheel their courses benignly,
Than nothing in nature to own
That works with wisdom divinely.

Better to worship the streams
With bounty exuberant flowing,
Than toil in a blind machine
Nor love nor liberty knowing.

Sing me a song of repose
That delights in worship and wonder,
Feeling a God in the bloom
Of the flower, and the roll of the thunder.

Sing me a song of the sabbath
When the cares of the hour are [illegible]
And toil-worn mortals bright feast
Of hope for the future are keepin[illegible]

A song of the general Church,
Where rich and poor together
Pray 'neath a gilded dome,
Or [illegible] of the purple heather

Then to heavenly and
[illegible] the peaceful families gather,
Chanting with one the throne
Of the good old-bountiful Father

Name of honey memory
That stands on the roll of the ages
Warriors, kings, and statesmen,
Poets, and prophets, and [illegible]
XXIII-

Men, the leaders of men,
The wise, the valiant-hearted,
Who marched in glory through life,
And in trails of glory departed.

These I would have while I live
For guidance and fellowship near me;
Hence when I die with words
O, proverbed wisdom to cheer me!

Give me truth, give me, dear God!
Not power, nor honour, nor pleasure,
Nor plenty and splendour of life,
That dazzles for hour and [illegible]

But give me the words of the wise,
And the deeds of earth's heroic [illegible]
That were for a song and a cheer
[illegible]

JOHN HUNTER OF CRAIGCRIOK.

With further Extracts from his Diary.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

OUR former extracts from Mr. Hunter's diary told comparatively little about the man himself, having chiefly to do with his friends Carlyle and Leigh Hunt, in whose presence of course the quiet Edinburgh writer to the Signet was a good deal overshadowed. Yet it would be hardly fair to show him only in this light, or rather in this shadow, as if he were only notable in virtue of the sort of company he kept. Therefore it seems right to dip again into those slim little volumes, and see if we cannot get a somewhat clearer idea of one who was certainly worth knowing for his own sake. It is true that he never "came to the footlights" on any kind of public stage; the more's the pity, for we have met with almost no one, in our day, who had more largely that gift of real wisdom. Wit, humour, poetic sensibility, and fine culture were his; but above all he was wise with a serene and lofty wisdom, not the mere worldly kind, though he could handle the world's affairs too shrewdly enough, but that higher wisdom whose judgment in all matters, whether practical or spiritual, was felt by some of us to be like an unerring divine instinct. Therefore men of all kinds, in all sorts of troubles, took counsel with him, and when they differed from him, had commonly a presentiment that they would turn out to be wrong.

Perhaps it was owing to this wisdom, but I used rather to think that it was owing to the extreme culture which had made him over-nice and fastidious, and so balanced all his powers as to result in *pulcra inertia*, but whatever the reason was, he never could be persuaded to set down in writing what flowed so richly from his lips. Except a slim little volume of sonnets, and these mostly belonging to his earlier years, he printed nothing, and even that he never published. A few chosen friends got copies of it, with strict injunction to let it go no farther, and commonly a joke that sonnets were the product of mental congestion, profitable only for the relief they gave the sufferer. We give a sample of these, though certainly it does not indicate what manner of man he was, nor perhaps was verse his natural utterance, much as he loved poetry, and fine as were his perceptions alike of its music and beauty.

WILLIAM TELL.

A mighty mind, yet [illegible]
[illegible]
And nurs[illegible]
The pa[illegible]
And [illegible]
I [illegible]
[illegible]
As I [illegible]
[illegible]
With [illegible]
Where [illegible]
And whose [illegible]
Where from what [illegible]
Such W[illegible]

It was in the [illegible] and [illegible]
cism, however, that [illegible] to
[illegible] anything [illegible], for he had
read largely and thought [illegible] on the
subjects, and was a [illegible] power in
the literary circles [illegible] in the
history of the literary [illegible] of the Scottish
capital during this [illegible] be written—
[illegible] a problem [illegible] is partly
small, it will deserve [illegible]. John
Hunter's name will [illegible] a
place in it. Jeffrey, Cockburn, and Wilson
belong to the [illegible] of Scott; but
if that which formed [illegible] only the
gleanings of a [illegible] harvest was
already [illegible] reaped, yet [illegible] things
worth preserving, as they [illegible] a
[illegible] of the [illegible] of the [illegible] tower
of Craigcrook under the [illegible], as in
Jeffrey's days, drew [illegible] and wisdom
to the [illegible]. Thereto [illegible] Dr John Brown
—[illegible] "Rab," [illegible] a rare [illegible] are all
dear to Scotland, if [illegible] delicate and
dainty humour will [illegible] on the
[illegible] of a grave [illegible] where lay many
treasures of precious [illegible]. He has passed
away, the one "[illegible] particular star" of
Scottish literature [illegible] a star which of
late years was often [illegible] but now for
us at least it is dimmer than [illegible] dark alas,
for ever. There, [illegible] often see the
grey-haired juvenile [illegible] Blackie,
beautiful to look [illegible] a Greek statue, and
might hear his [illegible] and brilliant
extravagance, and [illegible] audacities, which
always, however, [illegible] a kernel of good sense in
the heart of them. Long may he continue at
once to irritate an [illegible] the nation which
he loves so well, and which is so proud of
him. There also [illegible] to know Alexander
Smith and Sydney Dobell and Gerald Massey—the young school of poets whom Aytoun

thought he had snuffed out with his clever "Firmillian." But Smitland Dobell, though they were still only in the simile-and-metaphor stage of poetry, ransacking the universe for the prettiest flowers with which to adorn their calico thinking, had that in them which would not have been easily snuffed out had time only been given them to let their roots get a firm grip of more earth. Aytoun himself was rarely, if ever, a visitor at Craigcrook, where the most effective rhetoric was not esteemed so highly as the most defective genius; and yet the author of "Ta Fairshon" had genius too of a kind. I do not know why, but it was not a great haunt of the artists who were then forming the Scottish school, though their work met with due appreciation there, and though they are as a class the most agreeable companions. But all the men of promise in philosophy and science—like Samuel Brown, and Edward Forbes, and Patrick Macdougal—and unhappily they one of them lived exactly to fulfil the splendid promise of their youth—found their way to Craigcrook, and had their genius duly recognised. And men of true genius they were, very one of them, though it was not given them to work out in detail the work so nobly planned, envious death cutting them down ere the bloom had come to fruit, taking the best and leaving only the poorest to tell what was in those days.

But enough of these memories, of which I was not a great part, for I only came in at the end when the play was about played out. Hunter's diary mentions only one other visit to London, and then he did not meet with Carlyle, but only with Hunt. I have searched through it carefully for any account of his various interviews with Charles Lamb, whose quaint oddities used to brighten many an after-dinner half-hour. But he had apparently kept no record of them, for they belonged, of course, to another period than this diary touches on; and I unfortunately took no notes at the time and cannot now trust the blurred pages of memory. The last meeting with Leigh Hunt of which any account is given was in February, 1842, and we may complete the series by giving it here.

"Weir and I set off to call on Hunt, who is now living at 32 or 33, Edwarde's Place, Kensington, in a small, but very nice, house living a pleasant prospect of green fields and trees from the front windows. I was agreeably disappointed to find his *ménage* so much improved in every way, and particularly in the air of cleanness and comfort which pervaded the dwelling" (Poor Hunt! it was general flowery and Eau-de-Cologne untidiness he lived among). "We were shown into his study, which is now carpeted and tolerably furnished. There are four small ranges of bookshelves neatly arranged, each crowned with a good bust or cast, and all filled with the most choice and readable books. Among others I noticed the Parnaso Italiano, Tasso, Ariosto, the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Horace Walpole's Correspondence' (got for 'reviewing,' however, as appears), Wordsworth, Shelley, Thomson, Shakespeare, Webster, Peele, several volumes of old French, Fabliaux, Marot, Spenser, Pepys, &c. His wife's bust of Shelley is set on a pedestal at one side of the centre range of shelves, and there is a female bust to answer on the other, though I know not of whom, and forgot to ask. There are also some goodish prints" (Hunter was a great print-collector, and rather a judge), "one of Correggio's Magdalen, and a wonderfully good lithograph of Raphael. After we had sat a few minutes, and so had an opportunity of congratulating ourselves on the improved aspect of his domesticities, he came in in a morning dress, looking somewhat pale from his recent indisposition, but, on the whole, much better and fresher that I had been prepared to expect. Indeed, his health is now almost quite restored, and he told me that he had fairly begun to write again, and that he could get on as well as ever. He received us with even more than his wonted cordiality, saying he had begun to fear (from my not having called when last in town) that I had altogether cast him, but that my face now told him that could never be the case. We sat down by the fire together and had a long and delightful chat of more than two hours, in which he displayed his wonted vivacity and graceful ease, rambling from theme to theme as casual associations led us forward, and adorning every thing he touched with some gleam of fancy, or subtle play of thought, and ever and anon bringing out with his peculiar power the hidden graces which lurk even in the most unpromising topics. I was very glad to hear from him that Macaulay, who lately reviewed his Lives of Wycherley, Vanburgh, Congreve, and Farquhar, had sought his acquaintance, and shown him the greatest kindness. He had, as Hunt candidly confessed, 'opened both his heart and his purse to him.' Among other friendly acts, he had introduced and recommended him to Napier (the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*), for whom accordingly Hunt has lately written several articles which have been well received, and the profits of which have relieved him from some very pressing difficulties. He mentioned two of the papers he has contributed to the review, neither of which, however, I have thoroughly read; viz. a review of 'Pepys's Diary,' and one of 'The Lives of the Colmans.' I had glanced over the former of them some time ago in the Signet Library, and told him that this was the first instance in which I had read over two sentences of his without detecting him. He accounted for this by saying he had been obliged, in deference to Napier, to throw off all his individualities, and assume the proper dignity and high judicial tone of an Edinburgh Reviewer. This he found at first excessively cumbrous and constraining, and more than once 'he leapt like a hand-wolf into his natural wildness,' and gave occasion for certain remonstrances from Napier, of which he gave me some amusing specimens. The latter, on one occasion, wrote Hunt as to write, saying it would be a great advantage if he would try to get 'a decent style,' which Hunt at first misinterpreted into an objection on the score of *morals*, which was altogether incomprehensible to him, unconscious as he was of the least slip of that sort; until he showed the letter to Macaulay, who burst into a long fit of laughter, and *explained*. I was delighted to find, in the course of our gossiping talk, that he concurred with me in thinking that Horace Walpole had been greatly underrated, both as to heart

and head, and that great injustice had been done to him by all his recent critics. In proof of his entire concurrence with my views on this subject, he presented me with a paper which he had written some time ago in a periodical work, since extinct (poor Hunt's periodicals had a trick of becoming extinct)—retiring first for a few minutes to put a very kind inscription on the paper, thus—'A bit of Leigh Hunt for one who has kind enough to like any effusion of his —dear John Hunter.' I forgot to say that he is still on the tenter-hooks about his play, which was long since accepted at Covent Garden, but the performance of which has been repeatedly postponed. He says he has written the latter part of it *four times* over, to meet their views; and the vexation and agony which the suspense he was kept in occasioned, and the difficulty of altering and tinkering were the true causes of his illness. It is quite certain that it must be acted now, as they have given him £100 to account."

Alas! the play which Carlyle praised, and Covent Garden accepted did not "astonish him by a prodigious success;" and friends like Macaulay had still to "open their hearts and their purses" to the unfortunate author.

As I have said, Hunter did not call on Carlyle at this time, nor does he personally appear any more in this diary. But there are repeated references to his works, some of which may be worth quoting by the way. During this very visit to London he writes:—

"Carlyle, they tell me, is now heartily at work on the English Revolution (Rebellion), and as was to be expected, making a god, or at least a Messiah, of Cromwell. It is certainly a pity he is so fond of the *strong* and the *hot in the mouth*, in comparison with the serene and the contemplative in human thought and character. But I have long thought and said that there is a grand defect in his mind as regards the imaginative power, and he is totally destitute of the sense of beauty, outward or inward. Hence his tendency to strong sentiments, his love of cayenne, his admiration and sympathy for the Mirabeaus, Mahomets, Dantes, in preference to the Wordsworths, Miltons, Shakespeares, not to mention a name which he is but too apt to profane by irreverent juxtapositions. The only thorough exception to this usual tendency of his is his worship of Goethe, who is certainly a plastic artist (and nothing else) and the antipodes of mere strength and power" (Hunter came to think somewhat differently of Goethe when he knew him better). "And I cannot help agreeing with Craik that Carlyle's early familiarity with the apostle (not to call him, as Carlyle does, the Messiah) of Germany has had a beneficial influence on his mind in some respects, by checking and keeping down his natural coarseness, and giving him glimpses at least of the higher realms of contemplative art than he might otherwise have attained. . . . . Carlyle is blind and deaf on one side of his head, the side that should be turned upwards for 'the music of the spheres.' His *will* is at once too powerful, and always in excited action, wholly unchecked by those influences from on high which reach and rule the soul through 'the shaping spirit of imagination.' Hence I have little or no confidence in his judgments—certainly none at all in his creed or system of opinion, if he can be said to have one. It is a pity, too, for he has a large mind, wide sympathies, strong and powerful sense, and a degree of charity and toleration which is altogether admirable, when one considers how much self-will and fierpassion had to be overcome before he attained i But his heart was always in the right place, and its ashing tides of warm and generous feeling overran nd sweetened and smoothed down the darker rritories into which his impetuosity and tyrannic strength of intellect had forced their way with thview of shaping out a home for the soul."

Aft the "Reminiscences" people may have teir doubts about this charity, but at any rae there was charity in Hunter's view of hin On returning home, led by I know not wat, he takes to reading the "Hero-worsh," and notes of it as follows:—

Jue 7th.—"I like it extremely. Like all his books is full of large views, and is suggestive of thoug to a wonderful degree. But, as usual, he is apt tae run away with by crotchets, and one has no confidnce in the soundness of his conclusions, either as regrds the characters of his idols, or the historic truth the events he endeavours to picture out."

Jue 9th.—"His talk of Dante is superb, though I thin exaggerated, and full of what he himself terms Byrnism. But he has no taste for a *calm* great soul at peae with God and himself; and (though he does not mture to say it) it is pretty clear to me that he rates dilton very low, and cannot palate his organic musand serene grandeur."

Jue 14th.—"I would like to know what Carlyle meas by *truth* in reference to religion. His definition it would seem to be 'whatever is truly believed by a uine and sincere man.' Hence he constantly spes of certain doctrines, and in fact I may say of the tian religion, according to the credenda or forms both of Catholics and Protestants, as *having been true*, though they have (he is pleased to say) now ased to be so, because not now believed; or at lt they have ceased to be true for those genuine me himself among the number) who do not now beve them. Agreeably to the same convenient rule, he makes Paganism, Odioism, Mahomedanm, all to *have been* true once."

Jne 17th.—"Finished 'Hero-worship.' It is certa a great work, and he says of Cromwell an Napoleon is extremely fine."

That would Hunter have thought had he livd to find that the great idol-worshipper w also the great idol-breaker of his age, and ha he looked on the loved forms of Wordsrth, Lamb, and almost every one he chiefly hnoured, thrown down from their pedestals, ad shattered in the dust? I fancy him rerently gathering up the fragments and caning away the dust, and assuredly not ptting Carlyle in their vacant niches.

A very considerable part of this diary is tken up with brief notes on the books that t was reading, and is therefore all the better tled to give us a good idea of the man himf, his views and his power of mind. There almost none of that self-searching, that ily feeling of the spiritual pulse, and regisation of its variations, which is so common religious diaries, and so generally wearisome. Hunter tells us what he is doing day by day, ad especially what he is reading, and what e thinks of it, but only now and then, at

distant intervals, how he is feeling. At this time also he is chiefly busy about pure literature, though afterwards, when I came to know him, one heard as much about Kant and Hamilton and Mansel as about Wordsworth or Shelley or Scott. He brightened up life of solid business habits by a border of chiefly poetic literature, to begin and to close each day with. It was not merely for pasme. His was no indolent reading just to fill up an idle hour and look like occupation, though it leave no result. It was critical, thoughful, and no book was ever laid down without a clear judgment of its contents and tes. Even when he took his holiday, it generally had its task of study, which made it all the happier to him at the time. "Olim meminesse juvabis," too; it was pleasant afterwds to recall the scenery and circumstance in which such a book was read. One summe I find he took Virgil with him to Hamilton and the falls of the Clyde and Bothwell Brig, ad Bothwell Castle, reading punctually his three or four hundred lines a day, passing over o difficulties, but patiently mastering a wrk which he had not glanced at since his college days. And it is thus that he notes the pleasant task day by day:—

August 9th, 1840.—"Spent the whole forenoon under the pear-tree reading the Æneid, of which I got through three hundred and fifty lines. I get on slowly, but I cannot be satisfied unless I know the precise force and import of every word and phras; and this makes me often linger a long time over one or two lines, when I find a difficulty that would not strike others at all. It used to be said of Kirkpatrick Burnett, Lord Monboddo's son-in-law (to whom my grandfather dedicated his edition of Virgil) that he would have liked the Æneid better had it been more full of difficulties—intimating that his only pleasure in the classics was *grammatical*, and consisted in looking out the meaning of anomalous expressions or devising new punctuations or readings. I cannot say that I have any pleasure of this kind. It torture me to come upon a passage that I cannot construe and though I would spend the whole day on it rather than be balked, I experience no triumph when I do satisfy myself, but on the contrary feel humiliated at the waste of time." *August 25th.*—"A decided rainy day; stayed in the house and read 400 lines of the sixth book of the Æneid, which is splendid and interesting. I find that all the great Italian poets—Ariosto, Petrarca, Tasso, even Borardo, and not excepting Dante himself—have borrowed much more from Virgil than I had been at all aware of when I read them. It is rather a curious inversion of the usual order of things that I should be beginning (I may certainly call it so) my classical reading only now after I have gone through most of the moderns, including, besides our own classics, the greater part of the Italian, and several of the Spanish poets, verse and prose. But this plan (though no plan at all, but an accident) I do not regret. I think it has made me enjoy both in a greater degree than I should otherwise have done."

At this time Hunter did not know German. He was past forty before he began the study of that language, and I rather think was led to it by an assertion of his friend Professor Blackie, that no man could ever learn a new tongue after that age. Learn it, however, he did, and that so as to thoroughly understand, and enjoy its noble literature. But in 1842 he resolved to get some acquaintance with Goethe by reading Miss Austin's translation of Falk's "Characteristics." It is interesting to see how gradually his idea of the great "Æsthetic Atheist," as he began by calling him, grew and deepened, as he read even this book with an open docile mind. Subsequently, when he had studied Faust and Egmont for himself, he came to have a profound sense of his great genius and universal insight. Not that his view of Goethe's *morale* or of his religious opinions ever materially changed. I remember him saying, after reading Lewes's Life of the poet, that it was the "biography of a great Heathen by another," and he thought that Goethe looked even harder in Lewes's pages than in Wilhelm Meister. But the more he knew of the man, the more amazed he was at the grasp of his thought, the wisdom of many of his sayings, and the exquisite music of his rhythm. Wordsworth might be oftener in his mouth, for, he said, he always left a pleasant taste there, with his sweet reflectiveness and touches of exquisite spiritual beauty. But he ever spoke of Goethe with a kind of awe, as a tremendous power whether for good or evil.

March 5th, 1842.—"'Read Falk's 'Characteristics of Goethe,' which go greatly to confirm the views I had recently formed regarding him. His atheism, as not uncommonly happens, has been pampered into a hot-bed of the wildest and most baseless hypotheses, or rather *fancies*, as to the progression of the universe and the future destinies of man, which may well raise a smile of pity from believers in the reasonable faith of Revelation." *March 7th.*—"The *genius* of Goethe becomes certainly more and more conspicuous; but I cannot sympathise with his worshippers, for I cannot help thinking their idol had little or no heart. Indeed, his great effort was to deaden it, and become a mere æsthetic machine to whom 'fiction and fact were alike.'" *March 10th.*—"Went on with Miss Austin's Goethe, which improves upon me, as *he* also does in some respects. He was certainly what the Germans call 'many-sided,' but I cannot think he had many *sympathies*. He seems, on the contrary, to have looked on human nature and human feelings purely with a view to their being turned to 'æsthetic' account, much as an anatomist might look on a living subject, when cutting it up, to watch the action of the nervous system."

There are no further notes on this work, and he seems, at this time, even to have turned with some feeling of relief to the "Lord of the Isles" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Afterwards, when he came

as know the poet better he would have come as a whole manifest even this last argument. Yet on the last it would have come good food as a surprise to read of such gentle and loving ways as he shewed to young Rose Mary Watkins. The Germans who know Goethe and are his devotees would surely find that out the smaller traits, but for the free blending of strength and tenderness in the character. I am half afraid that we have got Homer's manner feeds on account of those brief notes of his daily routine which those who did not know the man may readily be expected to find. Yet they are all that now remain to indicate what he was, and slight as each touch must be, they seem in their very brevity to enhance their value because of a large and noble whole.

Miss Cowper, considering the numerous memoirs on Wordsworth, that have appeared since the most passing reference to his name, and those valuable to one of his works. I would have given something for a careful estimate of the genius and of the personal charm and individuality that are left behind for the works still to study, I believe, have passed almost away from the world. When those who knew him from boyhood to manhood have left us, we must endeavour to understand Wordsworth by the writer who gave entirely unbiased to their daughter. But young Coleridge, and Shelley and Keats and Tennyson are more or less intimately related, except Keats are Wordsworth, whose fascinating poet, poet and dramatic poem in this form. I cannot therefore how it is, and I cannot but regret that it is so. But Professor Shairp seems to have given a most loving study of Wordsworth's poetry, and has done justice to further study of his poetry and critical insight and of deep interest.

There is only one point, I have found that in which I would like and I must have written myself. Those who know John Keble may appreciate to our readers somewhat of the world never have was gained for the world of religious feeling that so adorned the century. And it really appears for a discussion or a poet, and "full of feeling with the world," as "God and man" he must prove the answer to prove it a. Many of his poetic forms, his diary and correspondence in literature, and contain the sources in these valuable sources, but besides, all must a poet, for a poet, and he is the poet, and feel he be was God. In these poets, the Christian Seasons expressed the mind of the Apostle Church, who in run the Christian Church Christ lives, comes, and other preachers of a richer grace, and, and Hooker's Ecclesiastic and other humane studies had drawn him in some manner a good bit away from that creed. Not that he opposed it simply he ignored a deal of it, and found his the genius, or rather that it. But of course this connected him to many a manner of reference to him, and more nearly with the time to which we really belong. To mere passing acquaintance, therefore, he did not speak much, and he gave, I think, the best of his thoughts rather to, and grew closer to, them it. A man was particularly glad to be never been my lot to be with, strange, to take many a thing has would have so shocked the good, conventional party. Yet he soul was transformed to some wonderful new relation with the love of Christ; so when by the old enemies have understood naturally translated a new environment, they were suddenly gone from the world of his to that beautiful to the Christ. But the Apostles the spirit of the Divine Saviour. Christ meaning Jesus, a mystical but genuine conception resting. Every Sunday, I am the servants, and as a consequence of the and whether it was helpful to men. All and "commemorative seasons" in their and Lessons, associate all times and seasons we speak we have to "Christ, and nowhere" to us. It is quite plain to consider the Gospel of services of the Church, and notes. It is not all an event above, which we associate from Christ, pleasing and to Lord to whom we are we would, perhaps, have a better idea and a go.

Wise and wise, her whole phrase was be unable against the letter of speaking for and could be a kindly sense, but unfortunately conclusion. One day I said of a person of was practically using "sacred" language to a colleague speaking about a new "Christian to another thing." My dear old friend thought as I could, have known, but I why I was enabled to her many years of pleasant and close by our servant with a "a great great hope through grace." But she does not wonder that has been my own, and, indeed, when he goes to many and has been a great many other people strive daily to live in the gentle and patient, and more I to the frame of mind which would assuredly be seen now after they had passed from to hand-and of a friend, and expressed that as struggle of spirit." Very patient to earth. I do not think that this is to overcome frame of mind, and a Christian to daily life. One knows a different story, as the true Christian frame of mind that after death-beds and dark agonies into a trust

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The Encampment.

RAMBLES WITH THE ROMANY.

By IRVING MONTAGU, Author of "Men we Meet," etc. etc.

I WAS putting my palette on one side for the day, when a trifling circumstance took place which originated the production of these "Rambles with the Romany." It happened thus: amongst the many models who haunt the artist's studio may be quoted the Gipsy, and it was a visit from one of these, one Aaron Lee, and our subsequent conversation, which determined my finding my way to their haunts and making a few pen-and-pencil notes of the manners and customs of these unique people for GOOD WORDS.

It was just in the gloaming when Aaron called to know if I could give him or his father, who was with him, "a sittin' sometoimes." I was at first inclined to answer with the ordinary "No, thank you" and send them on their way desponding; but an idea struck me, so I asked them to come in and sit down, for which, I assured them, I would pay as liberally as if I had required them as models. Aaron's father, who was at least an octogenarian, seemed to entertain the same respect for his stalwart son that a broken-winded old charger might be supposed to do for a young hunter, so that while he, nothing loath to accept my invitation, drew up to the fire, his father took up his position in a dark corner, evidently looking upon his Romany kinsman as an oracle before whom it was only a fitting compliment to take a back seat.

"Do you get many sittings?" I said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, sir; we gets a many in the winter," responded Aaron, "when the gentlemen's a-painting; and in the summer and autumn, when the gentlemen's away, we travels too, with wans and tents and things, and pitches where they'll let us. They're getting wery particular about a Gipsy's pitch nowadays round about London; Notting Dale, Willesden, Wormwood Scrubs, and Kensal Green, all nice open places, is closed to us now."

"Then where could I find you should I want you for a sitting?"

"Ah, sir, that's the orkard part of it," said Aaron, and his old father chimed in, "Orkard, very orkard, sir." "You see we 'ain't got no fixed 'ome; but Mrs. Rumsey as keeps the general shop at Walham Green takes in all letters, and I goes there every day from the camp to see if she has any."

"Oh, you go from the *camp*, do you; and where's that?"

"On Chelsea Marshes, down by the river, at the back o' the gas-works. Our people 'll always be glad to see you any time as you care to come among us. A few screws of

The Royal Family.

bacca and a kind word goes a long way with the likes o' us."

I at once made up my mind I would smoke the calumet in Aaron's Kraal, and so after a very enjoyable half hour with my dusky companions, during which, like a decrepid mocking-bird, old Lee echoed everything his son said, I gave them a few shillings and sent them on their way, arranging to come down the following day to the encampment.

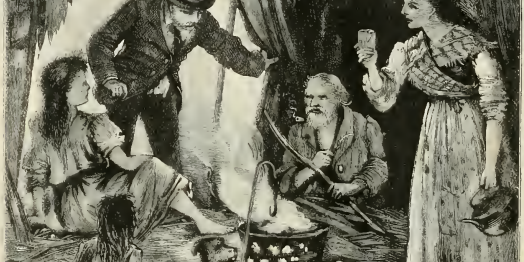
So much by way of introduction, and now to plunge *in medias res*, and give you my experiences amongst these wandering Arians, for such on the best authority they seem to be—having sprung from the lowest Indian caste, the Parias or Sudras, migrated to Egypt (from which they erroneously derive their name), and spread as they have, since those early times, all over the civilised globe.

Armed with a note-book, a pencil, and a plentiful supply of ammunition in the shape of screws of tobacco, not forgetting a pocketful of coppers for the little ones, I found myself the following morning circumventing Chelsea gas-works in quest of the marshes. Nor shall I easily forget the picturesque aspect of the camp which at some little distance lay spread out before me. The news of the approach of a Gorgio (an outsider) seemed to go like wildfire through the lines, for some two hundred and fifty men, women, and children came from their several hovels and eyed me with the same wonderment and curiosity with which I have before now been examined by these semi-savage tribes of Asia Minor, whose villages I have happened in some cases to have been the first European to enter. I think that it I except those occupying the first tent, who went on with their work as if nothing re-

markable had happened, the entire population had risen to receive and welcome me. To enter the camp I had to pass this first hovel, where an old man, with two sons, quite youngsters, and three strapping daughters were hard at work skewer-making. Paterfamilias fashioned the skewers with an odd crescent-shaped knife, while his children were busily engaged in tying up bundles of fifty.

"That's the Royal family, that is," said a rough, raw-boned Romany who, with several others, had now joined me—"at least that's all that's left of 'em."

Although the dignity of his Majesty prevented his rising, he at once asked me to come inside and warm myself by his fire, and told his children to squeeze up and make room for the Romany Rye. Liking my prompt acceptance of his hospitality, he dubbed me at once a Romany Rye (Gipsy-gentleman), and it was not long before we were quite old friends. His Majesty had not much of the outward seeming of a monarch of higher degree, and did not appear to inspire his people with any very great amount of awe; he was, however, a man of splendid Romany pedigree, and



Entering the Royal Tent.

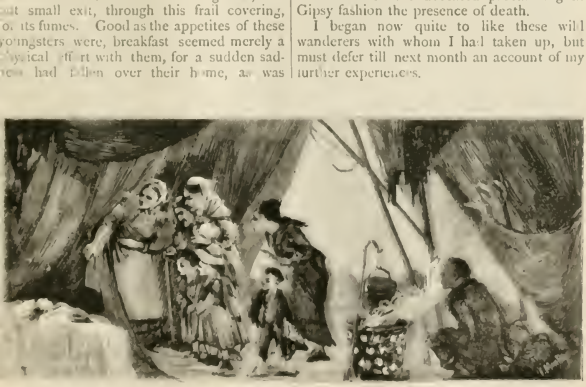
told me that although he had really dropped the title of king, that his mother, who died long years ago, was positively the last *bonâfide* Gipsy Queen, and that he was very proud of his royal descent; that his children too were princes and princesses, though nowadays the Gipsies were degenerating "quite rapid," and nobody called them so save himself, except in jest. Her Royal Highness (for I like to recognise her dignity) Princess Ada, a very charming girl of about eighteen summers, was binding bundles by my side, while Prince Philip, her little brother, a youth of about six, was busily engaged trying to undo my boot laces. I was now free of the camp; by hob-nobbing with old Lee I had shown that I was sufficiently amiable to be at least no longer looked upon as a Gorgio, but, as I have said, a "Romany Rye," in short one of themselves; and when I added to the royal treasury the sum of 5½d., an exchequer of which the Princess Ada was the self-constituted Chancellor, I was hailed with *vivas* by the population outside, who disputed amongst themselves as to which should see the most of me. When, however, I said that I purposed doing many sketches and spending several hours with them they were subdued to reason, and when I promised to pay domiciliary (may I call it *domiciliary*) visits to all their canvas cabins before I finally bade them

adieu, they let me go my way and do as I like.

The first tent I entered after wandering about for some time with a string of boys and girls at my heels, was that of the Smiths (the Smiths were a tribe in Gipsyland), where a father, mother, and six or seven children were sitting round a rude perforated bucket on the top of which the morning meal (a sort of thin soup) was boiling. I did not, be it understood, intrude on their privacy unasked, one of the children having been sent out to offer me the hospitalities of the Kraal. As I had already breakfasted, I did not indulge in another repast, though pressed to do so; spoons were conspicuous by their absence and wash-hand basins played an important part in the Gipsy breakfast service, several children gathering round each and devouring its contents. The custom of offering hospitality to the passing stranger they brought with them long years since from the East and still retain, just as the custom of eating bread and salt with the headman of an Eastern village still obtains in those remote regions. The tent I was in was about fourteen feet long by six feet wide, and five and a half feet high, and consisted of old bits of matting, canvas, carpet and similar light building material blackened through and through by the constant smoking of a brazier which, the weather being cold, had but small exit, through this frail covering, of its fumes. Good as the appetites of these youngsters were, breakfast seemed merely a mystical effort with them, for a sudden sadness had fallen over their home, as was soon explained to me by their miserable mother. Old Prudence Stanley had been there that morning and pronounced their youngest child (two years of age) *in extremis* —poor little thing, there it lay in a corner wrapped up in such scanty covering as they could afford, its dark curly hair already damp with the dews of death and its large lustrous eyes rolling vacantly. I felt that at such a moment my visit should not be prolonged, and so having left some small coins behind me, that they might purchase some necessaries for the poor little invalid, I went my way. Old Prudence was right, the child's hours were indeed numbered, for before I left the camp that evening its tiny soul (as the river mists rose and Chelsea marshes and its tents were lost to view) had escaped from that wretched hovel to brighter spheres above, departed from all the squalor and misery which necessarily surround the lives of tramps, be they Gipsies or Gorgios.

In the course of a few days I again called on the Smiths, where I found a group of swarthy neighbours, chiefly women and children, gathered round the rude bier of the little Romany. It was covered with linen of a whiteness which by contrast with the smoky tent looked absolutely luminous, a small sod of grass in a saucer placed on the breast of the deceased proclaiming in Gipsy fashion the presence of death.

I began now quite to like these wild wanderers with whom I had taken up, but must defer till next month an account of my further experiences.



BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

III.—WELLS OF WATER, THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS, THE THRESHING-FLOOR, GRINDING AT THE MILL.

WHEN our Lord must needs pass through Samaria and came to the city called Sychar, he halted at the well.* It was "Jacob's Well;" for in the East a well is of sufficient importance to have a special name. There was the Well of the Oath, and the Well of Hagar; there was the Well by the Gate of Bethlehem, and the Fuller's Fountain at Enrogel; there were Esek and Sitnah and Rehoboth—Contention, Hatred, and Room.† Where rivers are few, and where in the long summer they shrink and almost disappear; where there are no purling brooks making music down the hills; where there are no constant pools of water, no meres and ponds and tiny lakes; where there are no streams trickling through the spongy grass, and by the roadside; and where the crops depend not so much on showers (for showers seldom fall, out of the one short rainy season) as upon irrigation, and the cattle must be watered through the thirsty heat, the well rises to an importance we cannot understand at home. The wells become sources of income, valuable properties that remain for generations in the family; they determine the position of towns, the prosperity of districts, and the position of armies; they may lead to bitter feuds between rivals or neighbours; they may hand down the fame of a king's reign as much as successful wars or stately architecture. The great owners of herds like Abraham and Isaac are represented in the Bible as great well-diggers. It was a strife about wells that had almost estranged Abraham and Abimelech.‡ When the Philistines sought to keep out the Chaldean settlers it was by filling up their wells with earth; just as when Moab was to be laid waste long after, it was by stopping all the wells of water.§ At the battle of Aphek the Israelites pitched by a fountain in Jezreel.‖ The opening of wells is one of many public works recorded of King Uzziah.¶ And when Isaac reopened the wells which the Philistines had filled up, he called their names after his father's names.** "Jacob's Well" had been preserved through the long vicissitudes of Palestine, and Jacob's Well is even pointed out to-day.

Jesus, the story tells us, being wearied sat by the well. A low rim of masonry often runs round the eastern well; for it is of large size, perhaps from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter if sunk in the clay, though not so large if hollowed out of the rock. Sometimes there is no rim at all, but the well lies dangerously open, the mouth of it on a level with the ground; and probably it was in a well of this kind that Jonathan and Ahimaaz were hid, and which, when covered with a winnowing cloth, and that again with grain, would excite no suspicion of its real purpose.*

These wells were not, like our fountains, in the towns, but outside the wall, so that while the disciples had gone into the city to buy bread, the people of the city came out to it to get water. And thus it happened that a woman of Samaria came to draw water; for it was not the business of the men, who left the water-carrying, as part of the house work, to the women. It was when Rebekah came out to draw water for the evening meal that she was noticed by Eliezer.†

When we were in Gujarat the site of one of the little Christian settlements was hanging in the balance, for it depended on the success of the wells which were being then dug. They were as large as I have described, and the excavation through the sandy clay needs much rough skill. At some other villages additional wells had also been sunk, some to the depth of fifty feet; and there are critical stages of the well-sinking which are undertaken with the sound of copper trumpets and of other music, and which become the occasion of a bright village festival. They recalled the story of the well in Numbers, "the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it with their staves. . . . Then Israel sang this song: Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it."‡ It suggested the striking language of Isaiah, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."§ And when at Khasamba, another of these settlements, as the men were throwing up the sand, and they felt themselves sinking through a mingled

* John iv. 4, 5.
† Genesis xxvi. 20—22.
‡ Genesis xxi. 25.
§ 2 Kings iii. 19.
‖ 1 Sam. xxix. 1.
¶ 2 Chron. xxvi. 10.
** Genesis xxvi. 18.

* 2 Sam. xvii. 19.
† Genesis xxiv. 11, 15.
‡ Numbers xxi. 17, 18.
§ Isaiah xii. 3.

rush of sand and gushing water, it was impossible not to think of the words of our Lord, "A well of water springing up into everlasting life." *

Wallace's Well is the simple way in which the villagers at Wallacepur commemorate both the name of a missionary whom they loved and the well which he sunk. At Shahawadi we found a well in the possession of one of the Christian farmers, who had thus realised the position of independence with which Rabshakeh tempted away the allegiance of the Jews from Hezekiah, saying to them, "Agree with the King of Assyria and ye shall eat every one of his own vine and drink every one the water of his own cistern." †

The very word for some of the wells in Gujarat recalls the word for cistern, for there is one group of them called *Borah*. They are very curious for their magnitude and elaborate construction. A broad flight of perhaps a hundred steps leads gently down to the water, which lies in a long, deep pool or tank, hewn out of the rock, and at one or two intervals lines of arches run off into the vague distance. The effect of these long, dark, cool galleries, of the black, deep waters below, of the freedom from the glare of the sunlight, and of the constant passage of women up and down the wet steps, each with a water jar of graceful shape, empty on the descent and on the ascent full, is very striking. There are wells, or pools, of somewhat this character at Hebron; and these were the only wells I saw in India to which one could apply the words "going down." When Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, reached the village of Bethuel,‡ it is said that he watched Rebekah as she went down to the well, filled her pitcher and came up; and her eager kindliness is represented by her running again to draw water for the camels after he had drunk; a description which, whatever the kind of well at the city of Nahor, would apply equally to these Borahs in Gujarat. They are near the city, the weary animals rest beside them when strangers arrive after a journey, and it was not difficult to imagine as the sun was sinking, but the atmosphere still brilliant with light, the figure of the damsel tripping up and down the long steps and in and out among the shadows. She bore the water jar upon her shoulder, as is still often the case in Syria, but in India it is almost universally carried on the head, and with a motion so firm and gliding that the jar is motionless. Still, however, it is to the well that the daughters of the men of the city go out, especially at morning and evening, making bright groups as they cluster around and lean their jars upon the well's mouth—the rim of masonry that encircles it. And still the well is a place of rendezvous and village gossip.

As the water is often far below the surface, the Hindoo carries a small brass vessel wound about with a long rope, so that he can always drink when he comes to a well; for the heat and dust create an intense thirst, and give a curious force to the proverb about good news from a far country being like cold water to a thirsty soul.* At many of the wells, especially those for irrigation, there is a Persian wheel on which a number of buckets are fixed, and as they come up full they discharge the water into a stone trough, from which it is drawn off by bamboo pipes to little trenches through the fields. The wheel is moved by oxen; but where women draw for household use, the water vessel is suspended to a rope, let down, and drawn up filled, the constant rubbing of the timber or brick sides wearing deep grooves. And when the wheel is broken at the cistern, the pitcher broken at the fountain, there can be no more fitting image of the cessation of all the flow of life at death. †

The Samaritan woman misunderstood our Lord. He would have given her living water; but she had no ears to hear the flow of the fountain that runs below all the words of God. It is the musical run of a holy stream. The rock was struck in the wilderness, and it flowed there. It runs through the Psalms: the twenty-third, where the sheep lie beside the still waters; the forty-sixth, where we have the streams of the river that make glad the house of God; the eighty-fourth, where the barren and forbidding valley of Baca becomes one deep well to which the thirsty pilgrims hasten. "An Arab rode up to us on his camel," MacCheyne says; "his face was burnt with the sun, his tongue parched. He could say nothing but *moie, moie*, water, water." Perhaps he had found a dried well at the last station. It requires the East to give that intensity of emptiness, and broken hopes, and disappointment, that are all concentrated in the expression by which Peter designates professing Christians; who have forsaken the right way, "wells without water."

It was a cry of the old prophet, "Ye

* John iv. 14. † 2 Kings xviii. 31.

‡ Genesis xxiv. 15—20.

* Proverbs xxv. 25. † Ecclesiastes xii. 6.

‡ 2 Peter ii. 17.

have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters."* Is that a cry that can be raised against any of us? "Ye have forsaken the Lord;" your life is shrivelled; it has no spiritual freshness; your heart is withered with care; your strength and ability are spent on this world. But if, like the Arab in the desert, you can only say with parched lips, "water, water," then "Come to the fountain, and drink and live." From Christ the music of the living water flows through the New Testament. It is in the Gospels like the four rivers that watered Eden. The apostles, and the confessors, like Stephen, and the saints in every place, drink of the well of Bethlehem and become mighty men. When John saw the holy city descend out of heaven from God, he was shown "in it a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."†

One, though not common, feature of these wells was the clustering of animals about them; sometimes a group of camels kneeling down to rest, and sometimes a flock of sheep under charge of some shepherd in shaggy skin and with long staff. First in China, and afterwards in India, it was curious to see in some of the large flocks we passed, the goats and the sheep mingled together. In the North of China one day a huge flock was crossing our road, and as they leaped down a steep bank on one side we saw that the goats did not keep together as they do in Switzerland, but were mixed with the larger body of sheep. Another day the shepherd was busy sifting out the goats, probably for some separate pasture. It was impossible not to recall the parable in which this division is represented as one of the acts of the Judgment Day, when all men are gathered before the Son of Man, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.‡ We are mixed enough here. It is often impossible to tell the real from the assumed Christian. We are unable to penetrate below each other's disguises; and, it may be, bad men and untrue men leave the world in the odour of sanctity. It is not here that the Great Shepherd divides us; but it is yonder, when that Divine hand shall move among the assembled multitude, and when that Divine eye shall pierce through the ranks.

It was also in the North of China that we first saw the threshing-floor of the East and of the Bible. When we were travelling to some out-stations in Mantchuria, the road bounded on both sides by endless fields of gigantic millet, there would come a farmer's house and farm-yard, or a small hamlet, and on the skirt of it, the trodden spot of ground hard and smooth as stone. But it was not till some weeks later, as we were journeying slowly up to Peking, and the harvest was now gathered, that we saw it in use. The grain was laid on the floor, and a pair of oxen were driven leisurely over the ears, treading out the corn. Another form of threshing was the stone roller, which was drawn over the ears by oxen or mules; and there was another still, where a flat board, furnished with some projections, was drawn in the same way, the driver or children perhaps sitting on the board to lend it additional weight. Sometimes the grain was piled up in a large heap in the centre of this floor, unsifted; and then men with a winnowing shovel (the Bible fan) would toss the grain into the air, or else into a flat basket from which the man who held it flung up the corn, and the wind carrying the chaff away filled the air with dust.

One Bible phrase after another was recalled to us. It was easy to see how the Philistines could rob the threshing-floors at Keilah, those open spaces in the field on which the absence of any dread of rain induced the farmers to pile up their wealth of grain;§ or how the open floor, open to the sky and smooth, became the natural place to test the dew upon Gideon's fleece while all the rest of the ground was dry;† or how, when the two kings, Ahab of Israel and Jehoshaphat of Judah, summoned the prophet, the place to set the royal thrones was on the smooth and empty threshing-floor just before the gate of Samaria;‡ or how no better place than this could be found on which to build the altar that David raised when he had purchased the site of the temple from Araunah the Jebusite, and found in the threshing instruments—the wooden fans and boards, and oxen poles—the wood for the sacrifice.§ It would be easy for the oxen to stop in the midst of the abundance they were treading out, and eat; and the merciful Jewish law provided that they should eat if they would; there should be no muzzling of them; "thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Paul seizes this and applies it to work for Christ, while there is another illustration, also borrowed here,

* Jeremiah ii. 13. † Revelation xxii. 1.
‡ Matthew xxv. 32.

* 1 Samuel xxiii. 1. † Judges vi. 37.
‡ 2 Chronicles xviii. 9. § 2 Samuel xxiv. 18.

that had a solemn meaning for him.* The ox goad in India is a plain staff of wood with a sharp iron point projecting from one end. With this the driver urges the animal forward; I have seen the snow-white flanks of a draught bullock mottled with tiny streams of blood from the use of this severe urgency, and as the ploughman keeps the point to his yoke of animals, if they kick back, they only prick themselves against the goad. With such a common sight in his mind, it might that must have been often repeated as he rode to Damascus, it would be with a keen and overwhelming force that he would hear the voice from heaven, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," to resist these sharp prickings of conscience that thou canst not suppress.†

And then there are those two direct illustrations of the power, and judgment, and discernment of God that are connected with the chaff. A violent gusty wind which at far from the floor when the winnowing fan tosses up the wheat; and the rebellious Israelites would be, Hosea says, "as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor;"‡ just as the wicked, it is written in the first Psalm, are "the chaff which the wind driveth away, the cruel, valueless, and forgotten.

In the grinding at the mill there is another idea scarcely less solemn. The mill consists of two circular stones (the upper and the nether millstones), the grain is placed between them, and the upper is turned round by a handle. It is very laborious work, at which we frequently see women sitting, two together, although sometimes oxen drew the roller. "It is a clear ringing sound conveying a notion of peace and cheerfulness." It is one of the signs of the desolation of Babylon that "the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all."§ Every morning and evening the women of the house are busy with these stones; so that the approach of death is indicated in Ecclesiastes by "the sound of the grinding is low."† But our Lord employs a more expressive figure. Of the two women who grind together one shall be taken and the other left. God's ways are sudden, and the unexpected always comes to pass. Of those two women one will turn the stone one day alone. Which will it be? Of those two who have walked together these many years to church, one will walk alone. Of those inseparable friends, one will be taken and the other left. Which will it be? And unto which will it be well when it comes?

* Cf. [illegible] † Acts [illegible]. ‡ Hos. xiii. 3.

§ Rev. [illegible]. † Eccles. xii. 4.

A QUAINT OLD TOWN IN THE TYROL.

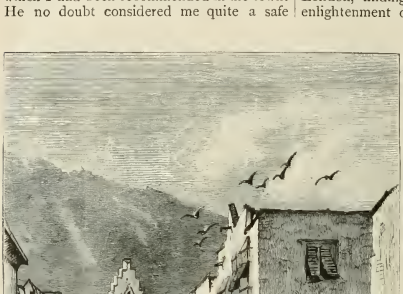
Pictured with Pen and Pencil.

By CHARLOTTE J. WELKS.

OF the numerous quaint out-of-the-world places in the Tyrol, though many may be more important and more widely known, there are few more full of interest than the little town of Sterzing. I might have been whirled past it in the train, as so many travellers are, or, if I had taken any notice at all, have seen nothing but a few roofs and towers, cramped together in a broad green valley, with two ruined castles at a short distance: but some artist friends in Munich knew it, and gave me a rather tempting description of its primitive appearance and picturesque capabilities; so one May morning, alone (for want of better company) I set out to see for myself what it was like. The gruff Bavarian official at the station, of whom I made inquiries as to what time the trains started, seemed almost injured to have to answer such a question. "Nobody thinks of going to Sterzing nowadays," quoth he, "not even a Tyrolese lassie." However, *I* thought of doing so, and I went.

The morning was bright and warm this side of the Alps, but, after passing Kufstein, the sky assumed a leaden hue, and as the Brenner was slowly ascended, with snorting locomotive, a steady downpour of rain commenced, and ceased not the whole day. The fair prospect was blotted out, and one could only now and then get a peep of the winding carriage road in the valley hundreds of feet below, or of distant snow-crowned mountain peaks. I don't think rain has such a depressing effect on one anywhere so much as in the mountains; the rushing and gurgling of dozens of mountain streams, the pouring waterspouts from the roof of every house, and, above all, the water standing all over the pathways: these things certainly combine to exaggerate the usual discomforts attendant upon this most beneficial and

health-giving element. Under such circumstances did I find myself landed—I might almost say floated—at the Sterzing station. There seemed to be but one official on duty—indeed, as I was the only arrival it was no doubt sufficient—but my bag stood a good chance of being saturated before he could be induced to bring it under cover; and still longer was it before he could leave his manifold duties and conduct me to the inn to which I had been recommended in the town. He no doubt considered me quite a safe

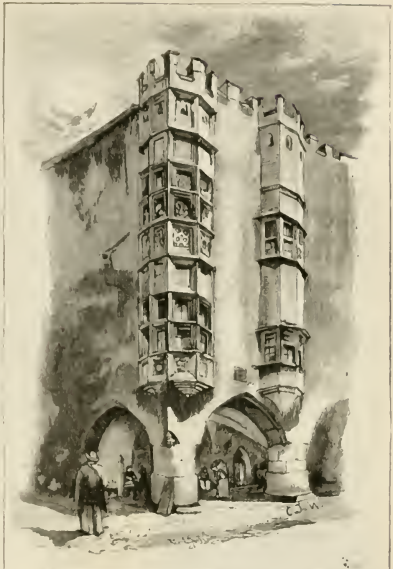


Street and Tower in Sterzing.

customer, and not likely to slip out of his hands, seeing that, after the train had gone on, we appeared to be "monarchs of all we surveyed." The town is three-quarters of a mile from the station, and it was with a feeling of relief that I resigned myself to the hospitality of the "Schwarzer Adler." I appeared to be the only stranger staying in the house—I certainly was the only lady there—so that I had to resort to newspapers and short chats with the landlord and landlady and the "Kellnerin" for my first evening's entertainment; added to this, my room had a bow window, whence I could see a pe tive of street to the left, to the right a inviting-looking old tower with gateway u neath, and in front an open square, v church, hospital, and school-house. reader will have an advantage over me make him acquainted with a few h cal facts about the place, before tak look at it as it is now. These facts I h out in the British Museum, on my retu London, finding it impossible to gain enlightenment on the subject from th habitants; vague h did indeed gather the "Romans," bu matter seemed of importance to the people so long as Kaiser Franz Jose gracious to them had he not visited town a year or two and had they not e an obelisk to comm rate the event?

The Sterzing of t is the Störtzingen Middle Ages, the S cum and Vipetent the ancient Romans strategical situation where the narrow Br Pass opens out in smiling valley of Eisack, which stre away to the south. mended itself to th sighted rulers of world many cen ago; while the soil and rich ore i mountains seemed them a most des possession. Accord in the year of Rom or 13 years B.C., a pedition was sent by the Emperor Aug to penetrate the Alpine chain di North and South Europe, and ope to the Roman eagles the Brenner A heathen monument found near parish church, stating that here *ossa a legionis*, or the bones of the 10th Legion buried, is probably a relic of the battle fought. The Romans having defeate united Rhætians in the neighbouring tains, moved forward to the vicinity present Sterzing; here they conquere Celtic inhabitants, and opened their wa

Brenner into the valley of the Inn. After the entire subjugation of South Tyrol, Sterzing was made a principium under the name of Vipitenum, and gradually grew and spread, as its importance for a halting-place on the high-road from Verona and Aquileja to Veldidena and Augsburg became evident. The great number of antiquities found form sufficient evidence of its flourishing condition; to which, no doubt, the mineral wealth of the neighbouring mountains contributed. And so the good Sterzingers have every right to their theory about the Romans, although they know so little about the *facts*. This sketch of the Roman occupation is as it were a *first* phase of its history. Like the brilliant colours of the dissolving view gradually fading and developing another picture, so the activity and power of these mighty colonizers waned, and a transition period followed of which no facts remain on record. At last, in the thirteenth century the new picture begins to assume distinct form; we see another race, and this time no foreigner to the soil, reviving and working up the paths and sources of industry in which the Roman stranger had previously thumbed, the mines begin to be once more actively worked; the busy burgher and merchant bring their wares together for sale, and Erzherzog Rudolf promotes their enterprise by causing the high-road to be laid through the town, thus guiding as it were the streams of commerce between North and South Europe into the hands of the busy citizens. The German authority that gives this piece of information, words it thus: "Erzherzog Rudolf dürfte die Strasse *glatt* durch die Stadt," *i.e.* "Erzherzog Rudolf led the road *smooth* through the town." To any one who knows the road through the town as it is now, the question suggests itself with frightful vividness, "If *this* road be smooth what must a rough one be like?" I have known many roads made *smooth* with large round ostrich-egg stones, but the Sterzinger street beats them *all* for ups and downs, angles and corners. I am thankful to say I never had occasion to *drive* down it; if I had I should certainly have had to sacrifice half-a-dozen teeth! What then must it have been like before? I leave the answer to individual imagination.



Town Hall, Sterzing.

However, the inhabitants were no doubt very grateful, as they ought to have been, and another gracious and beneficent prince, Frederic, surnamed "with the empty pocket," granted them permission to hold weekly fairs and markets, and hither the country folk repaired from far and wide, bringing the country produce to barter for that of the town. We can picture to ourselves many

animated scenes on these occasions. Important buildings standing even now in tolerably good condition, such as the Rathhaus, Thor, and parish church, were built during these flourishing days. It would seem indeed that, up to the introduction of railways, Sterzing was still a place of bustle and importance on the high-road; the post-chaises and diligences changed horses here frequently, and so a continual stir was kept up. Goethe, in his Italian Journal, passes it over with the simple remark, "changed horses at Sterzing;" but had he not been burning with the fever for Italian travel, he might have taken time to note and space to write something about its quaintness and interest.

And now, looking at it to-day, it would seem to have changed its appearance but little during the last two or three hundred years; the activity of the old coaching and posting days has given way to an almost primeval and certainly soothing repose; the traffic which once rolled unceasingly through its single street now glides past on the iron road, the only sign of modern commercial enterprise being a *Marmor Industrie*, which is in course of erection just outside the town. Echoes of times gone by do indeed roll through the stilly night, as the ear of the wakeful stranger is astonished every quarter of an hour by hearing a bell rung from a neighbouring tower, and a muffled sing-song of—

> "Gebet Acht mit eurem Licht
> Dass kein Unglück geschiecht."
> ¼ auf 12.

And also from the street below resounds every hour the monotonous chant of—

> "Ihr lieben Leute lasst Euch sagen
> Die Uhr im Thurm hat 11 Uhr g'schlagen."
> 11 Uhr.

> 'Lobet den Herrn und die heilige Jungfrau,
> Die unbefleckte Jungfrau!'".

Varied only by the different hour of the night, which forms the refrain to each couplet. In some other Tyrolese towns the watchman's cry may still be heard. Sometimes a long exhortation is chanted out, a different one for every hour of the night; the peculiarly monotonous declamation of these chants is beyond description.

The tower from which the indefatigable watchman's cry is heard stands where formerly was the entrance to the town, but now, owing to the lengthening out of the street beyond the walls, it seems to occupy a central position. It was built in 1468 by Siegfried, surnamed the *Münreiche* ("rich in coin"), and still remains in a perfect state of preservation. Underneath is a gateway wide enough to admit of one vehicle passing through at a time, and a smaller gate at the side for foot-passengers. Passing through this gate from north to south, the first object to attract the stranger's attention is the Rathhaus. Among the old-fashioned, bow-windowed (Erker), gabled houses, with a peep of the towering mountains in the background, it stands out conspicuously, thanks to the massive and handsomely ornamented corner windows; the lower part is built on arches, forming an arcade, with covered walk and shops, resembling in this the rows at Chester. One can form an opinion of the quietness of the place, when I say that, without the slightest inconvenience, I was able to place myself close to the side path opposite to make my sketch; and it would seem that this was a quite usual proceeding, for, as a troop of boys coming out of school became aware that I was sitting there, they made a simultaneous rush at the corner stone of the corner column, and quite a fight took place for the privilege of sitting on this stone, and so be introduced into my sketch. I was astonished at the patience and pertinacity of some of these aspirants for the honour of being immortalised in this manner. But they were all disappointed.

A handsomely ornamented door leads into a broad vaulted stone archway. After groping about in the gloomy light a little time one finds the staircase; on the first floor is the large council chamber, a fine room panelled from top to bottom; round the walls are hung some oil-paintings, removed from the parish church at its last restoration; the door of this room is, on the inside, most richly ornamented with iron work, taking the form of fantastic flowers and leaves. Above this is another apartment, in all respects very similar, except that it is devoted to lumber, and is certainly the most picturesque lumber-room one can imagine. I have been unable to find any information about the builder or architect of this Rathhaus, the date 1594 carved on the outer door is all that can be ascertained. While sketching inside this building, an old man often came and chatted with me, and I found out that he lived there, and was, I suppose, Haus-meister, or caretaker. His sisters kept a cheese, butter, eggs, and sausage shop on the ground floor. He took me into their dwelling-rooms at the back of the first floor, confided to me that he was not without artistic aspirations himself, and would show me some of his efforts. He really seemed to have a great deal

of ability, but it was, of course, quite uncultured. He let me wander all over the place as I liked, and, having discovered in the lumber a nice old spinning-wheel belonging to his sister, I went into the shop and negotiated for the purchase thereof; they let me have it for 2s.; they were also good enough to find me a gourd which I wanted, and in recognition of their various little services I invested in three-quarters of a pound of Salami sausage from their stores!

The people indeed everywhere are very friendly to strangers. On one occasion I saw an old peasant with a wonderful hat on, with gold cord and tassels, and I immediately thought I should like to possess it, before deciding to give chase I hesitated—alas! he who hesitates is lost!—my peasant and hat disappeared suddenly, and on inquiring for him among the bystanders they said they did not know where he had gone. A man stepped out from a doorway, and said he thought he knew where he had gone, and offered to fetch him, which he did, and for the sum of 2 fl. (4s.) the coveted hat was my own—it happened to be quite an old shape, such as is not made now, so I was very fortunate. The peasant national dress is less worn here than in other parts of the Tyrol; perhaps the close proximity of the railway is the reason for this; it is a pity, however, for the scarlet vest, broad green braces, leather embroidered belt, and short leather breeches, are most picturesque.

Another interesting building, and one well worth a visit, is the parish church. It is about ten minutes' walk from the town, and was built in the second half of the fifteenth century; the whole neighbourhood, particularly the wealthy miners, combining to share the expense of the erection. The colossal columns which support the vault correspond in number with the communities who contributed to the building; each of these placed its column, and on it is the proud inscription for their descendants: "Siehe, dies hat die fromme Altwelt mit dem Schatze der Gebirge deiner Andacht gebaut" ("See, thy pious forefathers built this with the treasure of the mountains for thy devotions"). The original architectural form has suffered a good deal from later restorations and renovations. In the churchyard my attention was arrested by a tablet with an English inscription; it was, I believe, that of a youth who died there on his way to the south. I remember one line very clearly: "He reached the Alps on his way to heaven"—and there he lies, surrounded by those glorious Alps, in one of the most peaceful and beautiful of their many valleys.

Near the church is an interesting old house, formerly inhabited by the brotherhood called the "Teutscher-orden." A capuchin monastery supplies the place with additional spiritual ministrations, and picturesque cowls. The hospital was founded by Graf Hugo v. Taufers in 1241. Before taking leave of the town and making acquaintance with the valley and Schloss, I may say that the entrances, staircases, and courtyards of many of the houses are very picturesque and quaint; there is generally a gallery running round one or more sides of the courtyard, and dark, vaulted passages under other houses lead one almost outside the town. In one in particular there was what is called a "chapel," *i.e.* in a large niche were wooden painted figures representing Christ and His disciples. These chapels are very common all over the country; there is generally a rail in front to kneel on; they are called "Calvaries" when the "Passion" is represented; and sometimes on a mountain-side are a whole series of such chapels, called "stations," to which the people make

On the way to Schloss Reifenstein.

Schloss Reiffenstein.

pilgrimages, and say a certain number of prayers at each.

The origin of the name and arms of the town has given rise to many conjectures. One theory traces it to the number of Sesterces coined there by the Romans; according to another, a poor man named Sterzling built his hut on the present site of the town; while yet another says that the inhabitants, not knowing what name to choose, decided that it should be called after the first stranger who came to the gate; this happening to be a beggar on crutches, the term expressing lameness, or Sterzing, was chosen; certainly it is difficult to account for the arms of the place, which represent a beggar on crutches, holding a rosary in his hand.

Leaving now the town behind us, let us explore the valley in which it is situated. It was in primeval times a vast lake, and although it has been drained for centuries, the land is still marshy, and affords excellent pasture for horses, pigs, and geese. The phantasy of the Tyrolese has also peopled this marsh with the spirits of faded spinsters, who must here do penance for their supposed ignominy; thus a saying has arisen in the mouth of the people, who say of an old maid, "She belongs to the Sterzinger Moos." Two impetuous mountain streams rush down the valley with immense rapidity, and have, more than once, committed sad havoc by overflowing. My first walk to Schloss Reiffenstein was an unpleasant experience of marsh land. I took a wrong path across the valley, and it became gradually narrower, and the ground moister, until I came to some planks, and on these I walked on, the water splashing up round me at each step. I don't know why I kept on, but I believe I considered the fact of planks being laid down sufficient guarantee for the safety of the path. At last I reached firm and rising ground at the base of a mountain, and looked round for the castle, for which I had been aiming; to my surprise it looked as far off as before, only with this difference, that I had got round to the other side of it. I went on again till I came to some cottages, where I inquired for the road, and found I had come about a mile and a half out of my way. When it was reached, I was fortunate in finding the

peasant who lived there at home, working in his garden. The ascent to the summit of the rock on which it stands is sunny and steep. One reaches first an outer wall, with strong gate and portcullis; many loopholes intersect it; then come a bridge (formerly a drawbridge) over a deep chasm, another gate and wall, and another courtyard, likewise provided with innumerable slits and loopholes; here is the entrance to the main building, up rough rock-hewn steps, past a picturesque well with moss-grown wooden roof. This entrance is so rough in its appearance, that one is not prepared for the wealth of Gothic carving which some of the rooms display; one in particular is quite a *chef-d'œuvre* in this way, the borders round the panelling and ceiling being carved in many different patterns. This room contains a genuine carved Gothic table, unique in form and workmanship; the door is also richly ornamented with iron work. The peasant who showed me over said they had to keep a sharp look-out after some of the visitors, who tried to carry off pieces of the carving or iron work. He told me of one instance: when his wife had shown this room to a gentleman (?) and they had got down-stairs, he said, "Oh, I have dropped my knife out of my pocket, and must go back and look for it." She let him do so, but as he did not return for some time, went back and found him in the act of loosening the ornamented iron lock on the door. "My wife did scold, I can tell you," said he, "but if it had been me I should have kicked him down-stairs." In another room is a small chapel also richly carved, and dating from about the same period; there are many varieties of doors about the place, all exceedingly picturesque. A portion of the tower, the oldest part, is still accessible; from the Romanesque arched windows a beautiful view is obtained of the snow-capped mountains. The early possessors of this stronghold do not seem to be known, although, as early as 1180, it was said to be the seat of an ancient and noble family. At a later period it belonged to the Von Seben family, of whom the last representative, Oswald, died in 1465. Through many changes it now belongs to the Graf v. Taxis; this gentleman is a descendant of the Rogiere de Tassis who, visiting Germany in the year 1450, "introduced the never-enough-to-be-praised invention of posts;" for this public benefaction the Emperor Charles V. caused the office of Head Postmaster to be hereditary in the Taxis family, and raised its members to the rank of barons and counts.

In the Gothic Room.

For the benefit of future visitors I may say that Sterzing is on the Brenner line, which runs direct from Munich over the Alps to Verona *viâ* Inspruck and Bozen. It is about eight or nine hours' journey from Munich, through the heart of the Alps, with many beautiful views of the scenery; but doubly beautiful, even if more tedious, must the journey have been in the old posting days. I travelled home with a lady, a North

German, who said she remembers her first journey over the Brenner with her husband, before the railway was made; she considered that since then the character of the people had a good deal deteriorated: they were less simple, and more grasping in their transactions with strangers. This is very likely true, though I, of course, only know them as they are now; and I should consider them, judging from experience, honest, hospitable, and simple still; but, no doubt, in places much frequented by foreigners, such as Bozen and Meran, they have, to a certain extent, lost their former characteristics.

KITTY'S PRAYER.

By the Author of "John Jerningham's Journal."

"THE misthress is diein', the docthors have said so,
Och, who'd be a docthor, to bring us our deaths?
To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses, an' countin' the breaths!
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outstretchin' a hand for a fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very complately,
An' very contintedly lave us to die!

"The misthress is diein'—it *is* such a pity—
The master just worships the ground 'neath her tread,
She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' and pretty—
Is there no cross ould woman could go in her stead?
She trates us so kindly, we think it an honour
To larn from herself her own illegant ways.
I lov'd her the minute I set my eyes on her,
An' what will I do whin she's dead, if you plase?

"I hate our fine docthor! he ought to be cryin',
But smil'd as he ran to his carriage and book,
Jist afther he tould us the darlint was diein'—
Shure, if she recover'd, how quare he would look!
I know he's a janius—the best in the city—
But God's above all—even docthors—who knows?
I am but a poor little sarvint," says Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose!"

So, down on her knees in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can bring.
The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implor'd with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint, and the glow of a lover,
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow—just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in,
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand.
Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and glazed;—
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction,
He just sat and *saw her*—in fact he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise—
Grim Death retrogrades with a sad little shiver—
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes!
A wonderful hope—is it hope? is it terror?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife—
Is it light before death? is it fancy's sweet error?
Or is it—or can it be—verily LIFE!

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute—
They wait for his fiat, as that of a god—
Who sagely remarks that there *is* something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in sadness;
The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
And Kitty, the servant, laughs out, 'mid her gladness,
To think that they none of them know of her prayer.

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

PART III.

RULES CONTINUED.—FOOD AND DRINK.

THE question of eating and drinking during the practice of tricycling, and especially during a tour on the machine, is of great importance, and a rule in respect to this subject, when it is not made too arbitrary, is certainly desirable. In the first place it is always bad to commence on a very hearty meal, that is to say before the digestion of the food has been fairly accomplished. To use a plain simile, the tide of digestion ought to turn towards the blood before the exercise begins, then all is on the right side. If the

exercise is made to commence while the vital forces required for the digestive process ought still to concentrate on the stomach and other digestive organs, the digestive process is not completed; a portion of food remains in the stomach undigested; there is some uneasiness attended with flatulency, and the pleasure of the ride is confounded with depression of spirits, with failure of activity and vigour in work. Some riders finding out this fact choose to take no regular meals at all during their journey, preferring to carry with them some plain and simple food and drink, like a meat biscuit and a bottle of cold tea or milk, and to partake of a little very frequently as they go along, not even caring to dismount for the partaking of the refreshment. I understand that this plan answers very well indeed when a long distance has to be made and there is little or no time for rest. It is better, nevertheless, to dismount, take a light meal of mixed food, rest for a good long time to let digestion have full swing, and then on again, gently at first, briskly afterwards. Such a plan gives good digestion of the food, quick and excellent distribution of it over the body for nutritive purposes, and a healthy and sharp appetite for the meal that is next to come. The diet itself can scarcely be too simple. Animal food should be fresh, not salted, and well cooked; light animal foods like fish and fowl and mutton are very good to work on; eggs and milk are very good. A couple of eggs beaten well up in a cup, mixed with hot water, sweetened moderately with sugar, and treated with a small quantity of milk so as to make up from half a pint to three-quarters of a pint, is, with a little biscuit, an excellent sustaining meal for those to whom eggs are easily digestible. To those who can digest it oatmeal porridge is very good to breakfast on; and to all who can digest milk, milk lightly thickened with wheat meal is most sustaining. Bread should be taken in moderate quantity, and fresh vegetables and fresh fruit are always in character when not taken in excess. Some fruits which for a moment seem extremely refreshing while on the travel become a cause of thirst if the day is very warm. I notice this particularly in regard to oranges, the most tempting perhaps and the most easily obtainable of all fruits.

Of drinking during tricycle exercise I must speak with some care. It is not very difficult to learn to tricycle without a desire for too much drink of any kind. But if the beginner does not learn to breathe through the nose, if he acquire the habit of breathing through the mouth, he is sure to acquire also the desire to take liquids far too freely. He will become so dry in the mouth he will feel he cannot get on unless he has something to quench thirst, and that is an evil habit even though the drink be as innocent as the purest water itself. The first point, therefore, is to drink as little as possible; to drink as much as will fill up the loss that is made by evaporation of water from the body, and not any more.

What the character of the drink shall be is not very difficult to answer, and what it should not be is answered with less difficulty, for certainly of all things again it should not be an alcoholic stimulant. On this last-named point we who are advocates for total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages have secured, beyond any mistake, a fine score from tricycling experiences. Those who are to some degree in opposition to us on the general question, those I mean who still hold that alcoholic drinks are in their right place as luxuries and should not be denied as luxuries, are with us if they are practised tricyclists, in expressing that alcoholic stimulation is fatal to good, sure, and sustained work. This year, Mr. Marriott, of Beeston, Nottingham, one of the partners in the firm of Humber, Cooper, and Marriott—manufacturers of the famous bicycles and tricycles bearing their name—performed with a friend, who rode a bicycle, the extraordinary feat of riding on a tricycle from Derby to Holyhead, over one hundred and eighty miles, within twenty-four hours, and they could have gone on twenty miles further, if they had not been "checked by the sea." They did this touching no drop of alcoholic drink by the way, "and it is certain," Mr. Marriott says, in his description of the journey, "that they could not possibly have done it if they had dared to indulge in any alcoholic beverage." Their experience only tallies with that of others, and with the experience of men who perform other physical feats of skill and endurance: such men as Hanlan, the oarsman; Weston, the pedestrian; and Carver, the marksman. It tallies with the experimental experiences of the late Dr. Parkes, and with the practical experience of many military men who have had occasion to march their soldiery in large bodies over long distances under and during great privations and difficulties. It tallies with the experiences of those who have watched the heavy labours of labouring men engaged in such works as brick-making, iron-forging, wood-cutting, and the like. But it becomes of

unusual value when it is witnessed from the fraternity of tricyclists, because so many of them are working for the pleasure of the exercise and the healthiness of it, and would be the last men to forego, voluntarily, anything that would facilitate the art, increase its delight and add to its health-giving advantages.

When alcoholic drinks are taken by those who are engaged in tricycling, the effects are most characteristic. If a very light drink, one which carries an almost inappreciable dose of the chemical, be taken, a little weak claret for instance, or thin beer, or thin cider, the effect may be *nil*, or at most embarrassing only for a few minutes. If so much, however seemingly little, be taken, to produce what is felt to be an effect, then the mischief is done, and the bad results last for a longer or shorter time according to the dose of the chemical, the alcohol, which has been swallowed and carried over the body. The skin is more or less flushed with blood, there is a brief interval of hectic fever, there is a relaxation of vessels, a sense of fulness in the head, a feeling of irritability and quickness of circulation, and a succeeding sudden deficiency of bodily power, depression, languor, and inability to sustain or maintain effort, ending in chilliness and desire for repetition of the deceptive friend, the stimulant, or the desire for rest from the labour.

The drink which on the whole serves the tricyclist most efficiently is cold weak tea, made a little sweet with sugar if that is liked, but never over-sweetened, for if it be over-sweetened it causes thirst. To some the tea is rendered more palatable by being treated with a little lemon-juice, made in fact into what is called tschai, or Russian tea, but I am not sure that the lemon does not increase thirst, and I know that in some persons it causes acidity and heartburn, and on the whole tschai is not so refreshing as tea simple. Another very nice and more sustaining drink may be made by pouring boiling milk instead of boiling water upon tea, milk tea; this slighty sweetened can be carried in the bottle or flask during the journey, and, diluted with water or soda water at the wayside inn, is at once refreshing and sustaining.

Coffee is not so good, generally, as tea for the tricycle rider, at all events it is not so often called into requisition. It may be that it is not so easily prepared as tea and does not, in consequence, find so much favour. It is good as a variety and it may be carried in the form of fluid extract; in such form it may possibly come into greater use.

The various effervescing drinks sold under so many names and offered under such a number of inviting representations, as tonics, exhilarators, nerve sustainers, and what not, are all objectionable to the health of the tricyclist. They create thirst, they create dyspepsia, and they have no real sustaining power. I do not recommend lemonade unless it be unexceptionably good, nor Seltzer water, if it be possible to obtain pure well or spring water. It is unfortunate that in passing through our prettiest villages and towns it is more difficult to get perfectly pure and safe water than any other commodity of food or drink, and one is often obliged to purchase the waters supplied by respectable firms for the sale of aerated drinks for no other reason than that there is none other that can be trusted. The water supplies of English towns and villages are a disgrace, in fact, to our civilisation, and I hope that bicyclists and tricyclists, by preaching a crusade against the unclean fluid which is so often brought as water, may call the attention of local authorities to a reform so urgently needed as the pure supply of the natural drink for man and beast. Until that is done our inn-keepers would do well to boil a large quantity of water every day and pour it through a charcoal filter, from which it can be drawn for drink and sold per glass at a moderate price, say a penny the half-pint or pint.

Some riders select as a drink equal parts of milk and soda-water. Once in a day this may be taken to the extent of half-a-pint of soda-water to a quarter-pint of milk, if good milk can be obtained; but it is not an easily digestible beverage; it is apt to create derangement of the stomach, and it often causes thirst. It is nothing like so good as milk and tea, or milk and water lightly thickened with a little oatmeal, a combination which, to those who like oatmeal, is very sustaining.

Dress.

In practising on the tricycle and in making journeys upon it attention should be paid to the dress. The dress should fit neatly to the body without being in any point cumbrous. Loose flaps of dress and tails of coats are very troublesome, and even dangerous. The jacket should fit nicely to the body, and the trousers, sufficiently free and loose, should not be pursy about the legs and feet. Trousers answer very well, but knickerbockers and well-fitting stockings are an improvement on them. Shoes are better

than boots, unless the boots fit uncommonly well and lace far down towards the toe. Spring-side boots are bad; they prevent the easy movement of the ankle, which is so very essential for free pedal-play. The shoes should have good firm soles, but they need not be unusually heavy. The soles should be free of nails and of steel plates, and it is worth the trouble to have them sharply roughened, so as to grasp the pedals firmly. The neck should be left as free as possible; a loose, light silk handkerchief is far better than a collar and stiff tie. Every convenience should be given for easy and rapid motion of the head in looking round, and the circulation through the vessels of the neck should be quite unimpeded. The head-dress should be light and yet firmly fitting on the head. A straw-hat, in my opinion, answers, on the whole, the best. The dress of the tricyclist should on no account be heavy. Thick flannel underclothing is an entire mistake; it prevents free transpiration from the skin, and causes the body to become wetted through from perspiration, which during the process of tricycling is always thrown off very freely. The substance of the clothing should be porous as well as light, and the colour grey. It is well to carry an extra suit of clothing in a waterproof case attached to the tricycle, and it is always imperative to change the dress after every journey if the garments are made damp, either from rain or from perspiration.

I do not strongly recommend waterproof coats for wear during tricycling. These coats keep out rain, truly, but then they keep in the water which is transpiring from the skin, an evil quite as serious as that which occurs from rain. It is all very well to have a loose ventilated waterproof cape to wear during a shower with the body at rest, but it is not wise to work hard under the water-tight covering; it is better to push on unencumbered by anything of the sort, and having arrived at the place of shelter, to change the clothes instantly and get into a dry suit.

Precautions after Riding.

On returning from a ride, even in fine weather, it is wise to make it a rule to change the dress, and at the same time to carry out a good ablution of the body. I know of no more delightful sensation than that which is experienced when, after a fine ride, the bath has been indulged in, and a light, dry change of clothing has been put on. The whole body seems to be renovated. The dull and inactive secreting organs have been discharged of overloaded secretions, the mind is light and clear, and the muscular organs are ready for work, relieved from fatigue, rather than sleepy and tired. The water used in the bath for the ablution should not at first be cold, it should be just agreeably warm, but it may often, with advantage, be reduced to a lower temperature for a final douche. The skin should be dried with brisk friction.

Lady Tricyclists.

Hitherto I have written as if the advantage of tricycle riding were confined to the male sex. I would not like this to be the impression gleaned from my papers. On the contrary, I am of opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. Young and middle-aged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skilful. One young lady, who is very dear to me, can beat me both in pace and in distance, and in a tour we have made to-day of several miles on a beautiful country road we have enjoyed ourselves as much as when we ride out together on horseback, while we have had a better exercise. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular amongst girls and women as tennis and the dance, for the more fully the physical life of our womankind is developed the better for men as well as women.

In my first paper on the tricycle, published in Good Words several months ago, I referred to certain invalids who were benefited by the tricycle exercise. I have every reason to be extremely satisfied with the results of that expression of opinion. The tricycle is, in fact, now with me a not uncommon prescription, and is far more useful than many a dry and formal medicinal one which I had to write on paper. This matter is so important and so interesting I shall have to discuss it in some purely professional work in order to bring out the facts I have observed and collected. I only add in this place that my own personal experience of the exercise is in the highest degree favourable. I have become quite a practised rider, and difficult as it is for me to get out of London, I lose no occasion that offers to take one or two hours' run, and am always more benefited by the exercise than by any other of the many I have tried for health's sake. I often find it also very healthful and delightful to make a short tour when I have a few days at command.

TRAINING.

A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, March 5th, 1882.

By the Right Rev. the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"And He blessed him there."—Genesis xxxii. 29.

MANY of us feel able to cast stones at Jacob. They are plentiful to find, easy to aim, and they hit. His conduct to his brother, though to be sure, one who so despised his birthright deserved to lose it, was beneath contempt. Towards his blind father, never lacking in kindness to him, he did a wicked perfidy; and if his mother pushed him into a meanness, at which neither his conscience nor his will revolted, so much as the fear of being found out, a man of middle age can hardly be allowed to plead a child's suppleness, his nature, if crafty and reserved, was sinewy and firm.

Let us frankly admit, that while we must be just to him, common as it is to be unjust, and while we decline to measure a patriarch's frailties by an apostle's standard, all the pathos of his after history and the woeful abundance of his afflictions must not for an instant blind us to the badness of his sin.

But some go farther, and find fault with God. They observe, that the night on which he fled from his incensed brother, a ladder of glittering light arched over his pillow, and Jehovah spake to his heart. They remark, that wherever he went he found kinsmen, contracted alliances, and amassed wealth. When Esau met him, God shielded him. If trials came, they were the parents of blessing. He goes down into Egypt to recover and embrace his lost Joseph; by the flood of the tawny Nile he blesses Pharaoh, and breathes out his soul in peace. Then, they say, "We are envious at the foolish, when we see the prosperity of the wicked. They have no bands in their death, they are lusty and strong."

Well, that difficulty is, I suppose, the difficulty of all men and all times; and, if we had to choose between being so jealous about God's righteousness, that when we fail to perceive it we are vehemently troubled, or being so serenely indifferent to it, and, indeed, to anything about God at all, that we hardly care to ask if He judgeth the earth—give me, if you please, the earnest, nay, the fierce cry of the blistered spirit that must see God's righteousness, or it perishes; rather than the sleek composure of a vapid soul, whose God, such as it is, never troubles his thoughts.

Now, the answer to such a complaint, so far as it deserves and demands one, is virtually contained in the words of my text. Whatever Jacob was, or was not, whatever God is, or is not, God blessed Jacob; and wisdom being justified of her children, we feel that Jacob deserved to be blessed, because God, who blessed him, knew him.

God blessed Jacob, and you ask, why did He bless him? I answer, for the best of all reasons; because He loved him. "Jacob have I loved," said the prophet; being the spokesman of God. And why should He not love him? Do we love none but faultless persons? Let us be fair to what was good in him, as well as stern on what was bad. No doubt he was ambitious. Do you despise ambition? When of a right kind it is the leverage of human progress. He had vast tenacity of purpose. Has that no charm for the strong? His whole nature was saturated with tenderness. The years seemed but as a few days for the love he bore Rachel. As he lay dying, he remembered how he had buried the slighted Leah, and thought of the place where she slept. Before Esau came he protected himself against him with ingenious precautions and judicious diplomacies. When he came near to him, Nature was too much for him, and he forgot the separation of years in a passionate burst of love. With all his faults, Jacob is indisputably one of the most affectionate characters in the Bible, and God, who Himself is Love, valued love in him.

But, again, do you ask, why did He bless him by Peniel? My answer is, because he asked to be blessed; and his desire for it constituted at once his worthiness and his capacity. If, further, you inquire how God blessed him, all Jacob's history afterwards is the key to the answer. He began the blessing with the gift of prayer, and He completed it by the discipline of sorrow.

About which discipline, and all that it proposes and implies, I will speak now.

1. And, first, life being itself a blessing—nay, to one who believes in God, and hopes for Him, the greatest of blessings—God makes it yet a bigger blessing, by ordaining for it a plan. He did this for Christ. "I must work the works of Him that sent me." He

it also for us. Every man has a plan made for him, and God, who is just as well as wise, endows him with suitable gifts for fulfilling it, remembers the conditions under which it is to be fulfilled. It may be a patriarch's or a peasant's. It may be the life of a quiet student in a cloister, or the campaign of a great soldier on the fields of war. It may cast its shadows long before, filling the boy's heart with dreams of coming greatness; or it may slowly and imperceptibly unfold itself as the leaves in the greening spring. But, I say, every man has a plan in life marked for him by God, and it is his duty to discover it, and his safety to fulfil it; and if you talk to me about the tyranny of circumstances, and ask how you can escape them, I answer, if circumstances crush feeble men, strong men use circumstances, and fortune is at the feet of the strong.

2. But, if God is Sovereign, man is free. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not." It does not follow, that because God has for every man a plan in life, and the best possible one for him, and gives him all the chances and helps he needs for executing it—therefore, as a matter of course, it is executed, whether all of it, or much of it, or little in the way that God prefers, or by the instruments that He can sanction. We here, who, on the ridge of our middle life, look back on the road we have travelled since we were young, can see advantages that we have neglected, opportunities that we have missed, friends whom we have forgotten, warnings that we have despised. I doubt, if there is a man on the face of the earth at this moment, whose life might not have been whiter, or his success larger, or his condition more thorough, or his character more mellow, had he taken all that was offered him, followed where he was invited to go. We are, at the best, creatures full of imperfection, and have too many failings of our own to afford to be hard upon each other. Yet, if we have back into the road after having left it, there is waste of time, not loss of way. The good man is not he who has no faults, but he who is honestly striving to conquer them. The wise man is not one who never errs, but one who, having erred, finds it out, acknowledges it, and tries not to err again. For let us observe further, not only in fairness to Jacob, but to ourselves, that a just God does not expect perfect characters for fulfilling His purposes—in that case He would have to go out of the world to find them—neither does He *make* perfect characters on this side of Heaven, for then the present order of the world must be utterly changed. What He does is this. He chooses the fittest instruments He can find for His various purposes, and when He has found them, He calls them, trains them, makes the best of them, and bears with them till they are done with.

We quite see that Jacob had that taint of dissimulation in him which has since, through generations of bitter persecutions, slowly, perhaps inevitably, matured into the consummate astuteness of his race. We of the West have no pity for it, no truce with it, and no doubt there are other qualities in Jacob, germane to this instinct of cunning which we regret to see. But, as I have hinted already, Jacob was not *all* faults. As he grows old a dignity comes out of his nature, like beauty on the face of the dying. If we abhor trickery, we can admire patience, and a purpose as hard as steel.

3. But if it happens, as certainly it did happen with Jacob, that success, if not exactly owing to our sins, is so much connected with them that to common observers it looks to be, is God the minister of sin? God forbid! What then does He do to prevent our saying so? Does He change the purpose, or does He punish the sin? He punishes; He does not change. He will not take back the birthright from Jacob. It had been sold to him, it was his, and it was meant to be. He does not bid David send Bathsheba back to a widowed home. She had been made his wife, apparently more by his fault than her own, and that she should remain, that she might be the progenitor of the Christ. Jacob was to be Israel, and Solomon was to be Bathsheba's child. But, mark this, both David and Jacob take their terrible scourging to the grave. From David's house the sword never departed till he died. As for Jacob, again and again did the sins by which he had thought to bless himself, meet him and lacerate him in the sins of his children. He, who had deceived others, was himself deceived. He, who had defrauded others, was himself defrauded. What he did to Isaac, in like fashion Judah did to him, and the comment on his chequered history is best found in his own account of it to Pharaoh. "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been; and have not attained to the years of the life of my fathers." "Be sure thy sin will find thee out," ay,

and will go on finding thee out while thou livest, is the sombre but wholesome lesson we learn from Jacob. However it may please God to keep in His own hand the rudder of our life, and to order for us the circumstances of our pilgrimage, He never directs, or compels, or excuses, or connives at our sins. While He is infinitely patient with us about them, and on our true repentance so freely forgives us, that, in the bold figure of the prophet, He casts them behind His back, He never intends us to forget them until death dips us into the Lethe of the grave. Again and again, more in a goodness which desires our holiness than in a vengeance which contrives our suffering, do they come back to wound and shame us, like setons in the quick of the conscience suddenly and sharply pulled, that we may watch and pray.

My younger brethren, I implore you not to suppose from Jacob's apparent success that God was indifferent to his sin, or ever permitted him to think so. I implore you not to suppose that if God makes the best of you, as assuredly He will, and if you fall, takes you back on your honest repentance, as assuredly He will, and freely forgives you, as assuredly He will, for He says so, that it can ever be the same for you to have sinned as not to have sinned, or that ripe as hereafter may be your sanctity, diligent your life, even grand your usefulness, your sins will not sometimes come back to humble and sadden you in the wise purpose of God. Nothing ripens our perfection like the voice of a stirred memory. Nothing deepens our tenderness in dealing with others, like the consciousness of infirmity of our own.

4. I have already spoken of circumstances, and what we have to do with them in meeting, enduring, and using them. Well, God too uses them as His angels and voices to us; and He has special epochs and crises in which He visits the soul He loves. There are three chief landmarks of spiritual life in Jacob's history, perhaps in most histories; though we may not all of us have learnt about them yet.

The first was at Bethel, where Jacob became really conscious of God, and that in his present distress he could not do without Him. Characteristically enough he made a bargain with God, in which he took good care to have the best of it. God in His infinite goodness, ready to have our love almost at any price, does not stop to reason with Jacob, nor to dissect his curious motives. But He treats him exactly as a wise and kind father treats a somewhat selfish child, suffering him to have his say, and to receive his promise, and telling himself that he can wait; time is on his side, and his son will learn.

Then there is the second epoch, when the need of provision from God becomes transfigured into a craving after intercourse with Him; when the soul does not so much seek God's gifts, as the vision of His glory, asks not to eat His bread, but to see Him and live. It is the baptismal fellowship quickened into conscious life. "Tell me, I beseech thee, thy name. I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he blessed him there."

Then comes the final change. "Fear not to go down into Egypt. I will go down with thee, and will also bring thee up again; and Joseph shall put his hand on thine eyes."

Yes, there is Egypt too for us—the vast spirit-land on the bank of the river, where we shall meet our Josephs and Benjamins, and the goodly company gone on before; and then the voice of the archangel will bid us "rise and be going," and we shall enter into our land of promise.*

In conclusion, let us borrow from Jacob's history a significant lesson for youth, and middle life, and old age, and see how for us too, as well as for Jacob, it may be true that He blesses us there.

The secret of a noble youth is eagerness without impetuosity. Jacob was eager, but in his eagerness he thought to make a short cut to his journey's end, and it turned out, as short cuts often do, a very long one. Could he have waited for his birthright, instead of clutching at it, it might soon have come to him through his brother's levity and idolatrousness, and then all that sin and sorrow would have been spared.

My friends, by all means desire good things—nay, if you will, great things. Only be content to wait for them, and be sure that if you will not wait, you will be compelled to practise waiting in a very painful way. It is a good thing to wish to have a filled home, moral problems neatly settled, to have an impatience at evil and evil people; to have a great hope of progress, and to put your own shoulder to the wheel of the world to help it to move faster—nay, to have, if you will, a sort of hot despair, when it seems to be going on so slowly that it is almost standing still. The world is usually the better for a little wholesome anger. "The fatal malady of the soul is cold." But also learn to trust

* For one or two of the thoughts at the close of this sermon I am indebted to the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

God in the management of His own world, and especially of His redeemed creatures. Have enthusiasm; we cannot have too much of it. But let it be a regulated enthusiasm, and not merely the feverish passion of egotism. Ask as many questions as you please, but remember that it is only in action and obedience that full answers come to us. Most of all, remember Him who has said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Like Jacob by the brook, seek Him, speak to Him, wrestle with Him, till He becomes your friend. Jesus of Nazareth is the true and blessed meeting-place for childhood with its innocence, youth with its aspirations, manhood with its activities, and age with its retrospect. Your wish for Him is the proof that He Himself is seeking you. Say to Him, "Be my friend," and He will answer, "That I have ever been," and He will bless you there.

Then in middle life we will try to learn the hard lesson of *concentration* without *absorption*. God has His discipline for Jacob here also, and for us likewise. He sends for Rachel, and she dies by the well at Bethlehem. Joseph is sold into Egypt. By the lonely well at Beersheba, the middle-aged, prosperous man would give half he possesses for one short hour of sweet Rachel's company, or for one glimpse of the ruddy brown cheek of his lost boy. But Rachel neither comes nor sends. Joseph sends, but so late that the sands of his father's life are fast running out.

Yet middle age is not all discipline. Even for the lone fireside there is a sort of compensation in the infinite variety of duties, which, for a filled life, keeps the heart from monotony and the mind from stagnation. The interest is so great, as the experience widens, and the tasks develop. Fresh ideas, both from books and talk, crowd in upon us, and lift us up on very wings above the trifles and petty vexations that absorb us, if we do not hasten to crush them in the palm of a strong hand. New occupations and tastes stimulate our energies, and reward us in stimulating them. Duties, honestly done, and with more cheerfulness, gladden our own life and enrich the generation in front. It has been well said that if our danger is to be one-sided through the steadiness of our concentrated effort, our safety must be found in being many-sided and many-sided, while changing fast to our own particular work. For Christ surely came to save and ennoble and sanctify our entire nature, that we might diligently cultivate it now, and so presently stand complete before the throne of God. There may not be much of what is understood by poetry in middle life. It may have less charm than youth, and less dignity than age; perhaps this does not so particularly matter. But middle age is the August of life, when the harvest ripens, and the purple grapes ask us to pluck them. If we drop something, we have plenty wherewith to restore it. Our questions are wiser than they once were, and they have less sharpness about them. If our difficulties are still serious, like Jacob, we have seen God, and we know that, though the well is deep, and it is hard to plumb it, the Rock of Ages is below. So He blesses us there.

Then, after the heat and the burden of the day, the wilderness is passed and the purple shadows fall. The perfection of old age is "wisdom without cynicism," and a faith in the purpose of God, which deepens and widens with the years. To look round on the scene, which we are so soon to leave, and still to admire and enjoy, and try, if possible, to improve it; to be interested in the young, who will soon fill our place, dissect our motives, and inherit our labours —not, perhaps, with too much respect and sympathy; to hope about a future which we shall have no opportunity of helping; to grow in spiritual vision, even if our intellectual force decays; to spread charity, to accept consolation, to avoid a morose solitariness, to welcome all opportunities of making others happy—here is the glory of old age when the grand hope of immortality sweetens and dignifies it, when, as with Jacob, we say cheerfully, "I am to be gathered to my fathers," or with Simeon, in the dawning light of the gospel, joyfully, "Now let me depart in peace, for I have seen thy salvation."

In this spirit it is that the patriarch's last word is benediction; "God Almighty bless the lads." Then he calmly gathers his feet into the bed, turns his face to the wall, and thinks of Rachel.

> "Who but a Christian through all life
> That blessing may [illegible],
> When [illegible] the world's sad day of strife,
> [illegible] [illegible] song
> Ever the richer, tenderer grow
> Still round the [illegible]?
> But there right [illegible] best may know
> The bliss, when life is done!

Yes, He will bless us, even there.

BEE LIFE.

By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A.

II.

HAVING in a previous paper given a rapid sketch of Solitary Bees, we shall now glance at those that are social in their habits. These insects fall naturally into two divisions, namely the Humble Bees and the Hive Bees, of which latter insects there are more species than is generally imagined.

In all these insects we find a new element introduced into their economy. The Solitary Bees consist of males and females, as is the case with most insects. But, in the Social Bees, we find three distinct ranks, if we may use the word. There are the males, which we popularly call Drones, the females, which we term Queens, and the undeveloped females, which we know by the name of Workers; the last-mentioned insects being the rank and file of the bee army, the males and females being the officers.

Males, however, are comparatively unimportant in bee life, bees, like ants, being essentially a nation of Amazons, and the interest of the community centring in the workers, imperfect though they be.

Putting the males on one side, we have now to consider one part of the structure which is common to both the queen and the workers. This is the sting, and a very beautiful apparatus it is.

If we press the abdomen of a bee or wasp, so as to cause the sting to protrude, we should naturally think that the sharp, dark-coloured instrument was the sting itself. This, however, is not the case. The real sting is a very slender instrument, nearly transparent, keenly pointed, and armed on one edge with a row of barbs. So exactly does the sting resemble the many-barbed arrow of certain savage tribes, that if the savages had possessed microscopes, we should certainly have thought that they borrowed the idea of the barb from the insect. What we see with the unaided eye is simply the sheath of the sting.

Many savages poison their spears and arrows, and here also they have been anticipated by the insect. But the sting is infinitely superior to the arrow poison. No poison that has yet been made, not even the terrible wourali, or curare, as it is sometimes called, can retain its strength after long exposure to air. The upas poison of Borneo, for example, loses its potency in two or three hours. But the venom of the sting is never exposed to the air at all. It is secreted by two long, thread-like glands, not nearly so thick as a human hair, and is then received into a little bag at the base of the sting. When the insect uses its weapon, it contracts the abdomen, thereby forcing the sting out and compressing the venom-bag. By the force of the stroke which drives the sting into the foe, its base is pressed against the venom-bag, and a small amount of the poison driven into the wound. As a rule, if the bee or wasp be allowed to remain quiet, it will withdraw its sting, but as the pain generally causes a sudden jerk, the barbed weapon cannot be withdrawn, and the whole apparatus of sting, poison-bag, and glands is torn out of the insect, thereby causing its death.

Three distinct groups of Humble Bee exist in this country, namely, the Meadow Bees, which make their nests underground; the Carder Bees, which build on the surface of

Carder Bees at work.

the earth; and the Stone Bees, which choose their habitations in the clefts of rocks, stone heaps, and similar situations.

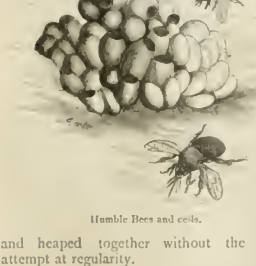
The two former of these bees may be watched with perfect safety, as they seldom use their stings, even when their homes are invaded. But it will be as well to let the Stone Bee alone. The hornet itself is not more savage than the Stone Bee. This insect will dash at any one who ventures near its stronghold, and if he runs away, will chase him for a considerable distance. Its sting is thought to be as severe as that of the hornet. Never having been stung by a hornet, I cannot speak from experience, but I have been stung by a Stone Bee, and can state that the anguish is very much greater than that inflicted by the sting of the wasp or hive bee, the dull heavy throbbing pain seeming to reach the very bone.

These wild Social Bees all set about housekeeping in much the same way. A female, or "queen," has been hidden throughout the winter in some sheltered spot, and when the

warm spring days come, she emerges from her concealment, and flies about in search of a home.

The Wood Humble Bee almost invariably chooses the deserted burrow of a mouse, enlarges and smoothes the extremity of it, and then begins her nest. She provides a store of food, deposits her eggs, makes some rude cells and feeds the young until they are ready to change into pupæ. Each larva then spins for itself an oval cocoon, from which it is relieved at the proper time by the parent, who bites a circular piece from one end, as if it were a previously made lid.

At first, only worker bees are developed, the males and females appearing later in the year. The workers come to the assistance of the queen, who has thenceforth little to do but deposit eggs. They watch over the young larvæ, feed them, fetch honey and store it in the vacant cells, and in fact do all the work of the community. The honey cells are not placed together as is the case with the Hive Bee, but are mixed with the breeding cells,



Humble Bees and cells.

and heaped together without the least attempt at regularity.

The honey is, as a rule, very sweet and fragrant, but it is sometimes injurious to human beings.

Here I may mention that no bee can suck honey out of flowers, as is popularly supposed. She licks it out with her tongue, the end of which is covered with hairs, so as to convert into a brush, scrapes it between the jaws, and so passes it into the crop, where it is changed into honey.

What property there may be in the crop which converts flower juice into honey, we do not at present know. To all appearance, the crop is nothing but a bag of exceedingly fine membrane, and yet, after remaining for a little time in the crop, the flower juice undergoes a change in consistence, flavour, and scent, and, whether the insect be a wild or domestic bee, the change is identical throughout. At the end of autumn the males and workers all die, and only one or two of the females appear to survive the winter.

Carder Bees. Outside of nest.

For its nest the Carder Bee is content with a slight hollow on the surface of the ground, covering it with a low dome of moss, grass, or similar materials. The bee is very careful that all the fibres should be separated so that they may be properly laid, and subjects them to a kind of combing, or "carding" process, drawing them under her body, and passing them through the three pairs of legs. Sometimes, several bees will unite in the labour, standing in a row and passing the moss or grass from one to the other.

The dome is rendered waterproof by an inner coating of dark, coarse wax, and in most cases it is made with such care that it looks just like a tuft of ordinary moss upon the ground. More than once the bees have been known to carry off a quantity of horse-hair, and to weave it into their nests.

Carder Bees. Interior of nest.

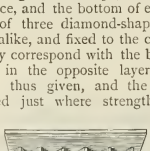
On passing from the wild to the domestic Social Bees, we find a contrast quite as well marked as between a semi-savage and a civilised country. In the one, a sort of

happy-go-lucky system prevails, the cells being of no very particular shape, jumbled together without the least attempt at arrangement, space and material being treated as if they were of no consequence, and each bee seeming to act without reference to any other.

In the nest of the Hive Bee, no matter what the species, we find discipline, harmony, subordination of each insect to the wants of the general community, and economy of space and material carried to the last possible extreme. Division of labour is also practised, though not to so great an extent as among the ants, and even the workers are separated into two classes, namely the architects and the nurses. No longer do we find wasted space or material, the latter being far too valuable to the insect. The cells are wholly made of wax, a substance which is not gathered from flowers or trees, as many persons still believe, but is in reality secreted by the insects themselves.

On the under surface of the worker bee may be seen six little flaps, and on lifting them up with the point of a needle the flaps disclose six tiny pockets. Within these pockets the wax is secreted, forming small flakes nearly semicircular in shape. Some time is required for the development of the wax scales, and during that time the bee requires to be at rest. By degrees the pockets are filled, and when the wax flakes show themselves outside the flaps the bee removes them with its jaws, masticating them together, and then places the mass where it will be wanted.

The cells of the Hive Bee are placed nearly horizontally, and in a double row, end to end. They are hexagonal in shape, so as to avoid wasted space, and the bottom of each cell is composed of three diamond-shaped plates, all exactly alike, and fixed to the cell so that they exactly correspond with the bottoms of three cells in the opposite layer. Mutual support is thus given, and the cells are strengthened just where strength is most needed.



Beginning of Comb.

I very much fear that if I mentioned that the angles of the bee-cell were governed by the square of the hypothenuse, some of my readers might not precisely understand the point. I will, therefore, merely say that the celebrated forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, on which the science of navigation depends, also affords the key to the angles of the bee-cell.

If we ask how the bee make its cells so mathematically perfect we have no answer. Theories without number have been put forward, but there is not one that is satisfactory. I will only mention two. The first and most obvious was that of "Equal pressure." Every one knows that cylinders of any soft substances if pressed together will be formed into hexagons. But, in the first place, the wax is so brittle that it would snap if subjected to such pressure. In the next place, the wonderful diamond-shaped plates with their equal opposite angles would not be formed. And lastly, there are insects, such as the Mischocyttarus of South Africa, which make cells of much softer material than wax, and perfectly hexagonal, even though no other cells surround them.

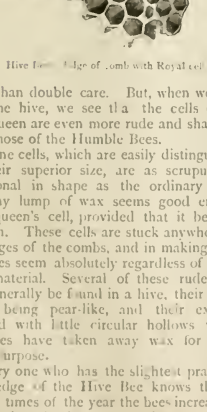
Then there was the "Opposite sculpture" theory, which was mightily popular for a time. According to this the bees began by making a thick, flat, waxen plate, and setting to work at the opposite sides of it. Nothing could be simpler. All that the bees had to do was to scoop out perfectly circular pieces of wax, taking care to place the centres of their circles at regular distances upon the circumference of the circle traced by the bee on the opposite side. Then, by cutting away the superfluous wax, they got hexagonal foundations, and had only to keep to them in order to complete the cell. But how did they make their circles so absolutely exact? How did they obtain their centres? With what point did they trace their circumference? How did six bees on one side of the waxen wall know exactly what six bees were doing on the other side? The original proposer of this absurd theory begins by assuming that the bees act according to this theory, and so, as logicians say, he "begs the question."

The real fact is, that we do not know how the bee builds its hexagonal cell, any more than we know how the termite is taught to rear its gigantic palaces, the caddis-worm to make its subaquatic tubes, the swallow to build its nest of mud, and the sand-martin to burrow holes in soft rocks.

Another remarkable point in bee architecture is the mode in which the edges of the cells are strengthened. The sides of the cells are so exceedingly fragile that even the touch of a passing bee might break their edges if

they were not protected with some material harder than wax. Such a material is the "propolis," an adhesive vegetable secretion obtained from various sources, the bud of the chestnut being the chief favourite. By masticating this propolis with wax, the bee forms a tolerably hard cement, with which it guards the edges of the cells, fills up all needless crevices, fastens the edges of the hive to the footboard, and employs for various similar purposes.

Considering the wonderful care which the bees bestow on the ordinary cells, we might naturally imagine that the cells in which the queen bees are bred would be formed with



Hive Bee. Edge of Comb with Royal cell.

more than double care. But, when we look into the hive, we see that the cells of the hive queen are even more rude and shapeless than those of the Humble Bees.

Drone cells, which are easily distinguished by their superior size, are as scrupulously hexagonal in shape as the ordinary cells. But any lump of wax seems good enough for a queen's cell, provided that it be large enough. These cells are stuck anywhere on the edges of the combs, and in making them the bees seem absolutely regardless of space and material. Several of these rude cells can generally be found in a hive, their usual shape being pear-like, and their exterior covered with little circular hollows where the bees have taken away wax for some other purpose.

Every one who has the slightest practical knowledge of the Hive Bee knows that at certain times of the year the bees increase so rapidly that the hive can no longer contain them. Several queens are within the hive, and as a hive, like a house, can have but one mistress, successive swarms leave the hive in search of another home, each swarm being accompanied by a queen.

In civilised countries the bees inhabit artificial dwellings, made either of straw or reed. These "hives" being tolerably uniform in their dimensions, we can form a fairly correct calculation as to the number of swarms which a healthy hive will produce in a season.

In uncivilised countries, where the bees make their habitations in hollow trees, the clefts of rocks, or similar localities, the swarming is very uncertain, depending on the size of their habitations. A curious illustration of this fact occurred in a Wiltshire village where I lived for some years. A swarm of bees had managed to evade their rightful owner, and had made their way into the church roof, between the tiles and the lath-and-plaster ceiling with which most village churches were afflicted at that period. Being undisturbed, the bees increased mightily, but they never sent out a swarm. As long as they restricted themselves to the roof, they were allowed to remain untouched. But after some years, they found their way through the flimsy ceiling, and came into the church in such numbers that the congregation hardly dared to enter the building.

At the beginning of winter, when all the bees were torpid, an entrance was made into their domains, and a wonderful sight it was. The beams and rafters were hidden under the masses of comb. The workmen thought that they had a valuable prize of wax and honey, but they were quite mistaken. In our artificial bee houses we can induce the insects to store the honey in separate portions of the hive. But in this instance the bees had so much space at command that they mixed up the honey cells with the bread cells and breeding cells, so that the labour of separating them would not have been repaid by the results.

I have already mentioned that there are several species of Hive Bee, but can only give a very brief notice of two. One of these is the Banded Bee of the Nile district (*Apis fasciatus*). This bee is remarkable for the fact that the hives are placed in boats and taken along the course of the river so as to secure a constant supply of food, the owner of the bees paying the owner of the boat by a percentage of wax and honey. The next is the bee, or rather group of South American bees, called "Angelitos," or little angels, because they never sting. Some of them can and do bite fiercely. Jaws, however, possess no poison; and although the bite inflicts a momentary pang, it can do no more.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

III.—BAADER AND KETTELER.

IN the two previous papers we endeavoured to give typical representatives of Christian Socialism in France and England. We now turn to Germany, where similar social causes produced a similar movement in the two leading religious bodies of that country.

In the Roman Catholic Church, where the movement took its rise first, two men stand out prominently from among the rest, the one a philosophic layman, the other an ecclesiastic politician. The former has much in common with Lamennais, whose writings he knew and criticized freely, and for whose leading ideas he expressed both sympathy and respect. The latter is not unlike Kingsley in his manly attitude, though his superior in administrative gifts, as he falls below him in the final humanities of his disposition and the broad comprehensiveness of his religious conceptions. In Baader and Ketteler and their teachings, we see represented the two successive stages of the new Catholic movement in Germany, so far as it is connected with social reform. Religious philosophers and literary men among the laity are identified with the first, the clergy and what may be called the clerical centres with the second. The former vented itself in a sort of romantic mysticism, with reactionary tendencies in religion and politics; the latter in Ultramontanism, and a general desire to widen the basis of ecclesiastical operations among the working classes. Baader, the defender of religious liberty, occupies in this respect an entirely different standpoint from Ketteler, the champion of socialistic clericalism, which has earned for its representatives the name, "*Black Internationale.*"

In other respects both men are inspired by common ideas. Their motives and methods are not always the same, but they are perfectly at one as regards the main theories of Christian Socialism in its past and present aspects respectively; the one antecedent to, the other consequent upon, the revolution of 1848.

I. Franz Xavier von Baader was born in München on the 27th March, 1765. His father was a medical practitioner, well acquainted with, and influenced by, some of the leading liberal Bishops in Germany, many of whom shared the enlightened views of the eighteenth century. This may have had an effect on the first impressions of young Baader, who was intended to follow his father's profession. But he turned to mining from personal predilection. As a devoted student of science he became the friend of Alexander von Humboldt at the University of Freiburg. During his stay in England for the purpose of scientific inquiry, he made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart and Erasmus Darwin, and was offered the directorship of lead and silver mines in Devonshire, which, however, he refused. On his return to Germany he was made "Councillor of Mines," and became the author of original treatises on metallurgy and chemistry. His original contributions to mental science were by no means insignificant, and at one time he was regarded as a man likely to give a fresh start to speculative philosophy in his country. In religious matters his aspirations were for the reunion of Protestantism with Catholicism, and he joined the mystic circle of religious devotees which at the time had Madame Krüdener for its centre of attraction. It included Speranski and Prince Galizin, but its first and foremost member was no less a person than the youthful Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. Baader had a project which he submitted to the Czar for uniting the members of the Holy Alliance in one common policy for the spiritual and social regeneration of Europe. He also pressed upon the imperial enthusiast a scheme for the establishment of a new Academy at St. Petersburg, which was to be a temple of religion and science, where faith and fact, dogma and discovery, were to be reconciled, an institution in its leading principles equally distant from the Jesuits and the Encyclopædists. In this effort he was unsuccessful. Foiled by court intrigues, he was compelled to leave the northern capital and return to Germany. On his way home he stayed at Berlin, where he was brought into contact with Hegel, Herder, Schleiermacher, and other men of the period. Their influence on his own liberally inclined mind was felt later, when in 1816 he was appointed professor at the newly-founded University of his native town. His first public lectures produced a profound sensation because of their freedom. Though a good Catholic, he gave utterance to some strong remonstrances against the absolutism of the Roman Curia in 1838-40, and was in consequence deposed from his professorial chair.

Nevertheless, among the worthies whose

busts adorn the Bavarian Walhalla, founded by Louis I. near his capital, Baader's, too, is seen as the representative of Philosophical Philanthropy. As such we may now proceed to consider him, and examine his theories under the light which the social history of his time throws upon them.

What was said of the class-antagonisms in France and England, and the conflicts between the revolutionary and reactionary parties in those countries, is equally true of Germany, with this difference, however, that here special causes aggravated the virulency of class antagonisms. The absolutism of Metternich, with its bureaucratic excesses and galling police regulations, had produced a general spirit of discontent against paternal modes of government. The survival of class privileges and the exemption of the nobles from national burdens had produced a school of "Teutonic Jacobins," whilst the reactionary "Conspiracy of Princes," as it was called, was confronted by the underground machinations of secret societies. Social distress added to the bitterness of the popular disappointment at the barren results of the war of liberation, and the Government was regarded as the chief cause of social evils for which they were only in part and indirectly responsible. The real causes of agricultural distress and industrial depression have to be traced farther back in the historical development of Germany, and mainly in the slow progress of peasant emancipation from feudalism in that country. But in 1750 the agricultural element formed 60 or 70 per cent of the entire population. There had been peasant risings in Bohemia and Saxony towards the close of the eighteenth century, and excessive subdivision of the soil elsewhere had brought about evils which threatened to culminate in a general outbreak. The partial withdrawal of the more industrious portion of the needy population to the towns interfered with the progress of agriculture, and the return of "factory hands" to their native villages had the effect of spreading the vices of towns in rural districts and demoralising the people.

Again, in the centres of industry the extension of trade liberties with the relaxation of the guild system proved by no means an unmixed good. It stimulated production, indeed, but also increased luxury and waste; it also lowered the standard of commercial honesty and thoroughness of workmanship; it encouraged selfish exclusiveness as the result of unlimited competition, and was instrumental in destroying small trade by means of wholesale enterprise. Thus were produced poverty and wretchedness, with a decreasing sense of self-respect among the wages-earning classes. From the sixteenth century to the present day the condition of the trades had been deteriorated, until (to take Prussia as a type) at the present moment, according to reliable statistics, the well-to-do class is found only 1·31 of the population, whilst 80·06 per cent. are composed of persons depending, either partly or entirely, on wages, whilst 95 per cent. of the whole population are restricted to an income not exceeding 2,000 marks (£100), though mostly falling below it. This growth of immense wealth in the hands of a few, side by side with the impoverishment of the vastly preponderating many, is, as Dr. Engel of the Statistical Department has put it, the great social danger of the hour. It proved so, at the time now under consideration, though perhaps in less formidable proportions, simply because the disintegrating process had not advanced to the same alarming extent then. But it roused the spirit of insubordination, which was stimulated into revolt by the coercive measures against the "Demagogues" adopted by the governments of the German States. Bavaria at this time was noted more especially for its stagnant immobility in Social Politics.

It was in such surroundings that the pious and noble-minded Baader recommended a "Theocracy," a Monarchy guided by Divine politics, as opposed to a "Democracy" of Revolution, a State held together by Christian love, equally free from slavish despotism and lawless individualism. In a country where the lawyers, physicians, and magistrates were all treated as minor State-officials, and where both he and his colleagues found themselves constantly hampered by the interference of State authority in the discharge of their professional duties, Baader, in the simplicity of his strong beliefs, conceived the Utopian idea of a society founded on the pure principle of Christian love. This optimism was partly inspired by a study of Godwin's works, with which he became acquainted in this country, a fact which he has fully acknowledged in his writings.

He accepts Godwin's pessimistic view of the evils attending the modern modes of industry: "Wealth is acquired by over-reaching our neighbours, and is spent in insulting them." At the same time there is no lack of discriminating criticism when Baader comes to speak of Godwin's excessive individualism, when, in his love for freedom, as Baader thinks, he

would make man almost unsocial out of pure fear of sanitary subordination.

We now turn to Baader's own theories on the improvement of society. After dwelling on the irrational and immoral tendencies of some of the "Demagogues," he proceeds:

"Whoever, as an eye-witness, has looked into the abyss of the physical and moral misery and neglect of the greater portion of the proletariat in England and France (mainly owing to the development of our own industrial system), must confess, in spite of any assurances to the contrary made in the interests of capital and landed property, that the dependent condition of the same class in mediæval times, even when feudalism was most crushing and inhuman, was less intolerable than it is now. . . . Such an observer must acknowledge that, in so-called Christian and enlightened Europe, the civilisation of the few exists only at the expense of the uncivilisation, or rather the brutality, of the many, and that we have approached the ancient system of slavery and helotry, which is much worse than the barbarism of the Dark Ages."*

He refers to his personal experience during his visit to this country, and mentions the fact that, when present at the meetings of some of the manufacturers in the North, he generally found that they ended in fixing the rate of wages and the price of goods in such a manner that it might be truly called a conspiracy against the working-man, who always receives less than the natural value of his produce (work). Baader goes on to say that of Parliamentary legislation in their favour there can be no question, because only the moneyed classes are represented there.

This, of course, was said in 1835, in an essay on the unhealthy relationship between the working classes and their employers. Legislation for the benefit of the working classes since then, and the creation of conciliation and arbitration boards, leave little or no room now for such complaints.

Still, in Baader's day, things unfortunately were what he describes them to be; and what is more remarkable in his case is the penetration of mind which saw at the time that the true cause of political agitation was social discontent.

The remedies he suggests to remove these causes of social dissatisfaction may be summarised as follows:—

Without previous and perfect union between God and man, social union can neither be effected nor maintained. Social co-ordination and subordination must rest on divine authority. All members of the social organism are what they are by the grace of God. Physical force without spiritual power, compulsion without conviction, fear without respect, interest without love, cannot permanently secure social order. This, it has to be remembered, was said in what has been called the season of agony of Metternich's system. Corporate action and association are essential to the common weal, because they imply organized social life. On the other hand, all attacks on property by way of advocating a communistic redistribution is a crime against the common interests of all. The Christian law of mutual affection is the only safeguard against the disintegrating power of individualism. With the development of the moral and religious life of the nation, social evolution will become possible also, and thus the unhealthy elements of social progress will be eliminated without the adoption of revolutionary measures. At present, he says, the majority of men are the slaves of capital, the production of wealth is carried on on a gigantic scale, whilst its distribution is alarmingly uneven and unjust. *The Church must provide a new diaconate* for a more equitable redistribution. The most perfect corporation is the Catholic Church, it is therefore the best type of social organization. The Church is altogether opposed to the heathenish view of ownership of property, which is purely selfish and therefore anti-social, separating private from common interests. The Church regards all men as agents and stewards of their possessions for the common good. Therefore when it was said in the French Tribune, "L'état est athée, et doit l'être" (the State is without God, and ought to be so), it was proclaiming a godless constitution of society which introduced the impious spirit of egotism that fears neither God nor man and utterly destroys the roots of personal responsibility: hence the bitter disappointments following the Revolution.

In this respect Baader widely differs from Lamennais in his later views. He compares him with Peter the Hermit in preaching a crusade, but a crusade as in "Les Paroles d'un Croyant," against legitimate authority, thus, as it were, consecrating the Jacobin flag and the barricades.* Reminding him of S. Bernard's exhortation, "Conformor ut unior dum destituor"—(I yield for the sake of union, though it be to my own hurt)—he falls back on the Pauline theory of social duty, that self-immolation and self-conquest lead to man's salvation and that of the race.

Lamennais had said, "De l'esclave l'homme de crime peut devenir tyran, mais jamais il ne devient libre"—(A bad man who has been a slave may become a tyrant, but never a free man.) Yes, replies Baader; "Voulez-vous travailler à détruire la misère de l'esclavage de la pauvreté, travaillez à détruire le péché *en vous* premièrement, puis dans les autres"—(If you want to work for the destruction of slavish misery among the poor, first try to destroy sin in self and then in others).

This is the essence of Christian Socialism, as distinguished from every other form of socialism having no religious foundation.

II. From München we proceed to Mainz, to make ourselves acquainted with another and better known Christian Socialist—Wil-

* "Werke," vol. vi. pp. 131, 132.

* "Werke," vi. p. 111. But in a letter to Montalemberti in 1831, referring to *D'Avenir*, he points out the value of this publication, and shows how in it the principle is laid down that religion is the true liberator, *freeing man from self* and others, restoring true self-love and love of neighbours, and hence becoming a *binding power in society*.

helm Emmanuel Freiherr von Ketteler, late bishop of that ancient See. Ketteler was born in Munster on Christmas Day, 1811. He belonged to an old Westphalian family, and was the third son out of ten. His early education he received in the Capitular school of his native city, and afterwards in the Jesuit establishment at Brüg. His mother is described as a "strong woman," and from her he seems to have inherited the vigour of character for which he became afterwards so distinguished. From the very first there was a peculiar religious tone in his manner and bearing which made game-keepers of his father call him, when still a boy, "Bischoffliche Gnaden" (your Episcopal Grace), an epithet which clung to him during the whole course of early home-life. Like Charles Kingsley he delighted in out-door exercise, and in his younger days excelled as a persevering sportsman and mountaineer. This cheerful robustness developed into a healthy manliness and dignified elasticity of bearing in later life. The present writer has distinct recollections of the impression produced on his boyish mind by the stately presence and courtly grace of the Bishop of Mainz as he passed through the streets of a South German town after a confirmation. There was character in every step and every keen glance of his penetrating eye, and the crowd, by no means universally sympathetic, could not help being awed by the commanding presence of one whom they instinctively recognised as a man of power. Ketteler received his University training first at Gottingen, where he also fought a duel, which left its mark on his face for life. Thence he migrated to Heidelberg and München, and after passing a good examination for his law-degree, he was promoted "Reverendur," a position he occupied from 1834 to 1838. When, however, in one of those feuds between Church and State in which Ketteler himself afterwards took a prominent part, the Archbishop of Koln was imprisoned in 1838, Ketteler, disapproving of the step the Government had taken, felt himself conscientiously bound to leave the public service. He now began his studies for the Church under Dollinger at the age of thirty-three. Afterwards he removed to the Seminary at Münster, where his conduct was characterized by a punctual attention to his duties, and a simplicity of life almost amounting to asceticism. This, however, did not prevent his becoming very popular among his fellow-students. In 1844 he received priest's orders, and in his first cure was much beloved by all his parishioners, especially the children, and soon became a general favourite among the clergy of the district and all those engaged in philanthropic efforts. This enabled him to say at a later period of his life—

"I have lived with and among the people, and know them in their sorrows and complaints; there are few of the tears and none of the sufferings among the people committed to my charge which have escaped my notice. They come to me with their grievances, and I sympathise with them and seek to alleviate their sorrows."

Like Kingsley, during the cholera season in England, Ketteler, during an epidemic of typhus fever in his parish, most devotedly visited and relieved the people in 1847. It was in recognition of this and similar unremitting efforts, especially in the erection of hospitals and suchlike institutions, that he was elected to represent the district in the Parliament of the Germanic Confederation, then held in Frankfort. This election of Ketteler is noteworthy, as many members of the constituency were Protestants. This led the way to future preferment, when the following event brought Ketteler for the first time prominently before a larger public.

A tragedy, similar in its enormity and effect to that of the late murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phœnix Park, furnished the occasion, namely the assassination of two distinguished noblemen—Prince Lichnowski and Count Auerswald, in the riot at Frankfort of September, 1848. Though in the nature of a political murder, it was closely connected with the social discontents of the times, and was the work of the social democracy. It was part of the insurrectionary movement, which had assumed such formidable proportions in Berlin and Vienna during the previous March. The Emperor of Austria was compelled to take flight from his capital, the King of Prussia was subjected to the humiliation of showing his respect with uncovered head to those rebels who had fallen on the barricades during the fourteen days' street fight in his own capital. Germany was in a ferment, and Frankfort, where the Diet was holding its sittings, reflected the agitated condition of the Empire. The two noblemen mentioned above were prominent members of the Conservative section in the Diet, and the eloquence of Lichnowski had helped materially in passing a measure specially obnoxious to the democratic party. The red-republicans were determined to make capital of this, with a view to foment a rising, and a skirmish took place between the military and the crowd. Lichnowski and Auerswald had left the city on

horseback together, and were recognised by the populace and pursued. They sought a hiding-place in a cottage on the Bornheim Heath, but were discovered, dragged out, and murdered with every mark of savage cruelty. It was at their grave that Ketteler delivered his celebrated oration, which immediately produced a profound sensation thoughout Germany.

Referring to the popular aspirations of the times, though of course expressing horror at the dastardly deed, he says:

"I believe in the truth of those noble ideas which are moving the world now; none of them is, in my estimation, too high for the attainment of mankind. I love the present age for this reason more especially, because it strives mightily for the fulfilment of those ideal aspirations, though I see that we are yet a long while off from this happy consummation . . . but there is but *one* means to realise these grand ideas, and that is by turning to *Him* who has brought them into the world, the Son of God, Jesus Christ. . . . With Him humanity can do everything, the highest aims thus become realizable, without Him it can do nothing. With Him, in the truth which He has taught, in the way He has shown, we can turn the earth into a paradise, dry the tears of our poor suffering brethren, establish love, union, fraternity, and true humanity in the most perfect manner; yea, I maintain, in the deepest conviction of my soul, we may restore a community of good and everlasting peace, and call into existence the most liberal political institutions—*without* Him we shall go to destruction with shame, confusion, and misery, a by-word and derision to posterity."

In the same year Ketteler preached his sermon on Social Subjects in the Mainz Cathedral to a mixed audience of from five to six thousand persons on four successive days, which only more fully expanded the leading idea here expressed with so much dignity and daring, considering both the place and the occasion.

His merits were recognised by those in authority. In the next year he was promoted to the Provostship at the Church of St. Hedwega in Berlin, and in 1850 he was enthroned as Bishop of Mainz. As a notable trait of his character we may mention the fact that on the third day after his consecration he had visited all the hospitals in the town, praying with the sick, and thus signalizing his first assumption of episcopal dignity by those practical acts of Christian charity for which he had been so distinguished as a parish priest. In his private life Ketteler was a bright example of simplicity and frugality. He rose at four o'clock in the morning and gave himself little rest all day. Not unfrequently he heard confessions from two o'clock in the afternoon to twelve o'clock at night. With an enormous capacity for work, he addressed his mind to the most absorbing questions of Church polity which then were the order of the day; he attended to the organization of social and educational institutions by means of which the Roman Catholic Church then hoped to extend her influence among the masses, and some of them were first called into existence by the bishop himself. Associations of journeymen and apprentices, asylums for servants out of employment, mutual improvement and benefit societies rose rapidly into existence during his episcopate, and received his attention in the midst of multifarious engagements of every kind in the administration of the diocese. As the recognised leader of the Rhenish bishops he was waging war at the same time with the Government. With this we are unconcerned now, but whatever our estimate of him as an Ultramontane controversialist may be, and however much we may differ from him in the interpretation of the following sentence, we cannot help admiring the strength of his faith when he says:

"All decrees of the secular power in themselves fail to cure the cancer in the human body politic. Only Christian charity can come in here as an effectual remedy."

Also, we could wish that the rulers in Church bodies generally, in view of the many dangers which assail social order in the present day, could say of themselves what the Bishop of Mainz says in his published letter to Professor Nippold of Heidelberg:

"Besides my actual spiritual duties and the government of my diocese, I follow attentively the movements of my time which afford me an opportunity of observing many acts of mutual dissension between man and man, not always as the result of ill-will, but simply arising from misapprehension and prejudice. To correct these unfortunate preconceptions and misconceptions I devote all the spare moments of my life after discharging my ordinary duties."

And what are the principles arrived at in the course of these observations on current events in the social world? What is Ketteler's solution of the Social Question?

There is no particular work giving a systematic account of his scheme of social improvement. Occasional sermons, speeches, pamphlets (about forty in number) are all that is left from which to gather his opinions.

The Social Question, he maintains, is simply a question of bodily comfort or physical support (eine Magenfrage—a question of the stomach.) The workman has become a mere commodity, like every other in the market, and the price paid for labour depends entirely on demand and supply. In the competition struggle where each tries to secure a bare maintenance, the "hands" are helpless, de-

pending on the fluctuations of trade. Adopting Lassalle's theory of the brazen law, which condemns the large body of wages-labourers to eke out a bare existence according to the lowest standard of living, Ketteler too invokes State protection for the labourers against encroachments of irresponsible capitalists who use manual labour as they use up machinery. For the same purpose, to secure a more healthy development physically and morally, he would encourage co-operation among the men. But here the representative of Christian Socialism joined issue with the leader of the Social Democracy. According to the latter the working classes are "the rock on which the Church of the present must be built." According to Ketteler, to secure the safety and welfare of society, it must be founded on the rock of St. Peter. Christ is the true Saviour of society, and the full recognition of Christian duty on the part of the privileged classes towards the poor, after the manner of St. Elizabeth and St. Francis, would heal many of the sores in the social body politic. So, on the other hand, the recognition of Christian principle on the part of the workers, would enable them to bear the ills of life with dignified patience and enduring heroism, remembering that the disposition of the heart rather than social position determines man's true place in the community. The bishop points out the impotence of legislative measures for the purpose of equalising property. Inequality of fortune, as he reasonably enough maintains, is the result of inequality of skill and character. The recognition of higher ideals as an antidote to the materialistic tendencies in every section of society can really save our work-civilisation from ruin. Hope of a future life alone can render the present state of existence tolerable to vast multitudes who have no prospect whatever of a better lot in life here. Christian fortitude, and not the mechanical force of social laws, will enable them cheerfully to perform life's task. Christian love, as a binding force, can effect what the mere external combination of "pulverized" social atoms fails to bring about, viz., Co-operative Association on a sound basis. The divine laws of liberty, order, justice and mercy can adjust the limits of private property and the claims of the community on the individual, or protect the interests of the proprietors and the patrimony of the poor.

Under the discipline of religion self-help and self-culture will become a power for good, and a blessing, whereas without it, degenerating into self-seeking and self-adulation, they often become a power for evil and a curse; in short, the evils of unlimited competition can at least be mitigated, if they cannot be removed altogether, by the exercise of Christian charity.

The socialist St. Simon had said on his death-bed: "Remember, to do great deeds you must have enthusiasm;" Bishop Ketteler points to the power of Christian liberality as the lever for raising and regenerating society. He makes mention of the spirit of self-sacrifice in the Catholic Church, and the enormous sums annually collected for religious purposes, and looks to similar acts of voluntary efforts of self-devotion for social purposes.

Such are the general principles of Ketteler's Christian Socialism. They have since been further developed by Canon Moufang, and stated with greater boldness and clearness, especially in a memorable speech delivered by him before the Mainz electors in 1871. It contains the programme of Roman Catholic Socialism in what may be called its more advanced stage. Moufang sums up his demands as follows:—1. Legislative protection of "the rights of labour;" 2, Pecuniary State subvention to aid co-operative associations; 3, Reduction of the burdens of taxation and military service; 4, Restriction of the power of capital and the removal of evils arising from usury and over-speculation.

On the part of the Church, Moufang demands—1, The diffusion of the spirit of fair justice and Christian love; 2, The inculcation of benevolence and beneficence; 3, The administration of comfort and consolation in seasons of sorrow and suffering and the trials of this life, together with the inspiration of a better hope of that which is to come.

It is easier to comply with the latter than with some of the former demands—namely, the requirement of State regulation of the price of labour, since the natural aptitudes and inclinations for work differ so widely in individual cases. It would amount to simple injustice to treat all alike; it would be impossible to find employers investing their capital under such conditions, and thus the source of demand for labour would in many instances be dried up altogether. It would be equally impracticable to reform some of the abuses of the money market, and to remove the evils of over-speculation by legislative enactments. Desirable as these reforms are, imperative even to save large bodies of men from destitution and ruin, such reform cannot be carried with a high hand; they must be preceded by a moral reformation which would raise the standard of commercial honesty and purify public

opinion as the arbiter of mercantile morality. Again, industrial enterprise depends on freedom of contract. State intervention between employers and employed, though it might here and there prevent acts of flagrant injustice on the part of the large capitalists in using their power by over-reaching those whose only capital is their manual skill, would prove detrimental to the interests of the labourers as a body, *in their present condition*, unable to carry on production on their own account and at their own risk without the necessary capital and credit.

Tirades against the tyranny of capital are of little use, as M. de Laveleye points out, in his late work on Contemporary Socialism, and vague appeals to Government are equally useless, unless a *modus operandi* is suggested at the same time which would obviate the difficult question: Who will bear the risk of productive enterprise when the laws of the State, formed for the protection of labour, endanger the safety of the enterprise altogether, and make it the interest of the manufacturer to withdraw his capital?

The work of Ketteler and Moufang is still being carried on, in the press mainly by the *Christlich Sociale Blätter*, and a number of minor publications, all exercising a considerable influence on public opinion among Roman Catholics; and among the large body of the working classes, by the maintenance and extension of a number of associations of masters, journeymen, and apprentices, as well as agricultural and industrial labourers, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic clergy, and subject to ecclesiastical discipline. Father Kolbing, once a journeyman himself, is at the head of this class of artisans, and as such has rendered distinguished services, which were fully acknowledged at the time by Bishop Ketteler.

The prediction of Cavour has thus been partially fulfilled, that a time would come when a union would be brought about between Romanism and Socialism. Hitherto the result of it has been an organized crusade against Capitalism under the banner of the Church and by means of ecclesiastical centralisation, Ketteler's *Kosacken regiment* as it has been contemptuously called by opponents. It has enabled the Roman Hierarchy to bring into the field at any given moment an army of artisans and labourers to defend the rights and liberties of the Church.

What the results of the movement may be in the future it would be premature now to predict; as a phase in the development of Church polity and a chapter in the history of Social politics in Germany, it is a subject of deep interest to the Christian Philanthropist and the Social Reformer.

WALWORTH FAIR ON SUNDAY MORNING.

By E. H. BRAMLEY.

A GAP wide as the sea is that which lies between the habits of country and town on a Sunday morning. Yet, the picture of village tranquillity on the Day of Rest—"Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed the ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song"—scarcely expresses a greater contrast with the general tone of London life than can be found in districts within the metropolis itself, and even within a few hundred yards of each other. While London is a busy circle within the greater circle of the country, there are inner social rings within the circle of the metropolis itself. Such are the varieties of life, that God and Mammon are worshipped devoutly side by side without even a thin veil to shroud the one cluster of devotees from the other; on the other hand personal isolation could not be more complete. It is not uncommon—it is rather the normal condition—for people to be ignorant of even the name, as well as the occupation, character, or personal appearance of the next-door neighbour, against whom they have lived perhaps for years; and the same law obtains with the frequenters of public thoroughfares, in which is borne out the axiom that one half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Let us strike a triangle with the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington Butts forming one point, the ritualistic church of St. John, Lorrimore Square, a second point, and the humble district of Locks Fields a third. None of the lines of this triangle will measure many hundreds of yards; yet, in what strangely diverse scenes do they terminate on a Sunday morning! Mr. Spurgeon is thundering forth anathemas against the prevailing sins of the age, reading the handwriting on the wall to proclaim the doom of those who profane the Lord's Day; and gaudily-vested priests at Lorrimore Square are performing high ritual and swinging vessels of incense to and fro. We have thus two large and earnest congregations, of widely different types, worshipping and striving for the same end, both seriously

impressed with the importance of keeping holy the Lord's day. But what shall we find at the other point of the triangle? I will describe a visit made to the spot on Sunday morning, to learn how the people of Locks Fields live, and move, and have their being.

Turning out of Walworth Road (the leading thoroughfare south of the Thames) into East Street (formerly called East Lane, being a lane leading eastward to Walworth Common and the neighbourhood), I had not marched fifty steps before I had plunged into a veritable market-place. The buildings on either side consist almost entirely of shops, and these marts of commerce are supplemented by a row of stalls right and left, divided from the shops only by the footpath. A march down East Street on a Sunday morning is by no means a straightforward piece of business; it is necessary to elbow your way through a crowd, and not particularly desirable to court close familiarity with the apparel of those who most do congregate there. Among the rough-and-tumble population of this Kerbstone Market, it is impolitic to be too fastidious about wearing kid gloves, or about having gilt edges to one's note-book. A very brief exercise of one's discerning faculties prompts the belief that I am a "foreigner" amongst those who are to the manor born. I am quickly "spotted" as one who has no regular business there. While I watch the crowd of women in a butcher's shop, haggling over the price of meat, and listen to the persuasive oratory of the dealer in fibrine food, the salesman eyes me with marked suspicion. Did he conceive that I was a sanitary inspector? Perhaps so. Had I been selling such meat as hung on the tenter-hooks in his establishment, I too should have had an eye on any man whose apparel proclaimed him to be a stranger and sojourner in that land of plenty. Legs of lamb at 5½d. per pound, joints of beef, deeply crimson and innocent of that clean-looking fat which denotes prime quality, at 4½d. per pound, are luxuries that naturally arrest one's attention. "I want three-pen'orth o' scraps," ejaculated a poor, half-famished old woman; and, in a few seconds, the salesman had snatched up two or three bunches of cuttings (technically termed "block ornaments" in neighbourhoods of this kind), and dabbed them into a newspaper which the woman carried with her as her basket—*dabbed*, I say, in the same slap-dash manner as he would have served a solution of peas-pudding into the hands of a sweep—and the poor sickly matron went on her way rejoicing in the possession of a Sunday's dinner, probably for a family. Another woman, dirty and ragged, took up a piece of scraggy beef, lifted up the flap with her murky finger as though she wondered whether some maggots might not lurk under the skin, evidently wishing to hold it in the most disadvantageous light under the meat-man's eyes while bantering him about the price per pound. Mr. Butcher was a match for her in shrewdness; he snatched it from her bony grasp, turned the plump side upwards while he announced the maximum price of 5½d. and assured her that it was "sweet as a rose." What's in a name? I thought. The woman started to leave the shop, and was recalled to consider the reduced price: "5d.," the man exclaimed, and at last, after the dowdy woman had tested the rosy sweetness by plunging her nose under the flange, the bargain was struck at 4½d. My presence had become tiresome; the rough-headed barterer in the blue slop solicited my custom, affectionately inquired what I would buy, and subsequently inquired—Did my mother know of my being out?—and I departed, leaving him free to study whether or not there was any truth in the commonly accepted and familiar words, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

It would be an act of injustice to the said butcher to declare that even the poorest quality of his meat would not pass the view of the sanitary inspector, and equally a reflection on the district inspector who might be supposed to have neglected his duty. It must be admitted, as a counterpoise to the seeming strictures made above, that there were some really prime pieces for better-paying customers in the particular shop in question, and in the numerous butchers' shops in East Street; but cheapness, or rather lowness of price, is a necessity in the district where the habits of the people are of a spendthrift character on Saturdays, many of them largely exhausting their funds in conviviality and suburban jaunts, in the full swing of enjoyment till "the witching hour" on Saturday, and having to fight a sharp and decisive battle with the tradespeople on Sunday. It has often been argued in favour of Sunday markets in London, that they are a necessity for thousands of poor people who have to earn their dinner in the morning before being able to provide it. This is undoubtedly true with many classes, but, to be strictly unanswerable, the argument should apply only to the sale of food. This reasoning, however, is not exactly applicable here, for, although there is a large element of food

supply—greengrocery, bread, meat, and the multifarious items which grace the "provision" stores (bacon, eggs, lard, &c.), ducks and geese—there are numerous other items of trade which can scarcely be reckoned as necessary to supply the immediate needs of the hour.

Earthenware shops were, as our Yankee friends term it, "in full blast;" drapery, haberdashery, joiners' tools, and toys were quite as plentiful as articles of food. There were several "curiosity shops" at which might be purchased door-knobs, scraps of rusty iron, nails and screws; and men of the bull-necked persuasion were busy in groups at these shops, some buying long and strong chains for their "dawgs." Stalls were thronged with sweetmeats and lollypops, and second-hand clothes; men were squatted on the pavement with huge and capacious carpet-bags full of braces, which latter were being sold at from fourpence to sixpence a pair, and liberal offers were made to return the purchase-money on the following Sunday if the workmanship should prove to have been defective. One woman guarded a hand-barrow covered with men's reed hats, one of which—a broad-brimmed sloucher—graced her own head by way of advertisement, the stock being tendered at threepence for each specimen of head gear. There were numerous vehicles, with horses in the shafts, in King and Queen Street (leading out of East Street), which was far more crowded and lively than even East Street itself. One of these was a large gaudily-painted van, similar to a small street watering cart, and this van was charged with precious liquor, almost black as ink, dubbed Sarsaparilla Elixir. The fore-part of the van had a carriage front, on which stood a smart-looking man who, with a jaunty air of assurance, exhibited a large tablet displaying the interior of the human frame, headed "Anatomy," by some learned M.D. The loquacious quack-doctor, impudent in his drollery, and of wild, original, and unfettered genius of the Baron Munchausen type, in tampering with the constitution of the British working men, whom he flatteringly styled the muscle of the nation, dilated on the humbug of a portion of the medical profession, and, of course, made it clear as crystal that there was only one way to health, and that particular one was washed with the vital elixir which he had carefully bottled up for sale. There were many symptoms, however, which medicine usually aggravated; some refreshing drink would meet those cases, and such patients, apparently with tavern-haunting propensities and the "hot-copper" throats sacred to thei tribe on the morrow of Saturday night, wer being rapidly and largely supplied with th Sarsaparilla Elixir at a penny a tumbler, a the tail of the van, by two of the lecturer' trusted agents. Life's fitful fever raged, an the "medical lay" was a commercial success

All around there were tradespeople o various types, and crowds of wanderin sightseers and purchasers. Floral beautie were in great request. I had been surprised when wandering down Walworth Road, a seeing so many men and women carryin pots of fuschias and geraniums; the sequel wa found in King and Queen Street. Numerou carts were laden with blooms that ar not surpassed at Covent Garden, the flower being sold by mock-auction, amid a ver Babel of noise. One of these Dutch-auctio men relieved the monotony of his trade b occasionally singing snatches of a humorou ditty; another attracted a crowd by hiring a his Man Friday, to hand the flower-pots down a real African—a tall, stalwart negro, dresse in a scarlet coat, his neck adorned by severa rows of coloured wooden beads, and hi woolly head decorated with a quaint ha trimmed with gold streamers—a veritabl imitation of the red-Indian chief. I hav since learned from conversation with one o the dealers that most of these plants ar grown at Mitcham by a florist who makes speciality of the business; certainly not on of the Covent Garden florists attempts to com pete with him in respect of cheapness, an few rival him for grandeur of bloom. Thi list does not half exhaust the varieties o trade, and if more be required to show tha the market is not conducted exclusively t meet the pressing needs of the poor wh have not the means of purchasing food o Sunday until they have earned it during th morning, nothing would more clearly illus trate the fact than telling of the existence o a shooting-gallery at which a brisk trade wa being run at four shots a penny, and of large perforated board at which balls wer thrown with a view to winning cocoa-nuts.

It was refreshing to emerge from th northern end of King and Queen Street int Lock Square, and then to turn to the right where quietude reigned supreme. The ques tion naturally arose, "What influences are a work to counteract this curious state o things?" I wondered how many places o worship could be found in the immediat neighbourhood. In East Street itself I ha seen St. Mark's church (close to the en

leading from Walworth Road), in which service was being conducted while the full tide of street traffic was flowing at the very gates. At the other end of the street was the East Street Baptist Chapel. Then, turning out of King and Queen Street, I found the Newington Hall, on the door of which a bill announced a lecture to be delivered in the evening by a well-known secularist lecturer, the subject being "Reasons for Rejecting Christianity." Close to this building was a Congregational church. I entered one of these churches and listened for a few moments to a very stirring and eloquent sermon.

The preacher held his congregation apparently spell-bound by a somewhat poetic address eminently suitable for the people who were there—well-dressed and intelligent men and women below, and the more intellectual class of working-men in the gallery. But such an address would have been wasted on the kind of people who made up the market traders—buyers and sellers—in King and Queen Street. The preacher was evidently a master of language, and could adapt his ideas to the brain-level of his hearers: it would have been more pleasant to have found some of the lower orders from Kerbstone Market at the service; why do they not attend? It is not for the want of an effort being made by the friends of the church; for on entering the Sunday-school, contiguous to and connected with the church, where 300 children were being taught, I learned, in conversation with a group of intelligent teachers, that one of their missionaries had visited every house in the district. It was a remarkable fact, elicited during this inquisitorial visitation, that not more than one person in every hundred attended any place of worship.

The Sunday fair, hemmed in by the churches and chapels already described, and by one or two mission-halls of a character specially intended for the people of the neighbourhood, seems to flourish almost uninterruptedly. But lest these traders and their customers should have any plausible opportunity "one and all to make excuse," a troop of amateur missionaries have ventured into the very midst of the heathen. In a short of street, a *cul de sac* called Angle Street, the mouth of which opens into the thickest part of the crowd, some twenty young men and about half as many young women were engaged in setting up the standard of their faith. On a stall nearly opposite, a salesman had raised the Union Jack as a means of attracting a crowd to see him and his wares; but these young people, full of native fire, raised the ideal standard of the Christian religion by singing and preaching. It is creditable to them that they conducted their service in a becoming manner, free from that conceit and dogmatism which, in the outdoor services on the London commons, too frequently suggests the idea of personal importance on the part of the leaders, and which has proved a great drawback to success. This group of men and women were engaged in singing a really lively and soul-stirring Moody and Sankey tune which drew a crowd of listeners—not a drawling, dismal selection, calculated to drive away an impressionable mind, but one that cheered all around. An earnest address followed—not smart in its composition, not brilliant in conception; had these virtues to intellectual people been paraded, they would have utterly failed; but commonplace, drawn from and applicable to the humble notions of the men who listened. Eloquence there was none, except the eloquence of earnestness; and it was listened to with respect.

Curiously, as the refrain of the hymn (the singing of which by those thirty stentorian voices had drowned the confusion of tongues made by the babbling salesmen) died away, a dealer in canaries was heard setting forth the terms of a raffle for birds. A dozen printed tickets were sold at a penny each, and the holder of the lucky ticket chose which bird he thought fit from a truck-load of cages. There were linnets and larks, in full song, excited by the hum and buzz of the people; and cocks were crowing and ducks were quacking, for poultry formed no inconsiderable share of the stock of the fair. Men blew whistles, and imitated the cries of Mr. Punch, selling their tin toys at the very feet of the group of religious men and women who were striving to move the people to nobler thoughts and feelings.

At about half-past twelve the market had almost melted away; and at nearly one o'clock bands of men and women might be seen waiting to rush into the public houses to moisten their parched throats, reared with the alcoholic consumption of the previous night.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.—"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

"HE'S sleepin' noo, Johnnie. Gang awa' and tak' a rest to yoursel'—puir lad, ye're sair needin' a rest."

Grannie said this after they had remained a long time in the same position, Armour holding one hand whilst the other rested on her arm. They had observed no change, except that he had gone quietly to sleep—the sleep for which he had so often craved, and which had been so often denied him. The intellectual cast of features, which had been so many times distorted by passion, became prominent now. The white calm face was that of a man whom one must have regarded with respect.

Armour did not think of death; he was so quiet, so like one who having accomplished a hard round of work has closed his eyes wearily and thankfully.

But the son seemed to hear at intervals the weird sound of a distant funeral bell, and the one long note, distinctly and sadly, pronounced the word "GONE!"

What possibilities that life had possessed; what it might have achieved if it had only fallen into the right channel.

"GONE!" boomed that melancholy bell.

He had blundered on the threshold of his career, and the impulsive, passionate nature which might have been the spring of worthy deeds had hurried him to ruin, as an engine once off the rails tears over embankments and bridges, and down precipices, dragging the train after it. He might have recovered his place, but he had fled from all those sacred influences of home which help so much to steady a man. He had sought distraction from his own remorse and, without finding it, had gambled his life away.

"Gone!"

How curiously distinct that low distant boom was in Armour's ears, with its pitiful comment on his reflections.

But the wanderer had come back, yielding at length to the truer instincts of his nature, and although at first it had seemed that his return was only to bring misery upon those who had already suffered too much on his account, the seeming evil had proved a blessing to them and to him. He had found peace at last, and after life's fitful fever he slept well.

The bell sounded once more in Armour's brain; and then he gently laid the passive hand he had been holding so long on the sleeper's side.

"You need rest too, Grannie," he said softly, wondering if she understood.

"Ou ay, we're a' needin' rest, but you 'specially," said Grannie in her ordinary tone: no sorrow, no pain in the quiet voice, but the blind face was pale and the lips twitched a little as she spoke. "We'll put your father's arms aneath the claes, Johnnie—let me do it mysel'."

Very tenderly she lifted the arm which rested upon hers and after placing it drew the sheet up over the face. Armour knew now that she understood.

"You had better come with me, Grannie."

"Ay, ay, in a minute. Bid Howison come here an' I'll tell her what she has to dae. There are things in the drawers that I was meanin' for mysel', but he can hae them."

This in the simplest and most commonplace way—as she might have directed him where to find his clean underclothing.

When he had left the room she uncovered the face and smoothed the brow with her hand. By-and-by, she took the scissors which hung from her girdle and gently passing her fingers through the curly locks, she cut two. When she had put them away, her head was bowed for a little, whilst her hand rested on his brow. Then, raising herself, she said as if speaking to him:

"Puir lad—ye hae had a sair fecht; but it's a' by noo; and the Lord will forgie ye, since we hae forgi'en."

Howison came in and Grannie gave the necessary directions. There was no flurry: no emotion visible to any one. The thoughts and feelings of the woman were too sacred to herself to be exhibited to bystanders. She attended to everything that should be done with as much self-possession as if she had no personal interest in the proceedings. Then she went downstairs and ordered dinner to be served at the usual hour.

"Thae kind o' things maun be looked after, ye ken," she said to the minister, "nae matter wha comes or wha gaes. An' it's a kind o' relief, forbye."

She went to her own room and shut the door.

On his side Armour discharged the routine of his duty as calmly as Grannie.

"It is the right way," said Mr. Moffat; "those things which come in the ordinary course of nature should find us prepared for them and should be accepted with resignation as the Lord's will."

Snow had again fallen and it lay nearly a foot deep on the ground, whilst by the hedgerows and dykes the wind had tossed it into considerable mounds. There was a red sun and a keen frost: the snow was crisp and dry, making a pleasant crunching sound under the feet.

Those who came to pay the last mark of respect to Daft Jock Thorburn were for the most part workers in the Mill. They were dressed in black surtout coats which appeared to have been made by one tailor whose ingenuity in misfitting had been infinite. Every coat was "baggy," and, in many cases, hung with melancholy limpness upon the wearer whether he happened to be thin or stout. The coats had served for bridal days—the blue swallow-tail with brass buttons has long ago disappeared—for kirk on Sabbath and for every funeral the owners had attended.

The faces were pinched with a formal solemnity; the ordinary "Guid day" was pronounced in the same tone as "Amen" after a prayer. Each took "the dram" and the piece of cake which were offered him as he entered the room, with the air of a man who makes a sacrifice and fulfils a moral obligation. Tawtie Pate was the only one who held out his glass to be helped a second time, and in doing so he whispered apologetically as he stifled a cough:

"It's a real cauld day."

They assembled in Armour's room and the red sun was shining in through the garden window. Mr. Musgrave and Dr. Sam. Johnstone were the last to arrive. All were standing, the chairs and tables having been removed to afford more space.

Mr. Moffat stood with his back to the window, his white hair looking like part of the snow which was gleaming outside. Armour entered with Grannie. They exchanged no greetings with any one, but silently took their places in front of the group facing the minister.

Then he began his simple service, and the burden of all he said was, "For we live by Hope." That was his whole teaching: he did not attempt to point a moral from the life of the man who had passed away; he only spoke of him as one who like his neighbours had sinned, and suffered and repented. All that was good they should remember, all that was bad, forget. Then the tender burden of his prayer was repeated and the service was over.

The folk formed two abreast and marched behind the hearse, like a black line on the white snow, to the kirkyard, the whole inhabitants of the village watching the procession.

There were five pall-bearers, but their duties were only symbolical of the times when living friends laid the dead one with their own hands in his last resting-place. All they had to do now was each to hold an ornamental black cord, whilst the workmen lowered the coffin into the grave. Armour was at the head, the Fiscal on his right, the minister on his left, Tawtie Pate and Lawson coming next. The cords were placed in their hands; and their task was completed whilst all round stood uncovered. Then without a word the mourners moved away by twos and threes, several of them with an unsatisfied feeling, as if something had been left undone. It was all so cold, so quiet, dropping him down there in the snow, in silence almost as profound as his own. But the silence and simplicity of this parting with one who had been lately moving amongst them had its impressiveness and its meaning for different minds.

Another old custom had been abolished. The funeral guests did not return to feast in the house of mourning. They went to their own houses to change their clothes and resume the work of life. Grannie and Armour were left undisturbed to their own meditations.

"You'll hae to see about the stane, Johnnie," said Grannie, turning simply to the practical details which still required attention; "and you might as weel hae my name put on at the same time and syne there'll be the less fash when ye tak' me hame."

"We need not talk about that just now, Grannie."

"Ou, we needna talk about it, but there's nae harm in gettin' ready for it. In the course o' nature we canna expect to hae muckle time to spare. I would just like to see you out o' your difficulties, and settled down wi' Ellie, and syne I could be content to gang awa'; I'm in nae haste to leave you—dinna think that—but we ought to licht the can'les when it's growin' dark."

CHAPTER XLVI.—BY POST.

ARMOUR had received three brief notes from Ellie; the first dated London, the second Paris, and the third Cannes. They

were very brief, he thought, but they gave him much comfort. He wrote telling her of all that had happened, and how, thanks to her father, he was likely to be able to tide over the present crisis in a much more satisfactory manner than had at first appeared probable.

After that more than a fortnight elapsed and there was no response. He heard from the Fiscal that all was going well; but even the Fiscal had not received any letter from his daughter. All his information was obtained from his wife's letters, which, although saying much about Ellie, made no reference to her neglect of correspondence.

Armour watched the post morning and evening with eager longing; but no letter came. Then he reasoned with himself: he had told her that she was to regard herself as quite free to act as she pleased; she was to be silent or to speak just as it seemed most satisfactory to her; and it was possible that she considered silence to be best at present. It was probable that her mother had persuaded her somehow to adopt this course—indeed he had no doubt of the influence which had been brought to bear upon her.

What did it matter to him? He could trust her. He knew that she would not falter and that she would be patient, and if there could be the remotest hesitation it would disappear when she learned that her father was helping him. Still there was that yearning upon him for any sign of her hand, any token—even a newspaper would have pleased him—that she was thinking about him; and he found it difficult sometimes to be quite content when he found nothing from her amongst his letters and papers.

All sorts of suggestions of possible dangers—accidents or illness—would thrust themselves upon him and distract his thoughts when they should have been, even for her sake, concentrated on business affairs. Of course he was aware that it was ridiculous to allow such fancies to disturb him; for if anything of that kind should happen the Fiscal would certainly hear of it and report to him. But the consciousness that it was ridiculous to allow these suggestions to find their way into his brain only irritated him the more by revealing his weakness in not being able to keep them out altogether.

If he had spoken to the minister he would have been told that the strongest minds are the most anxious about their loved ones. But that would have been little consolation to him; it certainly would not have satisfied him that he had a strong mind.

At last there arrived a letter with the Cannes postmark, and although there was a momentary feeling of alarmed disappointment when he discovered that the writer was not Ellie, but her mother, he was still delighted to have news direct from the head-quarters of his affection.

"Dear Mr. Armour,—

"As your conduct in the little difficulty we had to surmount has been so uniformly courteous and good, I think it incumbent on me to send you a few lines to tell you that we are all well and enjoying ourselves *extremely* in this most charming and exquisitely lovely place.

"I am amazed at myself that I have so long delayed bringing my daughter here. The change it has already effected in her is truly wonderful. I ought to mention that it has long been my intention to bring her, but she is so fond of home and has had so little desire to travel that year after year passed without the intention being carried out. The change I refer to is not merely in my daughter's health, but in her ideas of things. They are already most markedly enlarged and more becoming a lady who is destined to hold a high position in society. She has already quite caught the spirit of travel and is now desirous of making an extensive tour on the Continent, a desire with which I, for various reasons, entirely sympathize, and of which I approve."

There he stopped. His pleasure in having news of Ellie was much marred by the manner in which it was conveyed. He felt that the enlargement of her ideas was meant to impress him with the fact that if she had travelled before she would never have been attracted by him. The extended tour on the Continent, too, was intended to help her to forget him.

He drew breath at that. Who could tell what might happen? New scenes, new faces are recommended as panaceas for most mental troubles; and love is one of those afflictions which travel is supposed to cure.

He tossed the sigh away and laughed at his own folly: the love which could be cured by travel was not the love he had sought and believed he had found. They might take Ellie all over the world; they might surround her with as many wooers as they pleased, she would act and speak just as she would if he were standing by her side. She had nothing in common with those morally deformed creatures who find beaux at every turn.

He resumed the perusal of Mrs. Musgrave's letter in a complacent mood.

"My present plans are that we should travel leisurely along the Riviera; perhaps we shall visit Rome if the season permits; and return through Germany and France. My daughter has had no experience of the Continent and every place we visit will have interest for her. We are most fortunate in having such a pleasant companion as Miss Dinwuddie. She is always in good spirits, and from the first hour of starting has never failed in her perfect good humour. She has been all that the kindest of daughters could be to me, and all that the kindest of sisters could be to Ellie. What a treasure of a wife she will be to some man who requires a cheerful, active woman to help him forward in the world! There is a gentleman I know who would be lucky indeed if he could persuade her to share his fortunes.

"I need not say, dear Mr. Armour, how pleased I am to hear that you are likely to overcome all your difficulties sooner than could have been expected under the circumstances. I am so delighted! I hope you will be quite yourself by the time we return. Accept my most cordial congratulations.

"There is one thing I particularly wish to mention, and you will of course readily appreciate my desire to explain it to you. Ellie has agreed that she is not to write to you during our travels, and I of course expect you not to write to her. I am sure *you* can understand my motives. Under the circumstances silence can do no harm, and epistolary communications might involve so many misapprehensions on all sides. I should be pleased to hear from you myself and to learn how your affairs progress. I will, if you should wish it, tell you from time to time of our movements, but I do trust in your honour not to impair my daughter's present happiness by reminding her of unpleasant and unfortunate events which I am anxious—for her own sake—that she should forget as speedily as possible.

"With most warm regards and respects, I am your sincere well-wisher,

"Euphemia Musgrave."

"P.S.—Mr. Hugh Fenwick, M.P., is in Cannes at present, and he purposes to remain on the Continent until his important parliamentary duties compel him to return to England."

He smiled when he first read that postscript, pitying Mrs. Musgrave's futile endeavours to command the course of Fate. But when he took it into consideration with the references to the enlargement of Ellie's ideas and to her future high position in society, he wondered whether or not this might be a kindly way of preparing him for an approaching change. It might be that Ellie did not like to write about it herself, and so had left it to her mother to explain.

What nonsense! this made the meaning of Ellie's silence clear: she wanted to gratify her mother as far as lay in her power, and she trusted him to understand it all. He did understand, and would obey the sign; he also would be silent until she bade him speak. He would of course always have news of her from the Fiscal, and from Mrs. Musgrave herself when he chose to write.

At the same time the most trusting of natures cannot help feeling that the correspondence of father and mother are poor substitutes for that of the loved one herself. He would have been so happy if his Princess had only sent him some little token from her own hand. But was not her confidence in his faith a token? . . . . It was, and the highest. So he turned to work harder than ever and to wait patiently, thinking cheerily the while of the absent yet ever present one.

He possessed two photographs which he carried always with him in a small morocco case. When disturbed by those intrusive suggestions of the anxious or uneasy mind that something might be wrong, he took out his book, and studying the tender features—to him so beautiful beyond all else that nature or art had done!—he heard the sweet voice repeating those happy words—"We can wait." Then he was comforted, and went on again, eager to be ready for her when the time came that he must speak.

There were other important letters brought by that same post. If Armour could have read them he would have discovered much to interest him and something to pain him.

One was from Mrs. Musgrave to her husband.

"My dear Richard,—

"I am surprised—I am unable to express myself adequately under the circumstances—but I am *very* greatly surprised that you are helping the man Armour in his wretched business. I *do* trust that you will remember before it is too late the duty you owe to *me* and the duty you owe to your offspring.

"I am sorry for the poor man in his misfortunes, but I cannot see my child robbed of her just inheritance in order to

support him a few days longer in a business which I am told by a gentleman of great experience in financial matters (I mean Mr. Fenwick, M.P.), would swamp the Bank of England if it were thrown in. The distress which this information caused me (it was conveyed in a letter Ellie received from the man himself) has induced me to request that there shall be no further correspondence between them. Ellie at once consented. She is a good child, and has never shown any sign of disobedience, except when encouraged to it by one who should be the last to provoke such a spirit in her—that person, I regret to say, is yourself.

"If you are resolved to ruin us, I can only say that I am thankful to the foresight of my dear father, the late Lord of Session, who secured to me my small income. That may now save us from *starvation*. But what will be said of you who bring us to this condition? You, who had it in your power to provide us with comfort, and by your indifference to all the duties imposed on you by law and affection, have ruined us? But I cannot believe that you are so cruel—so mad, as to perpetrate this crime (for it is nothing less than a crime) against your own flesh and blood.

"I am too much excited to write calmly; but I must beg of you—demand of you that, under the circumstances, you will remember your promise to me that you would try to advise our daughter to follow the course which is most conducive to her future happiness. You promised to advise her to be cheerful and contented, but your repeated expressions of your wish that she should be with you at home make her discontented and unhappy, and quite unfit to relish the pleasures which are on every hand offered to her.

"There is a great future before her (even if you do disregard all sense of duty to us, and waste your fortune), and she is ready to accept it. I implore you not to destroy our dear child's prospects out of mere opposition to me.

"I *do* trust you will not again make her miserable by the expression of your regret that she is not at home. I *do* trust that you will not bring us to beggary by involving yourself with the man Armour. But, if you persist, I must remind you that I am her mother, and that it is my duty to save my child from the consequences of her father's infatuation if I can.

"I may tell you that Mr. Fenwick, M.P., has been most attentive to us since his arrival here, and has enlivened us exceedingly. He has seen after everything we want—has arranged for our excursions, seen after our letters and papers, and indeed done everything that the most kindly and best of friends could do to make us comfortable. I think that you who know something of the cares of public duty will appreciate the sacrifice he makes for our sakes. I am glad to say Ellie does; and I am quite sure that if the poor child could be released from the constraint she is under in her fear of annoying you she would at once accept his offer. I think it would be a proper thing for her to do. Mr. Armour himself has released her from the foolish engagement with him, and I am sure that she should and she would take advantage of her liberty if she had only a little encouragement from you.

"Now, my dear Richard, I do trust that you will consider the position of our child and help her to attain the position which we know awaits her if she chooses, and in which I am sure she would be happy.

"I am most anxious to hear from you on this subject, and would be much obliged if you would answer by return of post. Meanwhile I am, your affectionate wife,

"EUPHEMIA MUSGRAVE."

Another letter was from Fenwick, M.P., to Ensign George Dinwuddie.

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—

"I am only anticipating your dignity, I am not chaffing. You can call me Secretary of State, or Chancellor of the Exchequer if you like. *I* won't be displeased.

"I am no hand at letter-writing, as you know; but as you made me promise to send you a letter, here it is. I am jolly, the girls are jolly, and the old lady is jolly. Now what more has a fellow to say? Except that we are all jolly. We drive, we bask in the sunshine, we dine, we—I was going to say we smoke; but what I ought to say is that I smoke; and it is altogether a good time for me; and an excellent preparatory course for my first campaign in the House.

"By the way I have taught your sister to play billiards and she is a first-rate pupil. *She* doesn't object to tobacco, and I believe that with a little persuasion she'd take a cigarette herself. She is a stunning girl and you ought to be proud of her.

"Write as soon as you can and give me all your news. I'll do the same.

"Ever yours,

"HUGH FENWICK."

"That is precisely the case, Mrs. Musgrave."

CHAPTER XLVII.—MORE NEWS BY POST.

Another letter was from Miss Dinwuddie to her sister at Maclellan House, Kirkcudbright.

"My dear Sissy,—

"You must not scold me for the brevity and rarity of my letters. You folk who bide at home and live at ease have no idea of the thousand and one occupations which demand the immediate attention of a traveller and leave her too wearied to do anything but go to bed. I am going to try to write you a long letter to-day as we are kept indoors by a thunderstorm, and Mr. Fenwick is playing the 'dutiful attendant' on Mrs. Musgrave in the drawing-room, whilst they are waiting for Ellie to recover from a headache and to come out of her room.

"If I can only recollect all that I should like to tell you, there will be no more complaints about scant news.

"I mentioned that we stayed for a few days in a hotel; then Mrs. Musgrave decided upon this villa. It is on the slope of a hill, with a beautiful garden in front, and some pretty paths behind. But it has many inconveniences, especially in the kitchen department, and when I pointed them out to her ladyship (you know how she likes the title), she gave me this extraordinary reply:

"'But, my dear, there is a billiard-room!'

"Why she should place the advantages of a billiard-room above the chance of having our victuals properly cooked I could not understand at first. But I understand it now. Mr. Fenwick was coming, and this was for his convenience. She forgot, however, that he would want somebody to play with him. Well, since his arrival, he has been almost constantly in the house (his hotel bill can't be large, for he has all his meals here), and as he has occasionally half an hour or so which he does not know what to do with, he plays billiards. You know that I have played now and then with Geordie, and I offered to do what I could to relieve his tedium by knocking the balls about for him. Of course I explained that I was quite ignorant of the French game.

"'Never you mind,' says he; 'I will teach you. . . . . Does the smoke annoy you?'

"'Not at all,' says I, taking up a cue.

"'Thanks—that's the way to cannon,' says he, as he played what he called a good stroke.

"Since then we have been playing every day, and have become regular 'chums,' as he says.

"But now comes the important part of the business. What do you think he has done? He has made me his confidante, and has told me what I have known quite well all along—that he wants to make our friend Ellie, Mrs. Hugh Fenwick, and that although her mother is most eager for the match, the lady herself would like to be 'ower the borders and awa' wi' Jock o'—' Thorniehowe! Can you guess who I mean? I was more amazed than I can tell you; and so will you be; and so will mamma; for you remember when they were with us we all thought that Mr. Fenwick was the man of Ellie's choice.

"Nothing of the kind! It is the paper-maker, Mr. Armour, who is the man—though I can't for the life of me make out how she could select him when such a smart fellow as the other one was in sight.

"There I stop, and lest you should misunderstand me, I want to tell you at once that I do not like Mr. Fenwick. He is altogether too dressy, and too much in the fashion for my taste. All the same he is a very nice fellow. But you know a man may be as nice as possible to one person and very disagreeable to another. Ellie has never said a word about him or about anybody else to me, but I can see as plain as A B C that she is worried by him, and that if she was not so anxious to keep her mother in good humour she would refuse to speak to him at all.

"That is, *I think* she would refuse to speak to him; but there is no saying what hidden meanings there may be in her quiet and sometimes, as it seems to me, sly conduct. She deceived us entirely when she was at Maclellan House, and maybe she is doing the same now; for you know that Armour is a bankrupt, and hasn't a penny to bless himself with, let alone a wife. Besides there is some awful disgrace about him. I don't know what it is, but Mrs. Musgrave hints at it so darkly that I think he must have murdered somebody, somewhere, somehow, and has escaped hanging for it.

"I thought he was rather a nice man (didn't you?). He and I got on fine together, and I think if he had only stayed a few days longer he might have had me for the asking—bankrupt or not.

"Now, my dear Aggie, I suppose you are very much shocked at me for saying that, but you oughtn't to be shocked at the truth, you know—not to mention that I think you were yourself rather taken with him. Do you remember what you said when we were going to bed on the evening after he had gone away? You were just in a fearful tem-

per, and you said, 'It was so nasty of him to run away just when we were getting to like him.' And I said, 'Oh! Aggie, have you forgotten ——.' But that is neither here nor there. I don't want to remind you of old sores. I want to tell you what a wicked creature your sister is.

"Will you believe it? I've been playing such a game with Mr. Fenwick! You know that I am fond of Ellie; and fancying that she was pestered by her mother forcing him upon her, and pestered by his attentions to her, it occurred to me that I might do her a good turn by flirting a little with him—just a *very* little—on my own account. So while he is making cannons I am making eyes at him; admiring everything he does; laughing at all his stale jokes, and in every way making myself agreeable to him. The result is that last night in his enthusiasm he so far forgot himself as to whisper, 'You *are* a stunning girl!'

"Just fancy!—a real M.P. saying such a thing. I suppose the Speaker would call him to order if he dared to say such a thing in the House. He is an awful simpleton, and hasn't the least suspicion of what a fool I am making of him.

"But the best of the joke is that Ellie seems to understand how I am relieving her, and to be grateful for it; whilst Mrs. Musgrave is under the impression that I am doing everything in my power to help her in bringing about the match. And he has the same notion.

"I can't tell you what fun it is; but I will try to repeat the conversation we had only last night in the billiard-room.

"Ellie had excused herself from coming down to dinner—not because she had a headache, or because she was ill otherwise; but because she had a letter to write to her father, and she had eaten enough at lunch to serve her for the day. Isn't she an extraordinary creature?—she always tells the truth! Well, there was a great suppressed earthquake of irritation on the part of Mrs. Musgrave, and some sulks on the part of Mr. Fenwick; but his ill-humour speedily passed away, and we both endeavoured to soothe our hostess. He is a real good fellow in that way; I have noticed it several times, when Ellie has done something to put her mother in a temper he has done everything he could to put her in good-humour again. That is an excellent trait in a man's character—or a woman's either, for that matter—but especially in a man who is not supposed to pay any particular attention to the *convenances* of life. It pleased me very much on this occasion, particularly as I saw that the efforts of both of us failed to mollify Mrs. Musgrave. I was quite glad when she herself suggested that Mr. Fenwick should dispense with the usual hour in the drawing-room, and go at once to his smoke. He said—

"'Certainly. I shall go into the billiard-room.'

"He looked at me, and I jumped up at once.

"'I will go with you,' says I, and after we had bowed our hostess out of the drawing-room I took his arm, and he led me into the billiard-room.

"Now comes the conversation that I wish to repeat to you; but as I don't want to be bothered with 'says he's' and 'says I's' you will allow me to imitate one of those ballads we sing, and mark the different speakers by 'He' and 'Me.'

"He was very particular in cutting the end of his cigar and puncturing it with one of those pretty little knives which seem to have instruments for everything, from taking a stone out of a horse's hoof to cutting a piece of bread-and-butter. He lit his cigar and chalked his cue with the most melancholy air. I could see that he was thinking about Ellie, and I must say there was a kind of pity for him in me somewhere. But why should he bother her when she has said and shown that she does not want him?

"If *she* would only speak to me I believe I could put matters straight; but you know she was always prim, and I think she is more prim than ever now. She has never said a single word to me about her love affairs, and that is irritating when you see them going on under your very nose. I once tried to bring her to it, but she only said in her quiet, resolute way, 'I would rather we did not talk of these matters, Charlotte.' She meant to say, 'I *won't* talk of these matters to you or to any body else.' Aggravating, wasn't it?

"But I am forgetting the conversation which I wanted specially to repeat to you. Well, after he had chalked his cue in that melancholy way, and I had chalked mine in quite a business-like way (I am becoming a real don at billiards under his direction and can make splendid cannons when the balls fall into the right position), we began.

"He. 'I shall not play well to-night, Miss Dinwuddie. Will you excuse me?'

"Me. 'You will play well enough to beat *me*, and I suppose that will satisfy you for once.'

"He (taking a random stroke). 'No, that will not please me—I would rather be beaten by you. I feel myself such a fool that I would like to be licked by somebody.'

"Me. 'And I suppose the poorer the player the more satisfaction you would have in being licked, according to your present humour.'

"He. 'Exactly—hullo, that was well done. You touched almost.'

"Me. 'Yes, but I didn't quite, and a miss is as good as a mile.'

"He. 'That is not a true, although it is an old-established aphorism. There is always a certain amount of consolation in having gone near the mark you were aiming at; there is none at all in having gone wide of it. That is what I have done, and I am feeling it deeply just now.'

"Me. 'Why, you have made six cannons!'

"He. 'I was not thinking of the balls exactly; I was thinking of what happened to-night.'

"Me. 'The dinner—something disagreed with you. Was it the pudding? I thought it was rather heavy.'

"(You can't imagine what fun it was to chaff him in this way, and if you had only seen his face you would have run away at once and got him a couple of papa's anti-bilious pills.)

"He. 'I didn't try the pudding, and the dinner was excellent. My digestion, I may say, is the same, although you might not think it after all the nonsense I have been talking to you.'

"Me. 'Nonsense and indigestion don't go together—at any rate papa is very practical in his commands when his digestion is disturbed.'

"He. 'Then I suppose it is because my digestion is good that I talk nonsense—there, do you see that? Missed the easiest cannon that was ever offered to a player! Don't you think now that I am in bad form?'

"He clasped his hands on the cue and rested on it, looking at me as if he had been drowning and was imploring me to save him.

"Me. 'You seem to be very much out of sorts. What is the matter?'

"He. 'Oh, you know well enough—it is the way *she* is treating me. How is a fellow to get on with a girl who is eternally snubbing him?'

"Me. 'There seems to me a very simple answer to that question; it is the same which we give to a riddle when we can't find it out or don't want to be bothered trying—give it up!'

"He played several strokes after that with as much coolness and precision as if he had been engaged in a match with a skilled opponent. And yet he did not seem to be thinking of the game. He stopped when he had made six cannons and chalked his cue carefully.

"He. 'Do you think I can make that stroke?'

"Me. 'I have seen you make more difficult ones.'

"He played and the stroke was a success. Then he put down his cue.

"He. 'If you will excuse me, I won't play any more to-night. That stroke decided me—I *won't* give her up. I was never beaten in anything I took in hand, and I shall not be beaten by her. When I was playing just now I said to myself, if I make seven cannons I shall go on; if I don't I shall start for home to-morrow. You see, I have made the seven cannons and I am to go on.'

"Me. But surely this is not the right sort of thing to do—to decide whether or not you will seek a wife by your success at billiards.'

"He. 'It's only a fancy, but I have won and I mean to win her.'

"I was indignant at this and told him so. He did not seem to take my scolding amiss, for he said:

"'Let us take a turn in the garden and I will try to explain.'

"It was a most lovely night. The moon was shining and the stars were twinkling and, in spite of the misanthropic humour of my companion, I could not help remembering our old verses, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what'——well, there I turned the thing to the occasion and said to myself I do wonder what you are thinking about?

"He smoked (it was his second cigar), and did not show any signs of relieving my mind. But at length it came out with this very plain question: 'Do you think she cares for me at all?' (Whiff went a great cloud of smoke.)

"That rather perplexed me. If he had said it in his ordinary way I should have had no difficulty in glossing it over with some commonplace bit of flattery. But he spoke so earnestly that I was obliged to tell the truth.

"'Upon my word, Mr. Fenwick, that is a very startling question to ask, and a very troublesome one for me to answer.'

"'I only want to know what you think,' he persisted.

"'Then if you will have it—and, mind, you force it from me—I do not think she does,

and do not believe she ever will care for you in the way you want her to do.'

"Then we walked up the garden path, which is on the slope of a hill, and down again, he puffing away at his cigar, and I pretending to pursue my astronomical studies but watching him all the while. There was not much to be learned from studying his face. I could only see that he was vexed and that he was trying to settle some question with himself. But, you know, if people will insist upon having the truth from one, they mustn't expect to hear exactly what they would like to hear. How was I to help it if Ellie showed she didn't care for him, and if he insisted upon me telling him so?

"I was really sorry for him and would have been glad if I could have given him any word of comfort. But I couldn't. He wanted the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and he got it. I wasn't Ellie, and I couldn't help it. After he had been meditating a while he spoke again.

"'Her mother leads me to believe that she is only playing the usual game of a shy maiden with me and that by-and-by she will yield with a good grace. Do you think so?'

"As an honest woman I was obliged to confess that I did not think so.

"'That's rum,' says he. (You see I have dropped out of my grand plan of giving you the conversation on the model of a play-book, and am just telling it anyhow. But I suppose you will understand it and perhaps you will like it all the better.)

"'What's rum?' I asked.

"He. 'That the mother should give me so much hope and that *she* should give me none at all. If it wasn't that—'

"There he stopped and smoked so furiously that I thought he was trying to make clouds enough to hide the moon. I could feel that he was very angry, and I could guess that what he was going to say was that he would give her up altogether if it hadn't been that he didn't like to feel himself beaten by a girl. Now as I knew that nothing would please Ellie better than that he should give up all thoughts of her, I urged him on.

"'Why don't you finish what you were going to say? If I were you I would stuff my things into my portmanteau and take the first train to anywhere to-night.'

"'Would you?' (drawing it out after a long puff of smoke).

"'Most decidedly. I have often wondered at men keeping on hankering after a girl who has said plainly, I don't care for you, I don't want you, and won't have anything to do with you. A man may happen to get a girl who has said all that, but he must be a poor-spirited fellow to take her, and you may be sure she makes his life hot for him. I believe the secret of all the matrimonial miseries we hear about is that women often accept men just to stop their worrying.'

"'I won't be accepted on that ground at any rate.'

"I think he bit the end of his cigar off as he said that; and it was a delicious bit of fun for me to hit him again.

"'My father has a saying which he tells me is an old and wise one. Would you like to know what it is?'

"'By all means.'

"'This is it—"better a finger aff than aye waggin'." You can translate it for yourself.'

"'Yes, I can translate it, but will you give me the application, as the ministers say?'

"'Oh, certainly. If you won't pack and be off to-night tell our friend Ellie in the morning exactly what you want and what you mean, and believe what she says in answer.'

"'Ah, you don't know what women are. . . . . I beg your pardon, Miss Dinwuddie. You have become so much a chum to me in this place that I forgot for the minute you belonged to the major sex.'

"'I rather enjoy the mistake, so don't apologize. But I think you have also forgotten how much you showed to me when you told me that you decided whether or not you should proceed in your suit by the result of your play at billiards. After that you won't make me believe that you really care for her.'

"He didn't answer and once more we went up the path and down again. I was glancing sideways at him all the time, but as usual I couldn't make anything of his face. (Do you think he's handsome? I don't.) By-and-by—

"He. 'I don't know exactly how to answer that. Taking a common-sense view of the position, I am at this moment too angry with her to give an unbiassed opinion as to whether my liking for her is due to the mere desire of conquest, or to the mysterious something which chaps who write verses rave about. Anyhow, I am not going to be made a fool of any longer; and either she or her mother must settle the thing straight off to-morrow."

"'Well done,' said I, laughing and clap-

ping my hands, 'you are the first man I ever knew who could take good advice.'

"'I thoroughly appreciate yours at any rate and I am going to act upon it. Whatever may come of it, my dear Miss Dinwuddie, you may be assured that I shall always be grateful to you.'

"We said good-night and parted—he going to his hotel and I coming up-stairs to my bedroom to write this nice long letter to you. Excuse mistakes; I can't be bothered reading it over; but I shall expect from you full particulars of how Mammie and Pappie are getting on, and what you are doing, and how Miss Graham is and *all* the animals. I am awfully sleepy. Your affectionate sister,

"CHARLOTTE DINWUDDIE."

"P.S.—We may expect great things to happen to-morrow. I am very sorry for that poor chap, Fenwick; and I have come to the conclusion that he is not such a bad sort of fellow after all. But I cannot make out how a man of so much shrewdness as he undoubtedly possesses should be such a fool as to follow a girl who doesn't want to have anything to do with him. Don't you think he is a fool? I do. "C. D."

Another letter was from Ellie to her father. In writing she always used the word "father" instead of "papa."

"I am wae to think of you being so lonely, my dear father; and if you only knew how glad I should be if I might only be with you to try to cheer you up, you would send a telegram off this instant ordering us home. But you won't do that because you think this outing is doing me good. You would fancy it was only my affectation if I told you that I take no pleasure at all in the grand scenery around me. I am longing for the Nith, and for Criffel and for the mists of Torthorl. I am quite sure that I should grow well and strong if I could only have a trot down the terraces, or a walk by the planting with you.

"I don't want to complain and yet I am doing it. Mamma is very fond of this place and she is looking very well. She says I am looking well, too. So you can take her report as compensation for my grumbling. She says I am to be cheerful and to take pleasure in all the grand things which are shown to me; but I am always thinking how much more I would have enjoyed them if you had been with me. I suppose that is ungrateful to mamma and I must try to get over it.

"You know that Mr. Fenwick arrived here quite unexpectedly and found us out. He is seeking fresh air to brace himself up, as he says, for his first appearance in the House of Commons. He is very kind and very useful to us."

She had begun another sentence there with "But;" and having altered her mind she scratched it out and went on:

"He does everything for us, and mamma is as much pleased with him as ever. When are we to get home? Mamma is talking of a long tour, and I thought when we came away that we would not be absent more than two months. That time has almost passed, and if we are to visit all the places mamma talks about it will be six months before we get home.

"You don't know how dreadful the thought of such a long absence is to me; but I suppose you would wish me to do everything mamma wants at present. I will do so—only there are some things I want to talk to you about very seriously, and I cannot write of them.

"I am afraid this is a very dull epistle, but I shall write a cheerier one at the end of the week. How I wish that I could speak to you. There, now, you will think me an ungracious and selfish body not to be pleased with all the pleasures that are offered to me. Please don't be angry with me. I would be content if I could only be with you.

"Your loving daughter,

"ELLIE."

When the Fiscal had read his daughter's letter he rested his head back on the chair and looked up to one of those white busts of eminent lawyers which stood on the top of his bookcases. It was the head of a famous judge—famous for social qualities as well as legal acumen.

He had often consulted those silent monitors, and helped himself out of difficulties by trying to imagine what they would have done under given circumstances. But in the present case he found little assistance. The question was not one of law but of sentiment, which is often more intricate than an Act of Parliament, and capable of as many interpretations.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE RECALL.

HE would have known how to act had the question been nothing more than this—"Are you two young folk quite sure that you are not making *the* mistake which means absolute ruin to the man, the same for the woman, perhaps, and certainly much misery for her?"

But there were other considerations. There

was the mother, who undoubtedly meant well, however much her views might differ from those of Ellie and himself; and he was aware that the plan she proposed would place their daughter in a satisfactory position. More potent still was the remembrance of his own relationship to Thorburn. (Strange how that man even in his grave was to influence their lives!) The secret of that night in the shed of Campbell's farm was by Thorburn's own wish to be buried with him. He had striven to prove that his death was not the result of the accident, and he had charged Musgrave to guard the happiness of his son. Then if Armour's happiness depended on his marriage with Ellie, the Fiscal's course was to respect the wishes of the dead, and to bear in silence what remorse or haunting doubts might visit him.

In this complication he could only say to himself:

"Let them prove to me without prompting on my part that they can be faithful to each other under these petty trials. If they cannot do that, it is best that they should part. But there must be no unfair pressure upon either of them." So he wrote first to Ellie.

"I think you are the most wicked girl that ever was born, my bonnie bairn. The idea of a daughter insisting upon giving up all the glories of the Continent because her stupid old daddie, biding at home in solitude, happens to say that he feels a bit lonely! Such a thing never was heard of before. You ask Miss Dinwuddie what she would say to it?

"I'll be bound she would take a commonsense view of the case, and would tell you that your father could get on very well without you, and would have to do it some day, so that you had better let him down easy by preparing him for the change.

"How am I to tell you in my selfishness to go to the gorgeous palaces of Italy, see pictures, eat bad dinners, live in uncomfortable lodgings, submit to be cheated at old rag and bone shops, bask in the sunshine whilst we are in the midst of snow, and come home with grand stories of wonderful adventure at carnival, opera and ball?

"I cannot do it. I am just a selfish, unfeeling old body and must have my own way. You *must* return at the expiration of the time allowed to you. You must come or I will stop all supplies and leave you to beg your way home when you discover that without me you can get credit neither for board or lodging!

"What do you say to that, my dawtie? Do you not tremble at the voice of the tyrant? I expect you here within a week of the day on which you receive this mandate. I mean to play the part of the cruel parent and rob you of all those pleasures in foreign parts you have been dreaming about. Come home at once, or—well, I am not going to tell you what the consequences will be; but they will be terrible.

"Now you know my will, obedience must follow; and on your return there will be a fatted hen killed and all sorts of news ready for you.

"These are the last words which the post will bring you from your stern and unrelenting but still loving father,

"RICHARD MUSGRAVE."

He next proceeded to write to Mrs. Musgrave.

"MY DEAR SPOUSE,—

"Your long letter has interested me very much, and as it shows me the necessity for our meeting at the earliest possible date, I think it unnecessary to follow your example in writing at length concerning matters which we must discuss together.

"I will only say that there is no danger of ruin for me and starvation for you, unless you bring it about yourself; and I am quite ready to give Ellie whatever advice may most conduce to her happiness. I do not think I have ever said anything to her yet which was not prompted by that motive. I am sorry to curtail your pleasure in any way, but I am compelled to ask you to return with Ellie at the date originally agreed upon. I trust you will oblige me in this, even if you should please to make another excursion.

"I am glad to have such good accounts from you of the excellent condition of your health. I shall be able to judge of it myself in a few days, and to congratulate you personally."

He considered for a few moments whether or not he should mention Fenwick, and decided not to do so. He signed the letter with the customary marital formalities, and dispatched it with Ellie's at once.

The recall was obeyed with an alacrity which surprised the Fiscal as much as it pleased him. Mrs. Musgrave with Ellie and Miss Dinwuddie arrived a day earlier than they were expected.

"We came away as soon as we received your letter," said Mrs. Musgrave with the

air of a dutiful wife, who has made a sacrifice of her own pleasure in order to please her husband. But somehow the manner suggested to him that she had been, for some reason, glad to find an excuse for the immediate return.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Dinwuddie with an undercurrent of disappointment in her tone. "I couldn't persuade Mrs. Musgrave or Ellie to stay a moment after your letters arrived. Besides, Mr. Fenwick left us two days before that."

"Oh," said the Fiscal dryly, comprehending why his commands had obtained instant obedience. "I thought the great statesman intended to stay away until his important duties absolutely compelled him to return!"

"Such was his intention," said Mrs. Musgrave in her most stately manner, and with a somewhat curious glance at Miss Dinwuddie, "but urgent affairs called him home almost at a moment's notice—he had not even time to explain to us what they were. I hope there is no serious illness in his family."

"I have not heard of any unusual occurrence at Cluden Peel. Possibly his merits as a politician have been already recognised, and he has been offered some high post in the Government."

"You know it could not be that, Richard," said Mrs. Musgrave, frowning severely at this satire, "for he has not yet taken his seat in the House."

"Ah, yes, of course—but you have spoken so much about his statesmanship that I began to think of him as an old hand in politics. However I dare say we shall hear great things of him as soon as Parliament opens."

That ended the conversation until Mrs. Musgrave should change her travelling dress and obtain a little rest. But Ellie did not think of changing dress: her one thought was to be alone with her father, and presently they were walking in the bright spring sunshine by the planting, where the tender bloom of coming buds made a faint blue haze over the trees.

"Now, my fine lass, what is this very serious matter that you wanted to talk about and couldn't write about? Your face hasn't got the colour on it that it used to have."

She smiled faintly, clinging to his arm with both hands, and looking up at him with eyes in which joy at being with him again and sorrow at her own thoughts mingled.

"When I was away, papa, I thought that I could not write about it, and now that I am with you I feel as if I could not speak about it."

"Hoot, toot, toot, you gomeril; that's a very bad account of yourself. Have I not brought you home expressly that you might tell me about everything that is worrying you? . . . Come, I'll help you; it is Armour you want to speak about. Well, he is getting on first-rate, and in a few years I expect him to be in a better position than ever. What of him?"

"I am glad to have this good news; but it was not about his prosperity I wanted to speak, it was to ask you—did he come to you himself and say that he wished our engagement to be broken off? . . . . I know you like him, papa, but I would rather you did not try to soften it on my account or on his. Only say, is it true?"

The Fiscal looked grave and turned towards the house.

"Who told you this?" he asked.

"Mamma told me, but I thought she might have made some mistake. Did he say it himself without you making any complaints about his misfortunes?"

"It is true and I made no complaint about his misfortunes."

At that the girl's head bent slowly forward till it almost touched his arm and she walked on in silence.

"It was the right thing for him to do and I told him so."

"Then, do you, too, wish to take me away from him?" she said timidly. "Do you wish me to take Mr. Fenwick?"

The father pressed her arm tightly under his own. He saw now the influence which had been brought to bear upon her, and he was angry, but he only showed it by looking graver than before and speaking more gently.

"I have told you that I do not wish you to take any one but the man you feel in yourself that you can trust your future to. Now you are not to say another word about it. I am going to have a little conversation with your mother, and when that is over I shall tell you the result."

He led her into the house, but all his tenderness could not soothe the pain she felt in knowing that Armour had been the first to propose that they should part. It seemed indeed folly that she should cling to one who had been so ready to leave her and turn away from one who followed her so faithfully as Fenwick.

When Mrs. Musgrave entered the library she recognised the fact that her husband was more deeply moved by anger than she had ever seen him before. He maintained his

calmness of voice, however, although the notes were harsher than usual. After she had seated herself, he took up his favourite position on the hearthrug, hands clasped behind him, and the fingers moving as if mechanically swinging his umbrella.

"There is a danger of a very serious misunderstanding between us, Euphemia, and I am anxious to find some means of avoiding it."

"I suppose you refer to the affair with Ellie and the man Armour," she said, much disturbed by his manner, but striving still to hold her own.

"That is precisely the case, Mrs. Musgrave."

He had spoken sternly, and she was silent. There was something in his voice which suggested all sorts of dreadful possibilities. His look, his manner and voice were all accusing her of some great wrong-doing; and presently he would doubtless accuse her in words.

Yet she could not feel that she had done anything wrong. She had been doing and was doing only a mother's duty in striving to induce her daughter to accept a good settlement in life instead of a bad one. It was right and natural that she should do so. Her husband ought to have found it to be his duty to aid her, and she simply *could* not understand why there should be any difference of opinion between them on the subject. But there being a difference, she could only attribute it to some error on his part, and, being unable as well as unwilling to argue with him, she believed that she was performing the duty of a wife in overlooking his error and proceeding in her own way to do what she knew to be right for their child's sake.

Whatever might have been the motives for their own union, they had lived comfortably enough together for many years. They had led an orderly and even life, respected by their friends and neighbours and without any serious difference between them until now. In her way she was proud of him for his steady earnest work and the esteem which it had earned from others. She had her faults of course; but she had been a faithful and in some respects a useful wife to him. And now whence came this danger which menaced their peace?

As they remained silently regarding each other, and these reflections passed through her mind, the first feelings of bewilderment and alarm at his manner gave place to those of rebellion and of indignation against Armour for being the cause of this strife.

The Fiscal had his retrospections too, running much in the same strain, but starting from a different point of view and arriving at a different conclusion. He allowed her credit for her good intentions; but he, on his side, was unable to comprehend how she could wish to force Ellie against her inclination to marry a man like Fenwick—who was a poor creature notwithstanding his ancient family—when the girl had made a much wiser choice. He could not understand why she was unable to give him credit for the judgment which every one else admitted.

He recognised that they stood at a critical juncture of their lives. They were about to decide the course of their own future as well as Ellie's.

"THE GREAT LONE LAND."

I WANDER'D alone and afar
On the plains of the north, and my eye
Was caught by the blaze of a star
That shot through the pitiless sky.

The coldness of death was below,
The stillness of death in the air,
Save that over the wild waste of snow
The wolf pour'd his howl of despair;

And stricken and weary I trod,
Scarce daring to gaze into space,
Till the pitiful mercy of God*
Came falling in tears on my face.

But the meteor had pass'd and was gone!
Ah, whither? in vain shall I seek?
I stand in the dread night alone,
And the voice of my soul strives to speak;

But it falters, and falls back unspoken,
And dies like the wolf howl afar;
The God-lights of life are all broken,
And I am a wreck like the star!

F. JOHNSON.

MONTREAL.

* "By the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us!"—*Church of England Liturgy.*

"THE BROKEN JUG."

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXII.—MR. WESTERN YIELDS.

THE fact that Lady Grant had gone to Dresden was not long in reaching the ears of Mrs. Western. Dick Ross had heard at the club of Perth that she had gone and had told Sir Francis. Sir Francis passed on the news to Miss Altifiorla, and from her it had reached the deserted wife. Miss Altifiorla had not told it direct because at that time she and Cecilia were not supposed to be on friendly terms. But the tidings had got about and Mrs. Western had heard them.

"She's a good woman," said Cecilia to her mother. "I knew her to be that the first moment that she came to me. She is rough as he is, and stern, and has a will of her own. But her heart is tender and true;—as is his also at the core."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Holt, with the angry tone which she allowed herself to use only when speaking of Mr. Western.

"Yes; he is, mamma. In your affection for me you will not allow yourself to be just to him. In truth you hardly know him."

"I know that he has destroyed your happiness for ever, and made me very wretched."

"No, mamma; not for ever. It may be that he will come for me, and that then we shall be as happy as the day is long." As she said this a vision came before her eyes of the birth of her child and of her surroundings at the time;—the anxious solicitude of a loving husband, the care of attendants who would be happy because she was happy, the congratulations of friends, and the smiles of the world. But above all she pictured to herself her husband standing by her bedside with the child in his arms. The dream had been dreamed before, and was re-dreamed during every hour of the day. "Lady Grant is strong," she continued, "and can plead for me better than I could plead myself."

"Plead for you! Why should there be any one wanted to plead for you? Will Lady Grant plead with you for her brother?"

"It is not necessary. My own heart pleads for him. It is because he has been in the wrong that an intercessor is necessary for me. It is they who commit the injury that have a difficulty in forgiving. If he came to me do you not know that I should throw myself into his arms and be the happiest woman in the world without a word spoken?" The conversation was not then carried further, but Mrs. Holt continued to shake her head as she sate at her knitting. In her estimation no husband could have behaved worse than had her son-in-law. And she was of opinion that he should be punished for his misconduct before things could be made smooth again.

Some days afterwards Miss Altifiorla called at the house and sent in a note while she stood waiting in the hall. In the note she merely asked whether her dear "Cecilia" would be willing to receive her after what had passed. She had news to tell of much importance, and she hoped that her "dear Cecilia" would receive her. There had been no absolute quarrel, no quarrel known to the servants, and Cecilia did receive her. "Oh, my dear," she said, bursting into the room with an air of affected importance, "you will be surprised,—I think that you must be surprised at what I have to tell you."

"I will be surprised if you wish it," said Cecilia.

"Let me first begin by assuring you, that you must not make light of my news. It is of the greatest importance, not only to me, but of some importance also to you."

"It shall be of importance."

"Because you begin with that little sneer which has become so common with you. You must be aware of it. Amidst the troubles of your own life, which we all admit to be very grievous, there has come upon you a way of thinking that no one else's affairs can be of any importance."

"I am not aware of it."

"It is so a little. And pray believe me that I am not in the least angry about it. I knew that it would be so when I came to you this morning; and yet I could not help coming. Indeed as the thing has now been made known to the Dean's family I could not bear that you should be left any longer in ignorance."

"What is the thing?"

"There it is again;—that sneer. I cannot tell you unless you will interest yourself. Does nothing interest you now beyond your own misfortunes?"

"Alas, no. I fear not."

"But this shall interest you. You must be awaked to the affairs of the world,—especially such an affair as this. You must be shaken up. This I suppose will shake you up. If not, you must be past all hope."

"What on earth is it?"

"Sir Francis Geraldine——! You have heard at any rate of Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Well, yes; I have not as yet forgotten the name."

"I should think not. Sir Francis Geraldine has——" And then she paused again.

"Cut his little finger," said Cecilia. Had she dreamed of what was to come she would not have turned Sir Francis into ridicule. But she had been aware of Miss Altifiorla's friendship with Sir Francis,—or rather what she had regarded as an affectation of friendship, and did not for a moment anticipate such a communication as was to be made to her.

"Cecilia Holt——"

"That at any rate is not my name."

"I dare say you wish it were."

"I would not change my real name for that of any woman under the sun."

"Perhaps not;—but there are other women in a position of less grandeur. I am going to change mine."

"No!"

"I thought you would be surprised because it would look as though I were about to abandon my great doctrine. It is not so. My opinions on that great subject are not in the least changed. But of course there must be some women whom the exigencies of the world will require to marry."

"A good many, first and last."

"About the good many I am not at this moment concerning myself. My duty is clearly before me and I mean to perform it. I have been asked to ally myself——;" then there was a pause, and the speaker discovered when it was too late that she was verging on the ridiculous in declaring her purpose of forming an alliance;—"that is to say, I am going to marry Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Sir Francis Geraldine!"

"Do you see any just cause or impediment?"

"None in the least. And yet how am I to answer such a question? I saw cause or impediment why I should not marry him."

"You both saw it, I suppose?" said Miss Altifiorla, with an air of grandeur. "You both supposed that you were not made for each other, and wisely determined to give up the idea. You did not remain single, and I suppose we need not either."

"Certainly not for my sake."

"Our intimacy since that time has been increased by circumstances, and we have now discovered that we can both of us best suit our own interests by an——"

"An alliance," suggested Mrs. Western.

"If you please,—though I am quite aware that you use the term as a sneer." As to this Mrs. Western was too honest to deny the truth, and remained silent.

"I thought it proper," continued Miss Altifiorla, "as we had been so long friends, to inform you that it will be so. You had your chance, and as you let it slip I trust that you will not envy me mine."

"Not in the least."

"At any rate you do not congratulate me."

"I have been very remiss. I acknowledge it. But upon my word the news has so startled me that I have been unable to remember the common courtesies of the world. I thought when I heard of your travelling up to London together that you were becoming very intimate."

"Oh, it had been ever so much before that,—the intimacy at least. Of course I did not know him before he came to this house. But a great many things have happened since that;—have there not? Well, good-bye, dear. I have no doubt we shall continue as friends, especially as we shall be living almost in the neighbourhood. Castle Gerald is to be at once fitted up for me, and I hope you will forget all our little tiffs, and often come and stay with me." So saying, Miss Altifiorla, having told her grand news, made her adieus and went away.

"A great many things have happened since that," said Cecilia, repeating to herself her friend's words. It seemed to her to be so many that a lifetime had been wasted since Sir Francis had first come to that house. She had won the love of the best man she had ever known, and married him, and had then lost his love! And now she had been left as a widowed wife, with all the coming troubles of maternity on her head. She had understood well the ill-natured sarcasm of Miss Altifiorla. "We shall be living almost in the same neighbourhood!" Yes; if her separation from her husband was to be continued, then undoubtedly she would live at Exeter, and, as far as the limits of the county were concerned, she would be the neighbour of the future Lady Geraldine. That she should ever willingly be found under the same roof with Sir Francis was, as she knew well, as impossible to Miss Altifiorla as to herself. The invitation contained the sneer, and was intended to contain it. But it created no anger. She, too, had sneered at Miss Altifiorla quite as bitterly. They had each learned to despise the other, and not to sneer was impossible. Miss Altifiorla had

come to tell of her triumph, and to sneer in return. But it mattered nothing. What did matter was whether that threat should come true. Should she always be left living at Exeter with her mother? Then she dreamed her dream again,—that he had come back to her, and was sitting by her bedside with his hand in hers and whispering sweet words to her, while a baby was lying in her arms—his child. As she thought of the bliss of the fancied moment, the still possible bliss, her anger seemed to fade away. What would she not do to bring him back, what would she not say? She had done amiss in keeping that secret so long, and though the punishment had been severe, it was not altogether undeserved. It had come to him as a terrible blow, and he had been unable to suppress his agony. He should not have treated her so; no, he should not have sent her away. But she could make excuses now which but a few weeks since seemed to her to be impossible. And she understood,—she told herself that she understood,—the difference between herself as a woman and him as a man. He had a right to command, a right to be obeyed, a right to be master. He had a right to know all the secrets of her heart, and to be offended when one so important had been kept from him. He had lifted his hand in great wrath, and the blow he had struck had been awful. But she would bear it without a word of complaint if only he would come back to her. As she thought of it, she declared to herself that she must die if he did not come back. To live as she was living now would be impossible to her. But if he would come back, how absolutely would she disregard all that the world might say as to their short quarrel. It would indeed be known to all the world, but what could the world do to her if she once again had her husband by her side? When the blow first fell on her she had thought much of the ignominy which had befallen her, and which must ever rest with her. Even though she should be taken back again, people would know that she had been discarded. But now she told herself that for that she cared not at all. Then she again dreamed her dream. Her child was born, and her husband was standing by her with that sweet manly smile upon his face. She put out her hand as though he would touch it, and was conscious of an involuntary movement as though she were bending her face towards him for a kiss.

Surely he would come to her! His sister had gone to him, and would have told him the absolute truth. She had never sinned against him, even by intentional silence. There had been no thought of hers since she had been his wife which he had not been welcome to share. It had in truth been for his sake rather than for her own that she had been silent. She was aware that from cowardice her silence had been prolonged. But surely now at last he would forgive her that offence. Then she thought of the words she would use as she owned her fault. He was a man, and as a man had a right to expect that she would confess it. If he would come to her, and stand once again with his arm round her waist, she would confess it.

"My dear, here is a letter. The postman has just brought it." She took the letter from her mother's hand and hardly knew whether to be pleased or disappointed when she found that the address was in the handwriting of Lady Grant. Lady Grant would of course write whether with good news or with bad. The address told her nothing, but yet she could not tear the envelope. "Well, my dear; what is it?" said her mother. "Why don't you open it?"

She turned a soft supplicating painful look up to her mother's face as she begged for grace. "I will go up-stairs, mamma, and will tell you by and by." Then she left the room with the letter unopened in her hand. It was with difficulty that she could examine its contents, so apprehensive was she and yet so hopeful, so confident at one moment of her coming happiness, and yet so fearful at another that she should be again enveloped in the darkness of her misery. But she did at last persuade herself to read the words which Lady Grant had written. They were very short, and ran as follows; "My dear Cecilia, my brother returns with me, and will at once go down to Exeter." The shock of her joy was so great that she could hardly see what followed. "He will hope to reach that place on the fifteenth by the train which leaves London at nine in the morning."

That was all, but that was enough. She was sure that he would not come with the purpose of telling her that he must again leave her. And she was sure also that if he would once put himself within the sphere of her personal influence it should be so used that he would never leave her again.

"Of course he is coming. I knew he would come. Why should he not come?" This she exclaimed to her mother, and then went on to speak of him with a wild rhapsody of joy, as though there had hardly been any breach in her happiness. And she continued to sing the praises of her husband till Mrs.

Holt hardly knew how to bear her enthusiasm in a fitting mood. For she, who was not in love, still thought that this man's conduct had been scandalous, wicked and cruel; and, if to be forgiven, only to be forgiven because of the general wickedness and cruelty of man. But she was not allowed to say a word not in praise; and, because she could not in truth praise him, was scolded as though she was anxious to rob her daughter of her joys.

It had not been without great difficulty that Lady Grant induced her brother to assent to her writing the letter which has been given above. When he had agreed to return with her to England he had no doubt assented to her assertion that he was bound to take his wife back again, even without any confession. And this had been so much to gain, had been so felt to be the one only material point necessary, that he was not pressed as to his manner of doing it. But before they reached London it was essential that some arrangement should be made for bringing them together. "Could not I go down to Durton," he had said, "and could not she come to me there?" No doubt he might have gone to Durton, and no doubt she would have gone to him if asked. She would have flown to him at Dresden, or to Jerusalem, at a word spoken by him. Absence had made him so precious to her, that she would have obeyed the slightest behest with joy as long as the order given were to bring them once more together. But of this Lady Grant was not aware, and, had she been so, the sense of what was becoming would have restrained her.

"I think, George, that you had better go to Exeter," she said.

"Should we not be more comfortable at Durton?"

"I think that when at Durton you will be more happy if you shall yourself have fetched her from her mother's home. I think you owe it to your wife to go to her, and make the journey with her. What is your objection?"

"I do not wish to be seen in Exeter," he replied.

"Nor did she you may be sure when she returned there alone. But what does it matter? If you can be happy in once more possessing her, it cannot signify who shall see you. There can be nothing to be ashamed of in going for your wife; nor can any evil happen to you. As this thing is to be done, let it be done in a noble spirit."

Then the letter as above given was written.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SIR FRANCIS' ESCAPE.

When she had told the Dean's family, and Mrs. Green, and Cecilia, Miss Altifiorla began to feel that there was no longer a secret worth the keeping. And indeed it became necessary to her happiness to divulge this great step in life which she was about to take. She had written very freely, and very frequently to Sir Francis, and Sir Francis, to tell the truth, had not responded in the same spirit. She had received but two answers to six letters, and each answer had been conveyed in about three lines. There had been no expressions from him of confiding love nor any pressing demands for an immediate marriage. They had all been commenced without even naming her, and had been finished by the simple signature of his initials. But to Miss Altifiorla they had been satisfactory. She knew how silly she would be to expect from such an one as her intended husband long epistles such as a school girl would require, and, in order to keep him true to her, had determined to let him know how little exacting she was inclined to be. She would willingly do all the preliminary writing if only she could secure her position as Lady Geraldine. She wrote such letters, letters so full of mingled wit and love and fun, that she was sure that he must take delight in reading them. "Easy reading requires hard writing," she said to herself as she copied for the third time one of her epistles, and copied it studiously in such handwriting that it should look to have been the very work of negligence. In all this she had been successful as she thought, and told herself over and over again how easy it was for a clever woman to make captive a man of mark, provided that she set herself assiduously to the task.

She soon descended from her friends to the shopkeepers, and found that her news was received very graciously by the mercantile interests of the city. The milliners, the haberdashers, the furriers and the bootmakers of Exeter received her communication and her orders with pleased alacrity. With each of them she held a little secret conference, telling each with a smiling whisper what fate was about to do for her. To even the upholsterers, the bankers, the hotel-keepers and the owners of post-horses she was communicative, making every one the gratified recipient of her tidings. Thus in a short time all Exeter knew that Sir Francis Geraldine was about to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Altifiorla, and it must be acknowledged that

all Exeter expressed various opinions on the subject. They who understood that Miss Altifiorla was to pay for the supplies ordered out of her own pocket declared for the most part how happy a man was Sir Francis. But those who could only look to Sir Francis for possible future custom were surprised that the Baronet should have allowed himself to be so easily caught. And then the aristocracy expressed its opinion, which it must be acknowledged was for the most part hostile to Miss Altifiorla. It was well known through the city that the Dean had declared that he would never again see his brother-in-law at the deanery. And it was whispered that the Reverend Dr. Pigrum, one of the canons, had stated "that no one in the least knew where Miss Altifiorla had come from." This hit Miss Altifiorla very hard,—so much so that she felt herself obliged to write an indignant letter to Dr. Pigrum, giving at length her entire pedigree. To this Dr. Pigrum made a reply as follows. "Dr. Pigrum's compliments to Miss Altifiorla and is happy to learn the name of her great grandmother." Dr. Pigrum was supposed to be a wag and the letter soon became the joint property of all the ladies in the Close.

This interfered much with Miss Altifiorla's happiness. She even went across to Cecilia complaining of the great injustice done to her by the Cathedral clergymen generally. "Men from whom one should expect charity instead of scandal, but that their provincial ignorance is so narrow!" Then she went on to remind Cecilia how much older was the Roman branch of her family than even the blood of the Geraldines. "You oughtn't to have talked about it," said Cecilia, who in her present state of joy did not much mind Miss Altifiorla and her husband. "Do you suppose that I intend to be married under a bushel?" said Miss Altifiorla grandly.

But there appeared a paragraph in the *Western Telegraph* which drove Miss Altifiorla nearly mad. "It is understood that one of the aristocracy in this county is soon about to be married to a lady who has long lived among us in Exeter. Sir Francis Geraldine is the happy man, and Miss Altifiorla is the lady about to become Lady Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla is descended from an Italian family of considerable note in its own country. Her great grandmother was a Fiasco, and her great great grandmother a Disgrazia. We are delighted to find that Sir Francis is to ally himself to a lady of such high birth." Now Miss Altifiorla was well aware that there was an old feud between Sir Francis and the *Western Telegraph*, and she observed also that the paper made allusion to the very same relatives whom she had named in her unfortunate letter to Dr. Pigrum. "The vulgarity of the people of this town is quite unbearable," she exclaimed to Mrs. Green. But when left alone she at once wrote a funnier letter than ever to Sir Francis. It might be that Sir Francis should not see the paragraph. At any rate she did not mention it.

But unfortunately Sir Francis did see the paragraph; and, unfortunately also, he had not appreciated the wit of Miss Altifiorla's letters. "Oh, laws!" he had been heard to ejaculate on receipt of a former letter.

"It's the kind of thing a man has to put up with when he gets married," said Captain McCollop, a gentleman who had already in some sort succeeded Dick Ross.

"I don't suppose you think a man ever ought to be married."

"Quite the contrary. When a man has a property he must be married. I suppose I shall have the McCollop acres some of these days myself." The McCollop acres were said to lie somewhere in Caithness, but no one knew their exact locality. "But a man will naturally put off the evil day as long as he can. I should have thought that you might have allowed yourself to run another five years yet." The flattery did touch Sir Francis, and he began to ask himself whether he had gone too far with Miss Altifiorla. Then came the *Western Telegraph* and he told himself that he had not gone too far.

"Good Heavens! she has told everybody in that beastly hole," said he. The "beastly hole" was intended to represent Exeter.

"Of course she has. You didn't suppose but that she would begin to wear her honour and glory as soon as they were wearable."

"She pledged herself not to mention it to a single soul," said Sir Francis. Upon this Captain McCollop merely shrugged his shoulders. "I'll be whipped if I put up with it. Look here! All her filthy progenitors put into the newspaper to show how grand she is."

"I shouldn't care so very much about that," said the cautious Captain, who began to perceive that he need not be specially bitter against the lady.

"You're not going to marry her."

"Well; no; that's true."

"Nor am I," said Sir Francis with an air of great decision. "She hasn't got a word of mine in writing to show,—not a word that would go for anything with a jury."

"Hasn't she indeed?"

"Not a word. I have taken precious good care of that. Between you and me I don't mind acknowledging it. But it had never come to more than that."

"Then in fact you are not bound to her."

"No; I am not;—not what I call bound. She's a handsome woman you know,—very handsome."

"I suppose so."

"And she'd do the drawing-room well, and the sitting at the top of the table, and all that kind of thing."

"But it's such a heavy price to pay," said Captain McCollop.

"I should not have minded the price," said Sir Francis, not quite understanding his friend's remark, "if she hadn't made me ridiculous in this way. The Fiascos and the Disgrazias! What are they to our old English families? If she had let it remain as it was I might have gone through with it. But as she has told all Exeter and got that stuff put into the newspapers, she must take the consequences. One is worse than another, as far as I can see." By this Sir Francis intended to express his opinion that Miss Altifiorla was at any rate quite as bad as Cecilia Holt.

But the next thing to be decided was the mode of escape. Though Sir Francis had declared that he was not what he called bound, yet he knew that he must take some steps in the matter to show that he considered himself to be free, and as the Captain was a clever man, and well conversant with such things, he was consulted. "I should say, take a run abroad for a short time," said the Captain.

"Is that necessary?"

"You'd avoid some of the disagreeables. People will talk, and your relatives at Exeter might kick up a row."

"Never mind my relatives."

"With all my heart. But people have such a way of making themselves disgusting. What do you say to taking a run through the States?"

"Would you go with me?" asked the Baronet.

"If you wish it I shouldn't mind," said the Captain considerately. "Only to do any good we should be off quickly. But you must write to some one first."

"Before I start, you think?"

"Oh, yes;—certainly. If she didn't hear from you before you went you'd be persecuted by her letters."

"There is no end to her letters. I've quite made up my mind what I'll do about them. I won't open one of them. After all why should she write to me when the affair is over? You've heard of Mrs. Western I suppose?"

"Yes; I've heard of her."

"I didn't write to her when that affair was over. I didn't pester her with long-winded scrawls. She changed her mind, and I've changed mine; and so we're equal. I've paid her and she can pay me if she knows how."

"I hope Miss Altifiorla will look at it in the same light," said the Captain.

"Why shouldn't she? She knew all about it when that other affair came to an end I wasn't treated with any particular ceremony. The truth is people don't look at these things now as they used to do. Men and women mostly do as they like till they've absolutely fixed themselves. There used to be duels and all that kind of nonsense. There is none of that now."

"No; you won't get shot."

"I don't mind being shot any more than another man; but you must take the world as you find it. One young woman treated me awfully rough, to tell the truth. And why am I not to treat another just as roughly? If you look at it all round you'll see that I have used them just as they have used me."

"At any rate," said Captain McCollop after a pause, "if you have made up your mind, you'd better write the letter."

Sir Francis did not see the expediency of writing the letter immediately, but at last he gave way to his friend's arguments. And he did so the more readily as his friend was there to write the letter for him. After some attempts on his own part, he put the writing of the letter into the hands of the Captain, and left him alone for an entire morning to perform the task. The letter when it was sent, after many corrections and revises, ran as follows,

"My Dear Miss Altifiorla,

"I think that I am bound in honour without a moment's delay to make you aware of the condition of my mind in regard to marriage. I ain't quite sure but what I shall be better without it altogether."—"I'd rather marry her twice over than let my cousin have the title and the property," said the Baronet with energy. "You needn't tell her that," said McCollop. "Of course when you've cleared the ground in this quarter you can begin again with another lady."—"I think that perhaps I may have expressed myself badly so as to warrant you in understanding more than I have meant. If so I am sure the fault has been mine, and I am very sorry for it. Things have turned up with which I need not perhaps trouble you, and compel me to

go for a while to a very distant country. I shall be off almost before I can receive a reply to this letter. Indeed I may be gone before an answer can reach me. But I have thought it right not to let a post go by without informing you of my decision.

"I have seen that article in the Exeter newspaper respecting your family in Italy, and think that it must be very gratifying to you. I did understand, however, that not a word was to have been spoken as to the matter. Nothing had escaped from me at any rate. I fear that some of your intimate friends at Exeter must have been indiscreet.

"Believe me yours,

"With the most sincere admiration,

"FRANCIS GERALDINE."

He was not able to start for America immediately after writing this, but he quitted his Lodge in Scotland, leaving no immediate address, and hid himself for a while among his London clubs, where he trusted that the lady might not find him. In a week's time he would be off to the United States.

Who shall picture the rage of Miss Altifiorla when she received this letter? This was the very danger which she had feared, but had hardly thought it worth her while to fear. It was the one possible break-down in her triumph; but had been, she thought, so unlikely as to be hardly possible. But now on reading the letter she felt that no redress was within her reach. To whom should she go for succour? Though her ancestors had been so noble, she had no one near her to take up the cudgels on her behalf. With her friends in Exeter she had become a little proud of late, so that she had turned from her those who might have assisted her. "The coward!" she said to herself, "the base coward! He dares to treat me in this way because he knows that I am alone." Then she became angry in her heart against Cecilia, who she felt had set a dangerous example in this practice of jilting. Had Cecilia not treated Sir Francis so unceremoniously he certainly would not have dared so to treat her. There was truth in this, as in that case Sir Francis would at this moment have been the husband of Mrs. Western.

But what should she do? She took out every scrap of letter that she had received from the man, and read each scrap with the greatest care. In the one letter there certainly was an offer very plainly made, as he had intended it, but she doubted whether she could depend upon it in a court of law. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it?" It was certainly written as an offer, and her two answers to him would make it plain that it was so. But she had an idea that she would not be allowed to use her own letters against him. And then to have her gushing words read as a reply to so cold a proposition would be death to her. There was not another syllable in the whole correspondence written by him to signify that he had in truth intended to become her husband. She felt sure that he had been wickedly crafty in the whole matter, and had lured her on to expose herself in her innocence.

But what should she do? Should she write to him an epistle full of tenderness? She felt sure that it would be altogether ineffectual. Should she fill sheets with indignation? It would be of no use unless she could follow up her indignation by strong measures. Should she let the thing pass by in silence, as though she and Sir Francis had never known each other? She could certainly do so, but that she had allowed her matrimonial prospects to become common through all Exeter. She must also let Exeter know how badly Sir Francis intended to treat her. To her too the idea of a prolonged sojourn in the United States presented itself. In former days there had come upon her a great longing to lecture at Chicago, at Saint Paul's, and at Omaha, on the distinctive duties of the female sex. Now again the idea returned to her. She thought that in one of those large Western Halls, full of gas and intelligence, she could rise to the height of her subject with a tremendous eloquence. But then would not the name of Sir Francis travel with her and crush her?

She did resolve upon informing Mrs. Green. She took three days to think of it and then she sent for Mrs. Green. "Of all human beings," she said, "you I think are the truest to me." Mrs. Green of course expressed herself as much flattered. "And therefore I will tell you. No false pride shall operate with me to make me hold my tongue. Of all the false deceivers that have ever broken a woman's heart that man is the basest and the falsest."

In this way she let all Exeter know that she was not to be married to Sir Francis Geraldine; and another paragraph appeared in the *Western Telegraph*, declaring that after all Sir Francis Geraldine was not to be allied to the Fiascos and Disgrazias of Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONCLUSION.

THOUGH the news of Miss Altifiorla's broken engagement did reach Mrs. Western at St. David's, she was in a state of mind

which prevented her almost from recognising the fact. It was the very day on which her husband was to come to her. And her joy was so extreme as almost to have become painful. "Mamma," she said, "I shall not know what to say to him."

"Just let him come, and receive him quietly."

"Receive him quietly! How can I be quiet when he will have come back to me? I think you do not realise the condition I have been in during the last three months."

"Yes, my dear, I do. You have been deserted, and it has been very bad."

But Mrs. Western did not approve of the word used, as it carried a strong reproach against her husband. She was anxious now to take upon herself the whole weight of the fault which had produced their separation and to hold him to have been altogether sinless. And as yet, she was not quite sure that he would again take her to his home. All she knew was that he would be that day in Exeter and that then so much might depend on her own conduct! Of this she was quite sure,—that were he to reject her she must die. In her present condition, and with the memory present to her of the dreams she had dreamed, she could not live alone at Exeter, divided from him, and there give birth to her child. But he must surely intend to take her into his arms when he should arrive. It could not be possible that he should again reject her when he had once seen her.

Then she became fidgety about her personal appearance,—a female frailty which had never much prevailed with her,—and was anxious even about her ribbons and her dress. "He does think so much about a woman being neat," she said to her mother.

"I never perceived it in him, my dear."

"Because you have not known him as I have done. He does not say much, but no one's eye is so accurate, and so severe." All this arose from a certain passage which dwelt in her remembrance, when he had praised the fit of her gown and had told her with a kiss that no woman ever dressed so well as she did.

"I think, my dear," continued Mrs. Holt, "that if you wear your black silk just simply, it will do very well."

Simply! Yes; she must certainly be simple. But it is so hard to be simple in such a way as to please a man's eye. And yet, even when the time came near, she did not dare to remain long in her bedroom lest her own maid should know the source of her anxiety. At one time she had declared that she would go down to the station to meet him, but that idea had been soon abandoned. The first kiss she would give him should not be seen by strangers.

But if she were perplexed as to how she would bear herself on the coming occasion he was much more so. It may be said of him that through his whole journey home from Dresden he was disturbed, unhappy and silent; and that when his sister left him in London, and he had nothing immediately before him but the journey down to Exeter, he was almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of the situation. His case as a man was so much worse than hers as a woman. The speaking must all be done by him, and what was there that he could say? There was still present to him a keen sense of the wrong that he had endured; though he owned to himself that the punishment which at the spur of the moment he had resolved upon inflicting was too severe,—both upon her and upon himself. And though he felt that he had been injured he did gradually acknowledge that he had believed something worse than the truth. How to read the riddle he had not known, but there was a riddle which he had not read aright. If Cecilia should still be silent he must still be left in the dark. But he did understand that he was to expect no confession of a fault, and that he was to exact no show of repentance.

When the train arrived at Exeter he determined to be driven at once to the Hotel. It made him unhappy to think that every one around him should be aware that he was occupying rooms at an inn while his wife was living in the town; but he did not dare to take his portmanteau to Mrs. Holt's house and hang up his hat in her hall as though nothing had been the matter. "Put it into a cab," he said to a porter as the door was opened, "and bid him drive me to the Clarence." But a man whose face he remembered had laid his hand upon his valise before it was well out of the railway carriage. "Please, Sir," said the man, "you are to go up to the house and I'm to carry your things. I am Sam Barnet, the gardener."

"Very well, Sam," said Mr. Western. "Go on and I'll follow you." Now, as he well knew, the house at St. David's was less than half a mile from the railway station.

He felt that his misery would be over in ten minutes, and yet for ten minutes how miserable a man he was! While she was trembling with joy, a joy that was only dashed by a vague fear of his possible sternness, he was blaming his fate as it shortened

by every step the distance between him and his wife. At last he had entered the path of the little garden and the door of the house was open before him. He ventured to look, but did not see her. He was in the hall, but yet he did not see her. "Cecilia is in the breakfast parlour," said the voice of Mrs. Holt, whom in his confusion he did not notice. The breakfast parlour was in the back part of the house, looking out into the garden and thither he went. The door was just ajar and he passed in. In a second the whole trouble was over. She was in his arms at once, kissing his face, stroking his hair, leaning on his bosom, holding his arm round her own waist as though to make sure that he should not leave her; crying and laughing at the same moment. "Oh, George, my own George! It has all been my doing; but you will forgive me! Say that one word that I am 'forgiven.'" Then there came another storm of kisses which frustrated the possibility of his speaking to her.

What a wife she was to possess! How graceful, how gracious, how precious were her charms,—charms in which no other woman surely ever approached her! How warm and yet how cool was the touch of her lips; how absolutely symmetrical was the sweet curve of her bust; what a fragrance came from her breath! And the light of her eyes, made more bright by her tears, shone into his with a heavenly brightness. Her soft hair as he touched it filled him with joy. And once more she was all his own. Let the secret be what it might he was quite sure that she was his own. As he bent down over her she pressed her cheek against his and again drew his arm tighter round her waist. "George, if you wished to know how I love you, you have taken the right step. I have been sick for you, but now I shall be sick no longer. Oh, George, it was my fault; but say that you have forgiven me."

He could not bring himself to speak so much of an accusation as would be contained in that word "forgive." How was he to pardon one whose present treatment to him was so perfect, so loving, and so lovely? "Sit down, George, and let me tell you how it was. Of course I was wrong, but I did not mean to be wrong."

"No, no," he said. "There shall be no wrong." And yet why had not his sister told him that it would be like this? Why had she so stoutly maintained that Cecilia would confess nothing. Here she was acknowledging every thing with most profuse confession. What could any man desire more? "Do not speak of it;—at any rate now. Let me be happy as I have got you."

Then there was another storm of kisses, but she was not to be put off from her purpose. "You must know it all. Sit down;—there, like that." And she seated herself, leaning back upon him on the sofa. "Before we had been abroad I had been engaged to that man."

"Yes;—I understand that."

"I had been engaged to him,—without knowing him. Then when I found that he was not what I thought him I made up my mind that it would be better to throw him over than make us both miserable for life."

"Certainly."

"And I did so. I made a struggle and did it. From that time to this I have had nothing to say to him,—nor he to me. You may say that I treated him badly."

"I don't say so. I at any rate do not say so."

"My own, own man. Then we went abroad and as good fortune would have it you came in our way. It was not long before you made me love you. That was not my fault, George. I loved you so dearly when you were telling me that story about the other girl;—but, somehow, I could not tell you then a similar story about myself. It seemed at first so odd that my story should be the same, and then it looked almost as though I were mocking you. Had you had no story to tell you would have known all my own before I had allowed myself to be made happy by your love. Do you not perceive that it was so?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I can understand what you mean."

"But it was a mistake; for from day to day the difficulty grew upon me, and when once there was a difficulty I was not strong enough to overcome it. There never came the moment in which I was willing to mar my own happiness by telling you that which I thought would wound yours. I had not dreamed beforehand how much more difficult it would become when I should once be absolutely your wife. Then your sister came and she told me. She is better than anybody in the world except yourself."

"All women are better than I am," he said. "It is their nature to be so."

Some half-ludicrous idea of Miss Altifiorla and her present difficulties came across her mind, as she contradicted his assertion with another shower of kisses. "She told me," continued Cecilia, "that I was bound to let you know all the truth. Of course I knew

that; of course I intended it. But that odious woman was in the house and I could not tell you till she was gone. Then he came."

"Why did he come?"

"He had no right to come. No man with the smallest spirit would have shown himself at your door. I have thought about it again and again, and I can only imagine that it had been his intention to revenge himself. But what matter his intentions so long as they do not come between you and me? I want you to know all the truth, but not to imagine more than the truth. Since the day on which I had told him that he and I must part there has been no communication between us but what you know. He came to Durton and made his way into the house, and Miss Altifiorla was there and saw it all; and then you were told."

"He is a mean brute."

"But I am not a brute. Am I a brute? Say that I am nice once more. You know everything now,—everything, everything. I do own that I have been wrong to conceal it. My very soul should be laid bare to you."

"Cecilia, I will never be hard to you again."

"I do not say that you have been hard. I do not accuse you. I know that I have been wrong and I am quite content that we should again be friends. Oh, George, just at this moment I think it is sweeter than if you had never sent me away."

And so the reconciliation was made and Mr. Western and Cecilia were once more together. But no doubt, to her mind as she thought of it all, there was present the happy conviction that she had been more sinned against than sinning. She had forgiven, whereas she might have exacted forgiveness. She had been gracious, whereas she might have followed her mother's advice and have been repellent till she had brought him to her feet. As it was, her strong desire to have him once again had softened her, and now she had the double reward. She had what she wanted, and was able to congratulate herself at the same time on her virtue. But he, though he had too what he wanted, became gradually aware that he had been cruel, stiff-necked and obdurate. She was everything that he desired, but he was hardly happy because he was conscious that he had been unjust. And he was a man that loved justice even against himself, and could not be quite happy till he had made restitution.

He stayed a week with her at Exeter, during which time he so far recovered himself as to be able to dine at the deanery, and return Dr. Pigrum's call. Then he was to start for his own house in Berkshire, having asked Mrs. Holt to come to them a fortnight before Christmas. He would have called on Miss Altifiorla had he not understood that Miss Altifiorla in her present state of mind received no visitors. She gave it out that since men had been men and women had been women, no woman had been so basely injured as herself. But she intended to redress the wrongs of her sex by a great movement, and was devoting herself at present to hard study with that object. She used to be seen daily walking two miles and back on the Crediton Road, it being necessary to preserve her health for the sake of the great work she had in hand. But it was understood that no one was to accost her, or speak to her on these occasions, and at other times it was well known that she was engaged upon the labours of her task.

"And to-morrow we will go back to Durton," said Mr. Western to his wife.

"Dear Durton, how happy I shall be to see it once again!"

"And how happy I shall be to take you again to see it! But before we go it is necessary that I should say one thing."

This he spoke in so stern a voice that he almost frightened her. Was it possible that after all he should find it necessary to refer again to the little fault which she had so cordially avowed?

"What is it, George?"

"I have made a mistake."

"No, George, no, don't say so. There has been no mistake. A man should own nothing. I have thought about it and am sure of it."

"Let a man commit no fault, and then what you say will be true. I made a mistake, and allowed myself to be so governed by it as to commit a great injustice. I am aware of it, and I trust I may never repeat it. Such a mistake as that I think that I shall never commit again. But I did it, and I ask you to forgive me." In answer to this she could only embrace him and hang upon him, and implore him in silence to spare her. "So it has been, and I ask your pardon."

"No, George, no; no."

"Will you not pardon me when I ask you?"

"I cannot bring myself to say such a word. You know that it is all right between us. I cannot speak the word which you shall never be made to hear. I am the happiest woman now in all England, and you must not force me to say that which shall in any way lessen my glory."

A YOUNG ARTIST:

The late James C. Henderson.

By ROBERT WALKER.

IN the Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of this year (1882) there was one picture, "The Broken Jug," that attracted more attention than is generally bestowed on the canvas of an artist whose name is comparatively unknown. Its own merits would have insured it notice, but the public interest in it was deepened by the knowledge that it was the last work of a young painter, who had given every promise of attaining a high position in his profession, had time been granted to him, and whose gentle, kindly disposition, filled with a true appreciation of all that is beautiful in art and nature, had endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact. What James Henderson might have become, as his powers matured with advancing years and increased experience, we can now only dimly conjecture. But from the good use he had made of his opportunities, from the refined character of his intellectual sympathies, and from the high ideal by which he unostentatiously strove to regulate his daily life, we are fully justified in believing that he would have done honest and memorable work.

James C. Henderson, the eldest son of Mr. Joseph Henderson, artist, Glasgow, was born in that city on 4th July, 1858, and died there, after a short illness, on 12th July, 1881, having just completed his twenty-third year. He was an artist by instinct, and in his early predilections for a painter's life he was encouraged by his father's advice and guidance. From the Haldane Art Academy, Glasgow, where he gained several honours, he passed to the school of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. In 1880 he received in Edinburgh the second prize for drawing from the life, and in 1881 the first prize for painting from the life. The award of this prize was made after young Henderson's death, and the 1881 Report of the Academy spoke of him in terms of the greatest respect and regret, as one "whose high character and attainments gave promise of a career of more than ordinary distinction." On this testimony to his ability and worth, the late Sir Daniel Macnee gave his hearty approval, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes to the successful Academy students on 7th December, 1881.

In such a career as James Henderson's, suddenly brought to an end as he stood on the very verge of life's battle-field, there is not much to record. He passed through no wild, stormy youth. Without a tinge of either cant or asceticism, for his nature was bright and his sense of humour keen, he took, from the first, an earnest view of the responsibilities attaching to the profession which he had chosen and which he loved with his whole heart. He knew that to paint well is no easy task, and he conscientiously and steadily set about preparing himself for the doing of the best that was in him. He possessed the true artistic spirit that leads a man, for art's sake, "to scorn delights, and live laborious days." Of the proficiency he had attained at his death, we may judge by "The Broken Jug," of which we this month give a reproduction. Although it lacks "the finishing touches," competent critics have declared that no better work by a student has been of late years produced in Scotland. His drawing is correct, and yet remarkably free; his colour, showing the influence upon him of Orchardson and his school, is cool and delicate. In his composition there are both ease and grace, and a most commendable absence of affectation. Founding our opinion on his last picture, we have every reason to believe that in young Henderson there was the making of an artist who in time might have taken his place with the Landers, the Orchardsons, the Petties, of whom Scotland is justly proud.

He was naturally studious, and his well-cultured mind and artistic instincts found expression in poetry as well as in painting. Although painting was the serious business of his life and verse only one of its relaxations, he wrote a good deal, and in nearly all that he wrote there are genuine poetic feeling and an admirable mastery over rhyme and rhythm. His verses are the direct outcome of his simple, unaffected nature. "He took the gift of life with trusting hands," and his young eager heart was in sympathy with whatever is lovely and of good report. In him there was no weak sentimentality, no morbid whining over the evils, real or fancied, of the world. He saw the bright side of things, and the happiness that each man can work out for himself, through all troubles and disappointments, by simply doing his duty, and patiently giving fair and free scope to his

powers. This is the lesson—if we wish one —that his life, short as it was, teaches us, and it is a lesson not unneeded nowadays, when pessimism of a sickly, foolish sort abounds, and singers and thinkers would fain persuade us that life is not worth living.

His poems have been lately printed for private circulation. Subjoined are two sonnets, which show his command over this rather difficult form of poetical expression.

TREASURE SEEKERS.

We have been far away—ah, far away
Beyond snow-shrouded hills, and we have seen
Strange people and strange things. Our steps have been
Through lands unknown and trackless, with no stay,
No respite sweet; o'er moorlands dim and grey,
And lonely wastes, led by no kindly star,
Athirst and weary we have wandered far,
Yet have we found no treasures till to-day;
And now, when hope our hearts no more beguiles
With visions of fair lands beyond the foam,
We have found treasures which earth's thousand isles
Could never give, though we for aye should roam:
Treasures of true hearts and loving smiles,
Of kind hand-pressings, and warm welcomes-home.

NIGHTFALL.

Below the black line of the furthest hill
The sun moves slowly to the under world,
And Night, with starry banner half unfurled,
Waits in the east till all the world is still,
And growing twilight's purple shadows fill
The earth with gloom and with a sense of rest,
And drown afar in the forsaken west
The splendour of veined rose and daffodil
Still lingering there. And lo! even as I speak,
And as the lengthening shadows onward swim,
The last glow fadeth—growing faint and dim
Like the fair dreams of youth when life, grown meek,
Looks heavenward only, through Time's darkness bleak,
To God's White Throne between the Seraphim.

CHRISTMAS DAY AND FAMILY LIFE.

By R. W. DALE, M.A.

ABOUT the infancy and childhood of the Lord Jesus Christ the writers of the four Gospels are almost silent.

For a long time this reticence of the four evangelists controlled the thought and spirit of the Christian Church. Our Lord's sacrifice for the sin of the world, His victory over death, were the central and most absorbing objects of early Christian devotion. Of this festival of Christmas we find no trace till about three hundred years after the crucifixion. The festivals of the early Church were the Lord's Supper, which commemorated His death as a sacrifice for sin, and the first day of the week, which commemorated His resurrection.

How soon painters began to delight in those representations of the Virgin and Child and of the Holy Family, which are now to be found in such endless numbers on the walls of all the picture galleries of Europe, I do not know. Perhaps they were suggested by the tendency which ultimately led to the enthronement of the mother of our Lord in a dignity which she would have repelled with dismay and abhorrence; they have certainly encouraged and strengthened the idolatrous homage with which she has been regarded for many centuries. In the childhood of our Lord, Mary was His protector, defender, and ruler. To her belonged authority, and to Him submission. I suspect that artists have done as much as theologians to teach millions of men that her dignity is permanent, and that the surest method of securing the grace of Christ is to appeal to the tenderness of His mother.

In another way Art has misled the imagination of the Church, and by misleading its imagination has inflicted the gravest injury on its spiritual life. The kind of affection with which we regard a child is not the kind of affection which we should cherish for Him who is the Prince of the human race, the Judge of men, and who, even during the years of His humiliation, gave laws which have authority for all mankind and promises which are the solace and the support both of penitents and saints. The four evangelists —even those of them who tell the story of His birth—are careful not to place Him vividly before us until He has reached the maturity of His strength and is armed with the power which stilled the storm and raised the dead.

And yet it is true that He was once a child, and was subject to the authority of Joseph and Mary. It is also true that even after He reached manhood He continued to walk for some years in the quiet paths of life. The moral perfections of God were translated into those unostentatious virtues which constitute the dignity and the happiness of a human home. Within the narrow limits of the Family the Lord Jesus Christ revealed the glory of the divine righteousness and the divine love.

What was large enough for Christ during thirty years of His earthly history must surely be large enough for most of us. There are men and women who resent the mean and poor conditions under which they have to do the will of God, and who dream of what they might achieve if they had ampler space for their activities. They have not room enough—so they think—to be very good. They have it in their hearts to show a regal compassion to the miserable, and heroic chivalry and courage in the vindication of the oppressed. But for regal virtues they think that regal resources are necessary; and they suppose that heroic circumstances are necessary for the manifestation of the heroic spirit. It may be well for them to remember on Christmas Day, that for thirty years Christ lived a divinely perfect life within the walls of a peasant's home, and that in the trade of a carpenter and in His relation to His friends and neighbours in an obscure town among the hills of Galilee, He was able to show a glorious fidelity to the eternal laws of righteousness.

For all of us our life at home must constitute a great part of that life in which, by patient continuance in well-doing, we have to seek for glory, honour, and immortality; for many of us it practically constitutes the whole. There are millions of women, millions of girls, to say nothing of little children, who have no life worth speaking of beyond the boundaries of the family. Whatever fidelity to God, whatever love for Christ, whatever justice, whatever kindness, generosity, and gentleness they are to illustrate in their spirit and conduct must be illustrated there. And even men who have their business and their profession to follow during the greater part of the day find occasion in their home-life for forms of well-doing and ill-doing that are not possible elsewhere. I like a broad and rich life for myself—full of varied interests; and I should like to see the lives of most men, and of most women too, animated by the inspiration, and refreshed by the free air, of activities and interests outside their own home. But no shining achievements elsewhere can palliate the guilt of coldness, injustice, ill-temper in the family; and the noblest public virtues have their roots in the gentleness, the industry, the self-sacrifice, and the truthfulness, of which only those who are nearest to us have any knowledge.

And so on Christmas morning it will be well to ask ourselves whether the obscure duties which lie nearest to us—duties with which for thirty years Christ was perfectly content—are being faithfully discharged. Are there none at home to whom we could be more just—in whom we could repose a more generous confidence—whom we could cherish with a warmer affection—who claim from us a more patient forbearance? If we are parents, is our authority exercised at once with firmness and consideration? If children, do we yield a frank and cheerful obedience? Whatever we are, do we fail at home occasions for showing that sympathy with sorrow and with joy, which heightens the happiness of the happy and almost charms away the grief of the sad? What are the burdens which our strength might enable those nearest to us to bear more easily? What are the anxieties which our thoughtfulness and care might diminish?

It is almost inevitable that I should quote the well-known verses of Keble:—

> "We need not bid for cloistered cell
> Our neighbour and our work farewell;
> Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
> For mortal man beneath the sky.
>
> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Will furnish all we ought to ask:
> Room to deny ourselves, a road
> To bring us daily nearer God."

The verses are excellent in their way, and, as I have said, it was almost inevitable that I should quote them. But in their soft music there is, perhaps, a false note; perhaps, indeed, there are two false notes.

For Keble suggests that we need not go to the cloister, because home affords all that the cloister can give. But home affords *more*—immeasurably more—than the cloister can give: the opportunities for a more varied virtue, for a richer and fuller perfection. And the second false note is the natural sequence of the first. Home is sufficient for us, Keble says, because it will furnish "room to *deny* ourselves." No doubt. But I should be very sorry for the people that I live with to discharge their home duties in the spirit of martyrs. God preserve us all from wives, husbands, children, brothers, and sisters, who go about the house with an air of celestial resignation! There are homes in which I think I have caught a glimpse of people of that kind. They perform every duty with a faultless exactness, an exactness precise enough to irritate a saint. They submit with exemplary patience to every inconvenience, and are rather grateful than otherwise for the disappointments and vexations which sometimes disturb the smooth current of the best organized families. But they

regard the claims of others as affording opportunities for acts of self-denial which take the place of the hair-shirt and the fasting and the scourge of the monastic life, a penance to be endured for the discipline of their perfection.

The lines rest on a poor, mean, unchristian conception of self-denial, which I cannot stay to discuss. They also set the home-life in a false key. Self-denial! This is not what we ought to think of in connection with wife or husband, parent or child, brother or sister; but the joy of affectionate and hearty service for others. It is no self-denial for a man to wear an old coat a little longer that his wife may have a new dress, or for a mother to go on wearing an old bonnet that one of her children may have a new pair of boots. Where there is the kind of love which ought to bind all hearts together in a home, the happiness of life comes from giving our own pleasant things to those who are dear to us.

I like Miss Waring's tone better than Keble's:—

"I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes,
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

"I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at the side
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified."

But even in these beautiful lines there is the absence of that healthy unconsciousness which is the strength and charm of goodness. The absence is natural; for I believe that the writer spent many years in a sick-room, and it was in broken health and while enduring suffering that she wrote those hymns which have contributed some of the sweetest and gentlest elements to the religious life of our times. On the whole I think that I like best the nearly simple piety of Wordsworth's lines —

"God for His service needeth not proud work of human skill:
They please Him best who labour most to do in peace His will.
So let us strive to live, and to our spirits will be given
Such wings as when our Saviour calls shall bear us up to Heaven."

And it is in the discharge of the quiet duties of the family, in the unostentatious charities and the unromantic heroisms of the home, in the trifling services, rendered almost without thought, and received almost without recognition, that most of us have to do the will of God. In the course of twelve months it is very possible that even in homes where every heart is loyal to righteousness and to God, the relations of one or another member of the family to the rest may have become so uneasy, that the ideal life has been almost lost. Negligences too slight to be named, too slight to be distinctly remembered, may have gradually created a sense of discomfort. In some cases there have been grave faults which have created great unhappiness. On Christmas Day, which is as much a festival of the family as a festival of the Church, estrangements which have separated hearts that cling together notwithstanding estrangement should cease, and the ties which unite them should be drawn closer and firmer. It is the day of all the year for children to forget—if their parents have worried and vexed them; for parents to forget—if their children have been undutiful and ungrateful, for brothers and sisters to brush away the jealousies and resentments which have troubled their mutual confidence, and lessened, or rather represented their mutual affection; for husbands and wives to renew the romance of their courtship. There may be faults to forgive, of course there are; but you will never come to an agreement if you try to estimate how much wrong there has been on one side and how much on the other. The heart is a bad accountant, it was never yet able to draw up a balance-sheet that any impartial auditor would sign. Let by-gones be by-gones; kiss, and have done with them.

I wonder whether it would be of the slightest use to say anything to those of my readers who are not yet detached from the homes in which they were born, but who are beginning to think that it would be pleasant to have homes of their own. I do not know whether more young people fall in love with each other—or think they do—at parties and balls in winter, or on the lawn-tennis ground and at picnics in summer; both seasons are severely fatal. The fate of not a few of my younger readers will probably be decided within the next few weeks.

With an honourable girl—with an honourable man—an engagement carries with it something more than a few sunny months of courtship. After courtship comes marriage. After marriage comes the home. To describe the reasons which to some young

people seem quite sufficient to justify thei, first in flirting, and then in getting "e-gaged," would answer no good purpos. The reasons are too trivial, too flagrant absurd, to bear putting into words, and I have no pleasure in mocking at human foll, especially when the folly is likely to lead to years of misery and shame.

But—putting aside the indirect manner in which writers address their readers—let us speak frankly to you as a friend to a frien. Let me ask you to consider what you mut have in your future husband, in your futue wife, to make it even tolerable to spen twenty or thirty or forty years together. I will not insist on the elements which ae necessary to the romantic perfection of married life; for most of us are commo-place people and a life of romance is beyod our reach. There are some very commo-place things you ought to make sure of.

Good sound health is one thing; there ae twenty grave reasons for insisting on . Next to this I should put perfect truthfi-ness; the man who will lie to other peop will lie to his wife; the girl who will lie o other people will lie to her husband. Nt to truthfulness—temperance, industry ad courage. Then, fortitude; that is the powr to bear pain and trouble without whinin. Then, unselfishness; for the selfish man, te selfish girl, though drawn out of selfishnss in the early weeks of courtship, will sete back into it again when the wear and woy of life come on; some one has said, it is nt so hard to get out of one's self; the dicult is to keep out. Then you should lok for sufficient good sense to save you fro the misery of having to live with a fool. If you are loyal to Christ you will know wi-out my telling you, that your life can nevr be blended into perfect unity with anothr, unless there is loyalty to Christ in the otr life as well as in your own.

But loyalty to Christ does not imply te possession of all that is necessary for a hapy and honourable marriage. A man may hve a genuine faith in Christ and yet have vy little sense, and so may a woman. There my be genuine faith and yet a constitutical indolence or cowardice, or irritability, or sullenness, or waywardness. When a nn or a woman has religious faith these grve tendencies to moral evil will be resistd, but they are not always perfectly mstered, and they may make married life vy miserable.

I said just now that most of us are commonplace people, and that a life of romace is out of our reach; but I believe in "falling in love." The imagination should be kindled and the heart touched; there should be enthusiasm and even romance in the happy months that precede marriage, and something of the enthusiasm and romance should remain to the very end of life, or else the home is wanting in its perfect happiness and grace. The wonderful charm which makes the wife more to the husband than all other women, and the husband more to the wife than all other men; this is necessary to a happy marriage. But take my word for it, those plain, solid virtues of which I have spoken are indispensable to the security and happiness of a home; and it is a home that you are drifting to when you are drifting into love.

You would not like to live with a liar, with a thief, with a drunkard, for twenty years; or with an indolent person, or a coward, or a fool; with such a comrade you could not build up a noble and beautiful, or even a tolerable, home. And remember that a man, a woman may have the roots of some of these vices in them and yet be extremely agreeable and good-looking, dress well and say very pretty and charming things. With some of these miserable vices there may be a warm heart, generous impulses, real kindliness. But where these vices exist—where the elements of them exist—you cannot make sure of honour, of happiness, of peace, of the continuance of mutual affection, or of mutual trust. In the absence of plain, solid virtues in the man or the woman you marry, you are building your home on the sand, not on the rock, and when the winds rise and the waters are out, it will go badly with you.

If you ask me what is to become of the men and the women who do not possess these very plain excellences, I can only say that it would be a very happy thing if no one consented to marry them. Their vices will spoil and ruin, not their own lives merely, not merely the lives of those they marry, but the lives of their children too. The miserable inheritance of their imperfections will be transmitted to coming generations. If it were only possible to keep all these people single, those who will be living thirty years hence would be living in a very different world from this.

Anyhow it is the duty as it is the interest of all young people to take care that their home, if they have one, shall be as nearly like what God meant a human home to be as it can be made. The making of a home is the greatest work that most of them will ever

be able to do. In preparing to make it they have the supreme opportunity for showing that they care more for the righteousness and will of God than for all the world besides.

Let us look back again at the home into which Christ was born. Joseph and Mary had charge of the infancy and childhood of Him who was to be the Saviour of the world. The sublimity of the trust fills us with awe. But those of us who have children to care for have also received a trust which should sometimes make us tremble. Their future character, their spirit, their faith, their aims in life, the laws which they will regard as highest and most august, depend largely upon us. With us they begin that history which, if they are true to the Divine idea of life, will be consummated in the power and blessedness of immortality. It depends largely upon us whether they will be true to it or not. The home, for most men, is more than the school and the university. Our vices will poison the air which the young child has to breathe; our virtues will make it wholesome and sweet. It is by what we *are*—not by what we try to appear to be—that the destiny of our children will be determined. Genuine affection, firm trust, mutual respect, honour, and forbearance between the father and the mother; their equity, kindliness, and sympathy in the treatment of their children; their personal virtues and their religious faith—these will create a Christian home. In a Christian home Christ dwells; and children that live with Him are not likely to revolt against Him when the years of childhood are over. The life which begins with Christ is likely to be spent with Christ, and to end in the glory of those unseen mansions, of which every Christian home is a symbol and a prophecy.

CHILDHOOD'S VALLEY.

By JAMES HENDRY.

IT was a quiet valley,
Set far from human ills,
A sunny, sloping valley,
Begirt with green, green hills.

The white clouds softly knitted
Grey shadows in the grass;
The sea-birds poised and flitted,
As they were loath to pass.

A clear stream thrid the bridges,
Blue, lazy smoke upcurled;
Beyond its purple ridges
Lay the unquiet world.

Under the ivied rafters
Low crooned the sun-drowsed dove;
While youthful, breezy laughters
Moved on the slopes above,

Where mid the flower-pied spaces
We children made bright quest;
Sure as we ran quick races
The far-seen flower was best.

Thus while the sun uplifted,
And flashed adown the stream,
The white clouds drifted, drifted,
In deep untroubled dream.

Fair shines that sunny valley,
Set far from human ills;
Our childhood's simple valley
Begirt with green, green hills.

Nor all the world's mad riot
Which we have known since then,
Hath touched this valley's quiet
Deep in our heart's own ken.

"Gainsborough's Valley."

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

IV.—VICTOR AIMÉ HUBER.

AMONG those who watched with interest the efforts of the "Christian Socialists" in England, there was an "intelligent foreigner" who, during a professional visit to this country, became acquainted with F. D. Maurice and his friends, whom he visited on two occasions, first in 1844, and then again ten years later. To this last visit he refers in his published letters on the co-operative movement in Belgium, France, and England, a work which at the time enjoyed general and well-deserved popularity.

This gentleman, also the author of some notes on the English Universities which in their translated form attracted sufficient attention in this country to be quoted in Parliamentary debates, was Victor Aimé Huber, the subject of the present sketch. He forms, so to speak, the connecting link between the Christian Socialists of Germany and England, and also between the Christian Socialism of the past and present generation. He is regarded as the pioneer of the co-operative movement in Germany, and has been called in the recently published memoir of his life and work the forerunner of the modern school of Christian Socialists in that country.

The author of this memoir, Dr. Eugen Jäger, a well-known contributor to socialistic literature, here gives us a very appreciative account of Huber's earnest endeavours to remove the social disabilities and improve the moral and mental condition of the working classes. It is to this well-timed publication that the present writer owes much of the information contained in the present paper.

Huber was an original character. In days when but few of his contemporaries and sympathisers were able to see the signs of the times, and blindly trusted to traditional forms and repressive measures in their clumsy endeavours to cope with the rising spirit of social discontent, Huber was among the very first to discover in this uneasy state of the public mind a symptom of the rising storm which broke out, but did not spend itself entirely, in the Revolution of 1848. For late socialistic manifestations in Germany form only another stage of its development, which makes thoughtful observers of current events dread its final culmination in utter social disruption, unless indeed a serious social revolt is not arrested by timely social reform. To this task Huber addressed himself, and never grew weary preaching, in season and out of season, the duty of the higher classes to raise the lower, materially, morally, and mentally, not so much by means of legislative and state help as by voluntary effort for the encouragement of association and co-operation to counteract the evils of competition.

Belonging by hereditary and early training to that party of liberal thinkers in Germany which got its philosophical and political opinions from France, Huber changed his social theories with his religious views at an important crisis of his life, to be mentioned farther on, after which he began to look to constructive and conservative social reforms as the best means of preserving society from decay, and as the best antidote against the threatening advances of social democracy.

The best introduction to Huber's theories and methods of social improvement will be a short sketch of his life.

He was born in Stuttgart on the 18th of March, 1800, of gifted parents on both sides. His father, a friend of Schiller and Alexander von Humboldt, and an inmate in the house of George Forster, the celebrated naturalist and circumnavigator, belonged to the band of enthusiasts who, during the era of "enlightenment" in Germany, hailed with acclamations the outbreak of the French Revolution. Huber's mother was the accomplished daughter of the scholar Heyne, and the widow of Forster, and long before her second marriage had exercised a salutary influence over Huber's father. She was a woman remarkable for her mental endowments, energetic character, and sympathetic many-sidedness. She had ideal views of life which she did not fail to impart to her son, and her literary taste and tact had procured her a position that enabled her to introduce him into the field of literature at an early age. To her fostering care Huber owed a great deal in childhood and youth. She superintended his education (his father having died), and watched with

maternal solicitude over the mental development and external career of her son during the most impressionable period of his life. When he was seven years old he was placed under Philip Emanuel von Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, near Bern, a celebrity at the time as a philanthropist, agriculturist, and more especially as the inventor of a new method of education, and as such the friend of Pestalozzi.

The letters from his mother at this time were full of maternal exhortations which were intended to soften Huber's apparently somewhat intractable character, and to inculcate the principles of self-denial and self-mastery by means of plain living and high thinking, as well as the duty of cultivating a fellow-feeling for the sorrows and sufferings of the poor, a duty which he fulfilled so faithfully when he had arrived at years of discretion.

At sixteen years of age the young Aimé went to the University of Göttingen, where his grandmother was still living, and gave him material help in the pursuit of his studies. He took his degree in Medicine in 1820, and having obtained, through the influence of his mother in high quarters, a state stipendium corresponding to a travelling fellowship at the Universities, he set out for foreign travel to satisfy his spirit of adventure in distant lands.

His professional studies had at no time had much interest for him, and now that he was free to follow his natural bent he threw himself into the social and political movement which was then agitating the western continent of Europe. His letters from Paris show how rapidly he had made himself acquainted with the social condition of the poor labourers in the French capital, and how entirely he had entered with a deep and personal interest into their complaints. Here, too, he cultivated an acquaintance with the chosen spirits of the day, Lafayette, Lafitte, Perier, and others. Through them his liberal sympathies were attracted toward Spain, and the struggle for liberty which was then agitating the national mind of that country. But dissatisfied with the poor results of the peninsular rising, he left and took ship at Lisbon for Hamburg in 1823. Thence he proceeded to Edinburgh, and to London in the following year. Shortly after this he published his well-known sketches from Spain, passed a short time in Italy as travelling tutor, and at last settled down in Bremen as one of the masters at the Merchants' School of that town.

Here it was that he married (after his mother's death) the daughter of one of the senators, and here, too, at the age of thirty, an important change took place in his religious feelings and convictions which altered the whole current of his life. He had been brought up as a heathen, with classical models only for his examples of life and conduct. His early associations and contact with the leaders in philosophy and social politics had confirmed him in those humanitarian views of the eighteenth century in which he had been cradled as a child. He had been baptized, indeed, into the Catholic Church, but this more as a matter of form. For a long time every kind of religious confession was equally distasteful to him. Now, however, when for the first time brought into contact with "religious circles" in Protestant countries, a marked change came over him in favour of religious beliefs, and he was favourably impressed, at Edinburgh in particular, by the practical beneficence and missionary efforts displayed by members of the Presbyterian Kirk. This change gave a new bent to his philanthropic efforts, and he thenceforward became a Christian Socialist.

Though deeply impressed with religious convictions, he nevertheless attached but little significance to external Church government. Thus he joined the Established Reformed Church of Bremen as a matter of course. Afterwards, when appointed to a professorial chair in Mecklenburg, he was as willing to join the Lutheran State Church in that country, and in the same way became a member of the United Church of Prussia on his removal to Berlin. His attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church was that of toleration and respect; he even suggested a dignified attitude of armed neutrality between the two confessions as a *modus vivendi*, and was strongly in favour of a re-union between Catholicism and Protestantism in Germany.

In his letters from London he often inveighs against the worldliness and stagnation of spiritual life in the Church of England; he complains of its barren orthodoxy, intolerable injustice in the distribution of preferment, and the utter incapacity of the clergy as a body to grapple with the social problems of the day. With profound veneration he dwells on the character and work of F. D. Maurice as a grand exception to the "predominant dead Pharisaism" in Church life. He alludes with evident interest to the popular expositor of the Christian Socialists, the "too

genial" Kingsley, and gives a fairly appreciative account of his and their efforts in the direction of social reform.

In view of present literary controversies connected with Carlyle it may be interesting to note what a foreign observer felt and said thirty years ago on this subject. Comparing Maurice with Thomas Carlyle, both of whom he knew personally when they resided as close neighbours in Chelsea, he refers to what he calls Carlyle's "purely negative, and therefore unfruitful criticism of things as they are, were, and ever can be." He dwells on his bitterness of irony and fondness of exaggeration, and the evident determination only to see the dark side of things, and to expose the weaknesses and shortcomings of society. He points out the injustice of Carlyle in attacking so unmercifully all curative aims to improve society and their authors, instead of laying bare merely the sores of the social disorder they intend to remove.

"Whilst he himself" (Carlyle) "does nothing great or small to alleviate or remove the evils he complains of, he ignores, discards, and ridicules everything others may either know or do, condemning it in wholesale as sham, humbug, flunkeyism, semblances, fatuities, vulturism," &c., &c. Such terms, he goes on to say, may have been at one time appropriate enough and full of meaning in describing a peculiar evil full of danger and requiring exposure in all directions, but they have now lost the force of their original significance, and have simply become fixed ideas of Carlyle's mind, of which he cannot divest himself.

"How different is Maurice," he continues, "in his untiring love and self-sacrificing activity, as directed, not only against the unhealthy symptoms in those social forces and organs whose office it is to remove the disease of the body-politic, but towards the creation of new forces and organs, so as to effect a healthy reaction among the poor properly so called, where this social distemper makes itself peculiarly felt. The reason why these two men, but a few years ago unanimous in their convictions, have got on tracks so entirely at variance with each other . . . . . is surely not only to be sought in the dissimilarity of natural gifts and dispositions. It rather lies in this, that the one has never left the foundations of faith, nor withdrawn himself from the discipline of the Holy Ghost, whereas the other has followed with passionate willfulness the utterly unrestrained impulse of his subjective feelings and self-conscious vanity."

We quote this sentence from one of the letters, not because we are prepared to endorse the judgment thus pronounced on Carlyle, but chiefly because in an interesting manner it marks the standpoint of Huber as a Christian Socialist. For here he expresses his firm belief in the regenerative force of Christian principle surpassing in its spiritual efficacy other forms of humanitarian socialisms which were not founded on belief.

Huber's linguistic proficiency procured for him a post at the University of Rostock in 1832, and after that a call to Hamburg six years later. In 1839 he was elected as the representative of this collegiate body in the Hessian House of Representatives. Henceforth we see him engaged in controversies connected with the social politics of that eventful period, maintaining an independent standpoint equally distasteful both to the strictly progressive and obstructive parties, because in his endeavours to remove social abuses he neither trusted himself, nor allowed others to trust, to the mere shibboleths of this party or that.

With his efforts as an ultra-Conservative statesman and journalist we have nothing to do here. Suffice it to say that Friedrich Wilhelm IV., of Prussia, to whom Huber had been introduced when he was but Crown Prince in 1838, induced him to come to Berlin and to found a Conservative periodical under royal patronage. As editor of this periodical, the *Janus*, Huber made it the vehicle for pressing his pet scheme of co-operation on the attention of his readers. But owing to the general apathy of the intelligent public and the ruling classes in Germany, the *Janus* had but a very limited circulation, perhaps because it was known to be subsidised by those in authority.

After the March revolution in 1848 this publication, which in many respects resembled the *Christian Socialist* in this country and *L'Avenir* in France, was discontinued, and another method for rallying the friends of Social Reform on Conservative principles was made by Huber in forming his "Association of Christian Order and Liberty." But this, too, proved unsuccessful. Huber found more favour, in truth, among the Social Radicals than in his own reactionary circles. His assistance was sought by some Liberals and Democrats who had lately established a "Building Society for the common good," which had for its object the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Huber readily subscribed 7,000 dollars to its funds, and was invited to draw up its constitution. He agreed, and in this document, placed within the corner-stone of the first house built by the Association, on March, 1849, Huber expresses his sanguine hope that this might be "the first step in the career of a movement which has for its object the solution of one of the most trying questions of these ominously stormy times, and the pledge of security in the happy future of the German Fatherland, viz.: *the transformation of*

portionless workers into working proprietors."

Now he also began to publish at the expense of this society a new organ, called the *Concordia*, but it had to be discontinued, too, for want of supporters. A later attempt to revive it in 1861 proved equally unsuccessful.

A central society for the welfare of the working classes had been founded in 1830 by the liberalising party, and was still under their direction. Huber was asked to join it, and readily accepted the flattering invitation, coming as it did from his political opponents. He also at this time put himself into communication with the *Gesellenvater Kolbing*, so-called because, as we pointed out in the last paper, he was at the head of all the associations of young journeymen formed under the auspices of Bishop Ketteler. At the same time Huber was engaged in multifarious acts of practical beneficence, attending to all cases of distress in the town, "the father of vagabonds," as he often called himself, adopting the Portuguese ascription of magistrates in the dark ages: *Pae dos velhacos*.

But neither his practical efforts nor his theories of social reform found much favour in high quarters or among his Tory friends. His lectures at the University were thinly attended, and at last, unable to make headway against prejudice and opposition, Huber left the public service in 1851, determined henceforth to live entirely for his ideas of social amelioration and those practical efforts for the elevation of the masses he had so truly at heart. When he left Berlin, where he had never felt quite at home, says his biographer, no noisy farewell speeches were made in his honour, nor was his dismissal accompanied by the bestowal of orders and decorations with which royalty rewards civic merit. But Huber received what he valued far more highly than honours and public distinctions. His departure was followed by the tears, the prayers, and the blessings of the poor.

He now found a new home in the pleasant little town of Wenigerode, among the Hartz Mountains, and thence he paid periodical visits to France, Belgium, and England, and thus became a living organ, so to speak, for international communication on the subject of co-operative association. One of the results of these travels was the publication of the letters already quoted, whilst the numerous pamphlets, speeches, and leading articles on the same subject, if collected, would fill volumes. Huber's travels have been called, indeed, "missionary journeys," having for their object the propagation of useful knowledge on the subject of co-operation and association, but in his evangelistic efforts of this kind he never forgot that charity begins at home. He was indefatigable in his efforts to remove at home on a small scale all those social evils to the study and care of which he devoted the ample learning and matured energies of a master mind. There, in the little town, the highly gifted man of letters condescended to live in daily companionship with labourers and artisans in order to raise them by personal contact to a higher level. In this he spared no sacrifice of time or money. He founded a loan society for the benefit of smaller tradespeople, and a technical school for the instruction of young apprentices after leaving the ordinary schools, and here he taught himself. He also called into existence a Christian Association of Journeymen, and often was found in the Assembly Rooms either teaching or conversing, while part of his time was devoted to another society not of his own creation, nor calling itself Christian, but in other respects having in view the same objects of self-improvement. Here, too, among his "heathen," as he called them, he was always welcome.

There is an institution peculiar to German religious life called the "Inner Mission," an outcome of Christian philanthropy, founded soon after the troubles of 1848, and having for its object the pacification of social discontent by the spread of Christian ideas and the exercise of Christian charity among the poor and the labouring classes. Huber was a friend of this practical form of Home-missions, and devoted a considerable portion of his own private fortune and that of his wife to the foundation of a benevolent institution, called the Home of St. Theobald, for the purpose, as he put it, of "aiding the endeavours of faith working through love."

The Home afforded room for instruction, lectures, meetings, a popular library, and temporary hospitality. Huber handed it over to a society, which still exists, to work it according to his own ideas. But in this, as well as in most of his efforts, the result did not by any means correspond to his expectations. He often complained, we are told: "I only see leaves, but no fruit." This is a complaint falling not unfrequently from the lips of social reformers. But here, as in nature, the putting forth of leaves precedes the production of fruit. We are permitted to see the former, though we do not always live long enough to reap the latter. From this, it does not follow that we have laboured in vain.

The views of such a man on social subjects

are worth while considering, and deserve our respect, if they do not altogether meet with our approbation. We, therefore, now purpose giving our readers a very short *résumé* of Huber's social theories, and some of the principal suggestions of social improvement as far as they may be gathered from his numerous writings. As in the case of those social reformers whom we have previously noticed, Huber, too, dwells with acrimonious insistance on the growth of excessive wealth in the hands of a few, and the corresponding increase of distress among the many; in other words, the unhappy co-existence side by side of progress and poverty. The consequence of this abnormal state of social inequality, he says, is the degradation of the pauperised proletarians, and the moral degeneracy of the rich. Huber, too, places little confidence in the theory of the liberal school of economists, that things will right themselves if let alone, and looks to co-operation and a better organization of labour as the only means of saving society from the disintegrating influences of "Mammonism." In raising the proletarians to a position of small proprietors, he thus hopes to restore self-respect among them, whilst a more equalised distribution of labour and enjoyment would preserve the wealthy from the dangers of luxurious self-indulgence. At the same time, Huber is far from acquiescing in a wholesale condemnation of free competition, the successful rival of co-operation. On the contrary, speaking in his letters from England on the tendency to disparage the principle of competition among the adherents of Maurice and his school, he maintains "that competition is one of the Divine laws of social life and development, which, like every other law, requires the discipline of the Holy Ghost in the individual and in society, in Church and State, so as not to be abused by selfishness, or poisoned by ignorance and folly."

This fairness of judgment is Huber's characteristic, and he showed it in a variety of ways. Thus, *e.g.*, he has as little faith in bureaucratic imperialism as in parliamentary majorities when the people's welfare is at stake. He readily acknowledges the importance of self-help without ignoring the relative usefulness of State-help under given circumstances. Indeed, at times Huber seems to take for his motto "Everything for, but nothing by, the people," and speaks with supreme contempt of "Mr. Public," representing at the same time kings and nobles as the only true saviours of society. But there are other passages where he also dwells on the importance of independent self-help and points out the evils of patriarchal government; what he really wants is the creation of associations of independent labourers under the patronage of the Church and the aristocracy.*

The proletarian masses must be organized, he says, not on the pattern of Communistic Utopias, but by means of voluntary effort to re-collect the isolated atoms in co-operation, and by the re-union of employers and employed in the processes of production as well as distribution. But this depends on the re-awakening of the fraternal spirit, and therefore must have religion for its basis. Self-seeking isolates, Christian love unites man with man, removes the barriers of class-interests and antagonisms, and produces a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-devotion to the common good. One of the remedies proposed by Huber is what he terms "Inner Colonisation," *i.e.*, the formation of colonies consisting of about one hundred and fifty households, each house to contain four families under its roof, with a garden attached to it. A common steam engine would perform the necessary work of each colony. The wholesale purchase of provisions and the preparation of food as far as possible on the associative principle, so as to serve the whole colony, or several members of it, would save much waste in money, work, and fuel, and add to the general comfort of all without interfering with the seclusion of domestic life. The acquisition of machinery by means of a collective fund and the erection of these improved dwellings on a general plan, as well as the wholesale purchase of the materials and articles of consumption, would, no doubt, require capital and credit, but the accumulated sum of only one shilling daily contributed by every member of the colony and interest upon it would supply the capital. Voluntary contributions from benevolent manufacturers, the aristocracy, and government subsidies might supply any deficiency in case the stream of contributions from the labourers should at times flow less rapidly from an unforeseen reason. But after a time the labourers might take care of themselves,

* In answer to some extreme advocates of State-help like the agitator Lassalle, he says truly enough: "If the State is to be responsible for the labour and support of the workmen, the latter must sooner or later become either the masters or the slaves of the State." On the other hand he opposes moderately but decisively the opposite theory of stringent exclusion of State-interference as held by Lassalle's chief opponent Schulze-Delitzsch. See V. A. Huber, "Ein Vorkämpfer der Socialen Reform von Dr. Eugen Jäger," pp. 72—78, the memoir referred to above. There is also a larger life of Huber by Rudolf Elvers, of Wenigerode, published in Bremen, 1874.

and the colonies become entirely self-supporting and self-governing.

What may be done by way of raising the working classes with the aid of their employers he showed from a number of instances which came under his notice during several of his visits to this country. He dwells with grateful pleasure on what he saw in the philanthropic efforts of the managing directors—the Brothers Wilson—at Price's Patent Candle Manufactory at Belmont, and the consequent kindly relationship subsisting between the masters and the men. He contrasts this with the unfeeling and purely selfish method of treating the workmen simply as part of the machinery, whose services are paid for according to the rate of labour in the market without any regard to their claims on human sympathy and regard. In one of his letters from Leeds he relates that he had just been breakfasting with some co-operative friends at the same hotel, and at the same table, which was occupied a short time before by six "Cotton or Woollen Lords," who between them employed no less than thirty thousand labourers, but took not the slightest interest in the personal welfare of any one of them.

On the other hand, he was delighted with Mr. Marshall's linen factory, and the manifest effort of the employer to watch over the health and happiness of his workmen, endeavouring to promote not only their material, but also their moral and spiritual welfare. Alluding to this remarkable instance of dutiful regard to the rightful claims of labour he adds: "No one can be more willing than I am to point out the merits of such representatives of the industrial aristocracy." And he is true to his word. With glowing enthusiasm he describes the works of Mr. Salt at Saltaire, near Bradford, and speaks of the commodious dwelling-houses, the church and the schools with other institutions, provided by the owner to secure for his employés those benefits which the co-operative societies offer to their clients; and in this, again, he sees an example of "latent association under absolute monarchical rule on a large scale."

This patriarchal form of co-operation, under the direction of the Plutocracy, the aristocracy, or the monarchy, had a special attraction for Huber, and he bitterly complains of the supine indifference and want of appreciation of his scheme among the rulers in Church and State in Germany. It is their life of ease, he complains, which incapacitates them for thoroughly understanding the real condition of the poor.

As a religious man he felt convinced that in making the people's cause her chief object of solicitude a Church performs her true functions and promotes best the real interests of religion. "The labouring classes are the battle-field on which the contest must be decided between Christian civilisation and a new and more than heathen barbarism." Hence the importance of winning the affections and esteem of the multitude, and so becoming established in the hearts of the people.

This religious tendency prevents Huber from giving more than a scanty measure of praise to Mr. Owen, otherwise a man and a co-operator after his own heart, because of the anti-religious sentiments so loudly and injudiciously avowed by this enthusiast and philanthropist. At the same time, Huber hails with delight every movement in the Christian Church at home or abroad in the direction of social reform. He speaks with as much satisfaction of the now forgotten "Universal Purveyor," a co-operative institution promoted by what was then called the "Puseyite" party, as he does of a similar effort on the part of C. Kingsley, at that time the most pronounced opponent of the "Tractarians." Whilst thus spending an equal meed of praise on the representatives of the two extreme wings of the Church of England, he dwells with pardonable severity on the narrow-minded frivolity and ambitious self-seeking of the great body of the clergy, who had no understanding for the great social questions of the day, and clung tenaciously to the old order of things which was fast passing away, and so lost the chance of *capessere republicam*, to use Huber's expression, at a critical moment of transition to the new.

To illustrate this Huber mentions a conversation with some artisans in the library of the Coventry Co-operative Society. He had inquired as to the attitude of the Church towards the co-operative movement. The answer he received was this, "Well, sir, I suppose the Church does not care anything about us poor people, and so we come not to care much for her either—the more's the pity!"

If Huber found little to encourage him in his efforts at reforming society from above by a coalition of gentry and clergy, and can only point to a few isolated instances of patronising endeavour on the part of employers to improve the condition of the working people, he sees much to inspire him with hope in the conscientious efforts at self-improvement from below among the people

themselves, and is never tired of pointing to the marvellous advances of the co-operative movement among them in this country.

He is not blind, indeed, to the weaknesses and imperfections of co-operation, as he saw it then, in the earlier stages of its development. Thus, in a lecture on the subject delivered before the Central Society for the Welfare of the Working Classes in Germany, in 1852, he cannot help pointing out that one of their inherent deficiencies is the retention of the purely egotistic ways of doing business in the management of "stores," which is inconsistent with the true principles of co-operation. He shows that in thus continuing the system of "the trades," co-operation has no right to assume the title of Christian Socialism. At the same time he fully recognises the superior qualities of mind and heart required in co-operators of even an imperfect type, and speaks of the evident power of co-operation in its lower stages to form character and to serve as a training institution to inculcate the lessons of thrift and foresight, and as a disciplinary power to organize vast bodies of men in a common cause.

But its chief value, he thinks, lies in the tendency of co-operation to remove class differences, in bringing rich and poor nearer to each other, and transforming a number of impoverished labourers into comfortable proprietors. In thus diminishing the causes of discontent and envious strife it consolidates the foundations of social order and peace, it becomes the *vis naturae medicatrix*, the self-healing power of society. In one of his letters from London he confesses that even in its ultimate development co-operation may be only one stage in the process of social self-rectification and self-purification, but even as such from it he expects great social changes, and regards its rapid progress in accumulating capital and gaining credit as a mere indication of its future success.

Here we pause, having thus given an imperfect and far from exhaustive sketch of the life and labours of a very remarkable man. We have not dwelt for want of space on Huber's schemes of co-operative agriculture, nor his reasons for some of the failures of the movement. We have not thought it necessary to allude to his vindication of the principle which allows labour to participate in the profits of capital. But enough has been said to give a fair view of the social theories of a man who from first to last devoted his time and his talents to the cause of improving the condition of the least prosperous classes on Christian principle. The work of pioneers is never fully appreciated at the time; it must be so in the nature of things. Huber was one of the pioneers of social progress, and died a disappointed man. But he has secured for himself an honoured place in the history of Christian Socialism, and will ever rank high among those who disinterestedly have devoted their lives to benefit mankind.

MY LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

A Reverie for the Piano.

CHAPTER I.

I NEVER sit before my dear old piano, as I am sitting now, but I think how true a friend it has been to me, and how little it has changed since first my childish hands in vain attempted to make it speak the language I understand so well. They tell me it is ugly, and short, and old-fashioned. Perhaps it is: I cannot see it. It may be that I am ugly and old-fashioned too; still I love it, my dearest of friends! I understand it, and I think it understands and loves me. I can never see things in half so plain a light as I do when I am sitting here with my hands wandering without a purpose over the keys. Every tone recalls to me a memory, and as its music enters into my heart, I live over again the life that is gone, and which, but for my old friend's aid, I never could recall.

In those uncertain sounds that betoken an awkward and ill-accustomed touch, my fancy images a fair-haired child seated high on the top of a pile of books, used to produce an elevating tendency in an otherwise unaccommodating stool. The amount of discomfort I suffered from their slippery and uncompromising hardness was tenderly impressed on my body then as it is now on my remembrance. But that was nothing to the agonies of soul which I underwent with the great fat notes which my little fingers could but imperfectly span. I did not love my old friend then. I used even to hate my mother's gentle voice, as she stood over me repeating

that dreadful One, Two, Three, Four; One, Two, Three, Four, with such quiet regularity that, in spite of myself, I was obliged to follow. Then there was the misery that followed when, the five fingers having been exhausted on five successive notes, I came to a stop with them all twisted into a knot, in frantic efforts to do impossible things in order to reach the note beyond. No, I did not love my friend then, and it seemed to be conscious of the fact, for it shrieked and wailed as if in torture when I touched it, and refused me the music which it now pours forth in such abundance.

What bitter tears I used to moisten the arid desert of exercises! how anxiously I listened until the melancholy old clock, otherwise one of my most implacable foes from its mocking way of counting time, came to my aid and announced that my hour was up, and I was free! I always rushed straight away across the meadows below the Vicarage to the brook that turned the old mill-wheel, and there, flinging myself on the grass, forgot my troubles in the enjoyment of my favourite haunt. With my face on one side resting on the grass, from which it generally rose with a transfer of curiously diapered patterns, I was as much shut out from the rest of the world as if the whole of creation had been comprised in the few square feet I could see beyond the end of my nose. The stems of green that formed my horizon became dense masses of tropical jungle, whilst the tiny ants and grasshoppers were turned into mammoths more gigantic than any which peopled the pre-historic ages. It was not often I was disturbed in my day-dreams; for, although there was a path through the meadows which crossed the stream by a small wooden bridge, it was seldom used except by country people who were not curious on the subject of children's fancies. It was consequently an extraordinary surprise for me to be found in the midst of an exciting adventure in the wilds of my imagination, and to be brought back to commonplace by the prosaic means of a poke in the back. I looked up and saw, standing over me, an object so delightful, that I somehow connected it with the creations of my fancy, from which it had so rudely severed me. It was a little boy, no bigger than I was myself, in the most real and complete of sailor costumes. I knew it was real and complete, because I had once seen a grown up sailor in a pantomime. He had real trousers, made very tight and very loose upon a principle adverse to the requirements of convenience, a real rough pea-jacket, and a real shiny hat ornamented with bright gold letters. He stood with his hands plunged into his pockets up to the elbows, his hat pushed to the back of his dark clustering curls, and as his bright little eyes looked boldly into mine I thought he was the most charming picture I had ever seen.

I expressed my admiration by rising up on to my knees, opening my mouth wide, and saying, "Oh!"

He seemed to be puzzled at something, for he moved round me gradually with a swaggering kind of gait, jerking his shoulders with every step, and surveying me as if I had been some curiosity which needed to be viewed from every side.

"Hullo!" he said, at length, when he got round to my back and saw my legs stretching out behind. They were guiltless of covering, for my short socks, as usual, had disappeared into my too-easy boots. "Hullo, you've not got trousers yet!" He spoke with evident satisfaction, and glanced down at his own extremities with immense triumph.

"Of course not," I replied, much aggrieved. "Girls never wear anything but frocks."

He observed me a little critically, and then said: "But you're not a girl. Girls don't wear bare legs. Besides," he added, as a kind of clincher to his argument, "girls always have long white stockings and shoes."

His utterances were so oracular, and seemed based on such conclusive reasoning, that I felt completely staggered. I had taken my sex on trust, and, never having heard it questioned, I was quite incapable of advancing anything in proof of my faith. I felt so ashamed of my unhappy legs that I sat down on them as the readiest way of hiding their deficiencies.

This operation restored my courage, and with it my curiosity revived. He had walked again in front of where I was kneeling, so I pointed to the bright letters on his hat and asked what they meant.

"That's my ship," he said. "Every sailor has a ship. I shall have a large fighting ship when I grow up."

"And does it say 'fighting ship' on your hat?"

"No! you silly. It says Polly. That's to be my ship. Every sailor calls his ship after the girl he's going to marry. I'm going to marry Polly."

"Polly!" said I. "Why, that's me. Polly's me."

He looked at me a moment with his head a little on one side, as though giving the matter careful consideration. "No; it can't

be Polly, because Poliy's a girl's name, and you're not a girl. Besides," and again he clinched his argument with unanswerable logic, "I'm not going to marry you."

"No, indeed!" I replied indignantly, horrified at the suggestion. "I'm going to marry mamma."

For many years of my tender youth it was a cardinal principle in my faith that, when I grew sufficiently old, I was to marry my mother. It was further a part of my creed that she was to stop growing old until I had caught her up. On espousal she was to start afresh, and we were to grow old together. My mother never attempted to controvert my plans, so I looked on the matter as settled for ever. I was glad, however, that my little sailor boy did not try to argue this point. His method was much too convincing.

"You're as silly as a girl," he said. "I've not got a mamma; boys don't want them. But I've a papa, and an uncle, and that's much better."

In a leisurely way he disembowelled from the depths of his pockets a small stick of chocolate, whereof the silvery covering, by the aid of moisture and heat, had become amalgamated with the substance, and this he proceeded meditatively to unroll.

I was very fond of chocolate, but it never occurred to me that he might have offered to share his dainty with me. I was too much absorbed in admiration to think of anything else. It was quite evident that he did not mind whether I thought or not. He chewed up his chocolate, and a portion of the covering, with much satisfaction, and slowly, as though it were the last of a lot.

Presently a voice called across the meadow and, turning my head, I saw at a distance a nurse and a little girl about my own age. At least she seemed to be my age, judging from her size; judging from her dress she was as old as any grown-up lady I had ever seen. Far off as she was, I could tell instinctively that she had nice white stockings and dainty little sandalled shoes, and I felt bitterly envious of her.

My little sailor boy did not seem to be much disturbed by the call. He finished his chocolate, and answered the inquiring look I cast at this real girl, as I mentally called her.

"That's Frozzie. She's a girl." He laid such an emphasis on the "she," that I was more than ever in doubt as to my own identity. "She's silly. All girls are silly. I hate girls."

Having thus delivered himself, in a manner that did not admit of discussion, he rolled up that part of the silver-foil which he had not eaten into a ball, and, with the aid of his thumb, shot it at me. His hands and no inconsiderable portion of his arms again became engulphed in his pockets, and he turned away to the real girl and the nurse, who were evidently somewhat impatient at his tardiness. This, however, did not accelerate his movements. I noticed that he walked as though practising something of which he was not very sure. He kept his feet wide apart, and jerked his shoulders at every step.

I watched them through the gate into the high-road, where they were lost to sight. I still kept on my knees, twisting my neck more and more, until they disappeared. I then became conscious that my position was peculiar, and I got up. My knees were sore from so much sitting, and I had screwed my head to such an extent that it was somewhat difficult to keep it straight.

The broad strips of afternoon sunshine chasing the shadows over the daisy-tops glinted on something at my feet. It was the little silver ball my sailor boy had thrown at me. I picked it up and kept it.

My mother had put me to bed that night, when I called her back, and, putting my arms round her soft neck, said—

"Mother, darling, I am a girl, am 't I?"

"Yes, Dot, of course." I was always called Dot, because I was so small.

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, Dot. Really and truly," she repeated.

"Mother!" I said again, when she had got to the door, "you're not cross, are you?"

"No, Dot."

"And, mother?"

"Well, Dot?"

"You'll marry me, won't you, when I grow up?"

"Yes, Dot, of course I will."

When I remember those innocent happy days my hands seem to grow small and awkward again, and I hear that dear old voice counting One, Two, Three, Four, and the plash of the mill-wheel down by the meadow.

CHAPTER II.

It is with a firmer touch I find myself gliding into one of those extraordinary compositions which, consisting of a minimum of music and a maximum of sound, are inseparably connected with girls who have just completed their education. I am almost

a woman now. The pile of books on the piano-stool has gradually diminished until, by degrees, I have descended into the haven of cushioned comfort. The shining face of my friend is no longer dimpled with kicks from my restless toes. My legs no longer clutch convulsively round the stool, but have at length enabled me, to my joy and others' woe, to reach the pedals. The household, having encountered with me, in my journey over the sea of harmony, a great variety of storms and, generally speaking, the dirty weather incidental to the voyage, are beginning to revive in the prospect of an early landing on the shores of concord.

My feet, as in years gone by, bring me down to the mill-stream side. I never come down here without thinking of my darling little sailor boy. I wonder what has become of him and the little girl with the curious name. I have not seen either of them since, and I am beginning to regard the whole occurrence as a species of myth or dream. Things seem to have changed in a very curious way. The mill-wheel goes on just as ever, but its voice does not sing the same song as in days gone by. I do not derive the same satisfaction from lying on the grass, and my knees are not so accommodating as they used to be. The sun shines in quite a different way, and the scene it lights up I am beginning to view in a disparaging, not to say artistic, sense.

I paint a little, or, more properly speaking, a great deal, the paint and the results being in precisely inverse ratios. Nature I regard as a ground-work, poor enough in its way, to be improved and completed by art. Looking across the little foot-bridge, over the fields beyond, with their trees on one side and the spire of the village church in the distance, I grumble to myself that nature might just as well have put a little colour in the foreground and completed a tolerable picture. Nature, or some other power, fulfilled my wish as soon as I had formed it. Right in the spot where I had desired it there appeared a patch of brilliant scarlet. Presently I saw that it was coming towards me very fast, and I made out that it was the coat of a gentleman on horseback. I guessed at once that he had been thrown out in following the hounds, and was making a short cut across by the mill in order to get into the road which ran by the Vicarage.

To attain his object he would have to cross the stream which flowed through the meadow from side to side. It was an irregular, impulsive little brook, that bubbled along carelessly where it went, and in an easy-going way turned aside from every obstacle; so that, like all easy-going people, it was a long time in going a very short distance. Its banks were broken down and uneven, as if long ago they had given up all attempt to restrain its wayward course, and now submitted passively to be fretted and wasted away by the turbulence of its eddies. A little before it reached the mill, the task of turning the heavy wheel roused it to a temporary sense of responsibility, and it gathered its waters together in a deep silent pool; but when its duty was done it broke into a thousand bubbles of delight, and went frolicking away on the other side in a madder mood than ever.

The scarlet patch did not seem to trouble himself as to what was in the way; he rode at speed and with a confidence that made me think he knew what was in the way. His horse's head was directed for that part of the stream where, from being shallow and lively, it suddenly became sober and deep. The distance of a yard or so made all the difference between an easy leap and a space that no horse could possibly clear. The sense of danger suddenly coming into my mind, when it was too late to be of the slightest use, I thought I would warn him.

"Oh, do stop!" I screamed. "It's dreadfully deep. Do stop!"

As is generally the case under such circumstances, my advice took that particular form which, above all others, it was impossible for him to follow. Even before I shouted he saw what was in front of him, and for an instant he attempted to check his horse. But as this would only have ended in the helpless tumbling of both into the deep water, he abandoned the effort and altered his plan. He turned the horse's head up stream, and striking his spurs into its side, the animal sprang in a sideways direction right into the centre of the current. I could hear a tremendous splash, but I could see nothing, as I had covered my face with my hands. When I removed them I found that the leap had been so far successful that the horse had not slipped, and had escaped the deep water by a sufficient distance to be enabled to secure a foothold on the bottom. The rider had slipped off, and having reached the bank, was trying to get out. The sides, however, were almost perpendicular, and the scarlet coat was so heavy with the wetting it had sustained, that after making a vigorous attempt to reach safe ground, he fell back and for an instant disappeared altogether.

I have always read that young ladies be-

longing to the species known as heroines, chiefly by the aid of a peculiar fetish called the Spur of the Moment, are supplied with all sorts of handy articles for use in cases of emergency. I always fancied that I should be a good heroine, full of bravery and resource. In practical experience I found either that I was too dull, or the spur of the moment was not sharp enough, and that I was not only doing nothing, but actually not experiencing any sense of deficiency in not being able to do anything. I watched the proceedings with interest rather than with any other feeling, and it was not until the scarlet coat disappeared that I really began to be alarmed.

By way of rendering able assistance at this juncture I ran along the bank screaming—"Ah, do take care; you'll be drowned, I know you will!"

It afterwards struck me that this was not of material advantage in rendering aid. I am afraid he thought so at the time, for, when his dripping head again appeared, he used words which at another time would have shocked me very much. He styled me an idiot, and ordered me, in a somewhat contemptuous way, to give him my hand. I rushed at him at once, and hauled away as if my life depended on it. My two little hands were hardly large enough to cover his strong fingers, and my strength was so limited, that when he began to pull I shot suddenly forward, and with great difficulty saved myself from plunging in on top of him. However, at length he managed to clamber out, but I was so excited by the sense of the immense services I was rendering, that I continued to pull for some time after there was the least necessity for the exertion. How long I should have gone on tugging at him I do not know, but he settled the matter by shaking me off in such a way that I sat down suddenly and with considerable violence on the ground. I got up, with my ardour a good deal quenched, and watched him extricating his horse by leading it up the stream into a shallower part. It was not until he had accomplished this that I made another observation, and I venture to think that my previous essays in this direction were completely obscured by the brilliancy which I threw into it.

"You're regularly wet through," I said; "and so's the poor horse."

He was feeling the creature all over to discover whether it was hurt or not. He did not even stop to look at me.

"Your conversation is brilliant, but hardly of much service to me in my present plight. Don't you think you could say something less original and more useful?"

"Yes, I can," said I, somewhat hurt by his want of courtesy. If I had been in his place I should have been humbled to the dust. "Go to the Vicarage and get dried."

"That's an improvement," he remarked, this time stopping to give me a glance of amusement; "and you'll stand improving. It won't do to go far in this state. Who lives there?"

"That's our house."

"Oh!" he replied, now actually laughing at me as he mounted his horse. "It's ours, is it? Then I'll go and see if 'ours' can lend me some dry clothes."

Off he rode, leaving me ready to cry with vexation at my own stupidity. I was conscious that I had never acted more clumsily in all my life. I hesitated for a long time, undecided whether to follow or not. I determined most firmly that I would not. He had been so rude, so completely wanting in good manners, that I could not without seeming to approve of his impertinence. It was quite true that he had a wonderfully manly air with him, and even the little I saw of him assured me that he had frank, laughing eyes and a handsome face. But I did not want to see him again. I did not want him to know that I lived at the Vicarage. I would stay where I was until I was sure he had gone—and then I started off as fast as I could to the house, in a fright lest he should have gone before I got there.

I was disappointed in more ways than one. I had delayed too long, and he had gone. He had only waited to borrow a change of clothes, and had left in a hurry lest his horse should catch cold. This was a blow to my curiosity; but what was worse was that the whole household could talk of nothing else than the gentleness of his manner and the politeness with which he had treated them. Under these circumstances I could hope for no sympathy for his treatment of me from any one. It was as much as I could do to keep myself from crying, and indeed I should have betrayed the most abominable weakness had I not sought refuge in my old friend. At it I pounded away with such violence, that it is wonderful its strings did not give way more speedily than did my annoyance.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is a pause as my memory unfolds its panorama before me, and, even with my

dear piano's aid, I am uncertain how to proceed. I can make nothing but a confusion of chords out o. the tuneful voice striving to help me. By degrees the sounds assume a more definite shape, resolving into a simple air at last, sweet and timid and pleading. This is joined by-and-by with the same melody in the bass, until both are blended together in perfect unison.

It is only a week ago, and yet I am convinced that in some mysterious way my life is changed. I cannot say what course of thinking I have gone through: all I know is that it is a week since I saw him. Him! That is the key to the mystery, but to unlock it I am incapable. I have not seen him since that day. The borrowed clothes were returned by a servant's hand with a short note of thanks. It was not addressed to me; nor did it allude to me in the remotest way. Yet I was afraid to appropriate it at once, and for a couple of days I stalked it, much as a hunter does game, until it was sufficiently forgotten for me to secure it unobserved. I felt as much uncomfortable happiness in having got hold of it as if I had stolen it.

He had done nothing to make me like him: he had mocked me and treated me with indifference. I did not like him, I am sure, yet I thought of him with all my spare thoughts, and a good many which I had not to spare. I went over and over again all that had occurred in our short interview. I felt a strong desire to do something which would show him that I was not so foolish as he seemed to believe. I worked myself up to intense pitches of excitement by mental pictures in which, at the risk of my own life, I saved him from foaming torrents, from runaway horses, or from burning houses. But I always made the reservation that I was to be saved myself also. The chief part of the enjoyment would be the praise I should get afterwards.

It was in the middle of one of these imaginary scenes that I walked down to the mill-stream side, as I did every day, to indulge in that thought-feast which cannot be properly enjoyed in the midst of a busy house. I had got half-way across the meadow when, lifting my eyes, I was astonished to see him on the other side of the stream advancing towards the same spot. He and I were at equal distances from it, and he could not help but see me. I intended to have stopped by the stream, and had no object in going beyond the foot-bridge. My first impulse was to turn and run, but I felt that would be cowardly; so I proceeded with a beating heart and faltering step. This made matters worse. His quick stride brought him to the bridge while I was yet at a little distance, and he stood there looking at me as I came up. Under this terrible ordeal the ground suddenly grew of a strangely uneven character, and my hands and arms stiff and of great weight. I was reduced to a state of helpless idiotcy by the time I had reached him, whereas it had been my hope to have retrieved my previous blunders by the extremely sensible character of my conversation. He was standing quiet and self-possessed, without even leaning on the hand-rail for support. I did not know what to do. I wanted to speak; and yet speech was a physical impossibility. He did not raise his hat or make any motion of greeting. He spoke as though no lapse of time had occurred since I saw him riding off towards the Vicarage.

"How was it that you did not warn me that the water was so wide? You saw what I was riding for."

This was a pleasant beginning. His aggrieved tone revived all my feelings of shame at the enormity of my conduct. I was completely overwhelmed.

"I am sure I'm very sorry," I stammered out, "but I thought that the horse thought—I mean that you thought"—and I stopped helplessly entangled in the complexity of all these thoughts.

"Thought!" he replied. "There was not much thought in it. I was told the stream could be jumped anywhere, and I took it for granted I was going at the right place or you would have warned me."

To me the idea of warning any man, especially a man on horseback, was so tremendous that I could not make any reply. The obvious retort that if I had not been there he would have jumped all the same did not suggest itself.

"Do you often come down here to lend your valuable aid to rescue drowning huntsmen?"

How could those at home have been charmed with his way of speaking? It was most cold and hard-hearted. My feeling of resentment at it made my courage return.

"I like this better than any other place in the world." I was going to say more, but I remembered that he would care nothing about my little sailor boy or any of my other fancies.

"It's a profitable way of spending time, certainly. But somewhat monotonous, is it not?"

"I'm never lonely while the wheel is turning. It always seems to chime in with what I am thinking of."

"Yes, women's thoughts are like the noisy splash of the water and the foam bubbles that burst."

"You forget that there is the wheel that is turned and the corn that is ground." I felt this remark to be bookish, and therefore worse than stupid.

"The wheel it is that does the work, as man's action puts to use the thoughts which would be wasted otherwise."

Without another word he lifted his hat a little and strode off along the path by which he had come.

I also turned and went back, glancing round every now and then to see if he were looking after me. He was less curious and did not. As I walked there came to my mind the idea that, if any one had seen us, they could have come to no other conclusion than that we had met by arrangement. What other construction could be put on our behaviour? Indeed, was it not partly true? I could not say that I had not wanted to see him again. What had he come for? It could not possibly have been for the purpose of seeing me; yet he seemed to have had no other object. His way of speaking had been very odd. Our conversation, brief as it was, had been introduced and concluded in the most abrupt way. He seemed altogether as if he had been trying to find a cause of quarrel with me. I was very angry with him, but somehow, notwithstanding, I made all sorts of excuses for him to myself.

It was all so strange that I could not bring myself to say anything to my father or sisters. I knew they would say, "Dot is romancing as usual," and would laugh at me. Besides, it was so delightful to have a secret, even though it was like having one of those things which are only dropped in advertisements, "of no use to any one but the owner."

Should I see him again? No, most certainly not. I would keep carefully from the mill-stream and never go out alone. I persuaded myself I should never think of him any more. The result was that I determinately refrained even from looking at the clock until it wanted but a few minutes to the hour when I saw him on the previous day, then I dashed to my room in a fever of impatience. I snatched up my hat and jacket, which I put on as I went down-stairs; I walked with forced soberness until I was out of sight of the windows, and then I ran with desperate haste until I got into the meadow. There was no one in sight, and I argued to myself that I was doing no harm in visiting a spot which I seldom passed a day without seeing. Yet I could not help being possessed with a sense of deep disappointment. In my secret heart I had pictured him standing on the bridge, and I had gone over various brilliant conversations in which I had distinguished myself and astonished him. I grew angry with myself for having been so stupid as to imagine that he would be there two days in succession at the same time. His coming yesterday had been of course a coincidence.

How long I stood on the bridge turning these thoughts over in my mind I do not know, but just as I was telling myself for the twentieth time that he had spoken the simple truth when he called me an idiot, I heard a voice that made me start.

"I knew I should see you here to-day. I suppose as usual you are holding mystic conversations with the mill-wheel."

I looked into his face—such a self-reliant face as it was—and saw that he was smiling. I know I ought to have felt annoyed at his presumption, but his manner was so different, and there was so little of the mockery I noticed before, that I am afraid I was more pleased than angry.

"The mill-wheel and I are too old friends," I said, "to tell each other's secrets."

"I think I could guess one. You were asking if the mill-wheel could tell who I was?"

"No, indeed," I retorted. "Nothing of the sort. I'm not inquisitive about other people's affairs."

This was literally true. It was the last thing I had thought of. I knew his name, and I knew he was staying in the neighbourhood, but beyond that I had not cared to inquire.

"Well," said he, "in every way you seem to be an exception, and as you're such an exception, I don't mind being an exception too. I'll let you know without asking what you don't want to know. My name——"

"Oh, I know that!" I interrupted; "and you're staying with the Squire."

"I thought you were not such a wonderful exception as you pretended. You were not curious, because you knew. Now I am very curious, and I don't know. Tell me all about yourself."

This was an odd question, and directly opposed to my notions of etiquette in matters of conversation; still, I felt in a manner bound to obey. So I simply said, "I'm really Polly: but they call me Dot."

"It's not in names alone that people are not what they are said to be. I must say, however, in your case it is an improvement. Polly is a hideous name. Pollies are always fat and vulgar."

"It's not my fault," I said. "I wish we were not christened until we could pick our own names."

"It might be awkward to know what to call you in the meantime. Besides, tastes change, and you might even have chosen Polly. Who knows? I remember being very fond of the name years and years ago, when I was a small boy; but that was chiefly because I was fully determined to be a sailor. My ship was to be the lively, or the saucy, or the some othery Polly, and was to carry on a commerce suggestive of a mild combination of pirate and lite-boat."

"And you had a hat with it on," said I, breathless with eagerness.

"Yes," he replied; "in nautical language, a regular rig out. But how you know, I really can't see."

"You used to eat chocolate," said I, delighted with his mystification.

"I plead guilty to that degrading and immoral habit, and to all other vices inherent to youth. But I hadn't the faintest idea that my early sins were known and remembered against me in this part of the world."

"Don't you remember meeting me here when you were about so high?" and I indicated a fancy height from the ground of about two feet.

"I'm not positive that I ever was so low in the world, and I can't say that I do remember, although I seem to have known you for a very much longer time than is really the case."

"Why, you're my little sailor boy," I burst out, radiant with anticipation.

"I am sure I am only too glad to be your anything you please, so as you don't require any alteration in my size."

It was very provoking. His interest in the past was of the most languid character. I told him all that had occurred, and how I still kept the little silvery ball at home locked up in a drawer, as I had the remembrance of him locked up in my mind. He could recall none of the circumstances. He often visited the Squire when he was a boy, but could recollect little about those times.

"Except," said he, laughing, "that my love for sweets and the sea was only equalled by my contempt for anything in petticoats. Now sweets and the sea are equally repulsive to the digestive apparatus, whereas in regard to petticoats—well, recently I have changed my mind."

"Have you still a contempt for Frozzie?"

"She is now Miss Euphrosynie: much too grand a being for anything like a pet name."

I fancied as he said this that his face grew clouded. His manner, which had been pleasant, albeit cynical, changed as though he recollected something which was disagreeable.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand. "I shall see you again."

I know it was very shocking, and contrary to all rules and regulations on the subject, but I am afraid I did see him again. I am afraid I saw him again twice. I firmly decided that the mill-stream should know me no more. I am afraid that, having come to this conclusion, I would have gone on seeing him for a dozen times twice. I am afraid it was he, and not I, who put a stop to our meetings.

We met by the little wooden bridge, and he took both my hands in his, and looked earnestly into my face.

"Dot, I must not see you again."

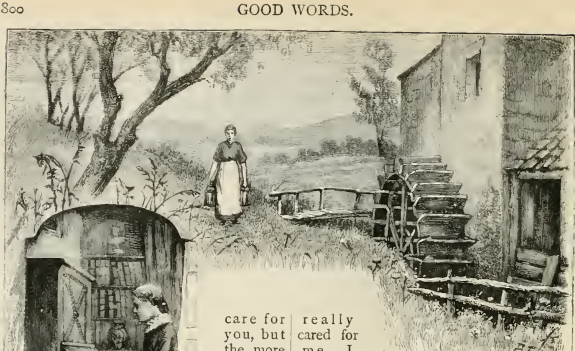
It was wonderful how he had changed in these few days. He had each time grown less and less satirical, and more and more gentle. He had even showed me such stray glimpses of his inner self as made me know him to be warm-hearted and kindly. This was the first time he had called me by my pet name, and yet it did not sound strange, as it ought to have done. I only blushed: I could say nothing.

"I know that you love me, Dot," he went on, "or you would not have come here as you have done. It is so, is it not?"

Surely this was wonderfully out of the ordinary course of events. The proper thing for him to have done was to have fallen on his knees, swearing that he madly adored me, and that he would kill himself, or me, or both of us, if I did not immediately adore him. He had said nothing about himself, and had transferred all the responsibility of the situation to me. I suppose I ought to have resented this, but I think I have shown that I was not clever enough. And as I was only stupid I simply answered the truth.

"Yes, I do. I could not help it. You made me."

"I could not help it either, Dot. I tried to prevent myself from loving you. I was cross with myself for what I thought was mere weakness. I was more angry with myself when I found it was a weakness over which I had no control. I did not want to



care for you, but the more strange my conduct the more you seemed to like it."

"Why shouldn't I like you?" said I shyly.

"Is it very wrong?"

"Very," he gravely replied. "Could not be worse."

Then he went on to tell me that he was poor, and entirely dependent on the generosity of his uncle, the Squire. Poor, not from any fault of his own, but because he was not allowed to do anything for himself. And poorer still because the Squire had set his heart on making him marry Euphrosynie.

"But there is this comfort," he added. "Frozzie and I hate one another desperately, and we have sworn to continue to do so until death us do part. Up to the present we have managed to postpone the evil day."

"I hate Frozzie too," said I heartily. "I hated her ever since I knew that she had white stockings and I had not."

"Yours is quite as good a reason, and is based on as great knowledge, as half the hatreds in Christendom. But hating Frozzie won't help us, Dot."

I felt that it would not, so we discussed the matter rationally. That is to say, he was rational and therefore gloomy. I was too happy to be rational or anything else but astonished that, silly and stupid as I was, he really cared for me. I would have agreed to anything.

At length, by reason of his being rationa and my being happy, we arrived at the wis and mighty conclusion that we could con clude nothing at all. He was to go awa and not to see me again until he was free This was not very definite, but it sounde nice, and there was a smack of self-sacrific about it that was positively delicious.

"Good-bye, Dot," he said at last. "I must not ask you to wait for me. I sha only tell you that I shall come back."

He touched my cheek lightly with hi lips and in a moment was gone. Surely thi was not a lover's parting; yet my hear danced within me as I kept repeating, "H kissed me, he kissed me;" and to brea upon that happy chant there was no though that we should never meet again.

I know this simple record of a simpl event in an uneventful life has nothing bu its simplicity to recommend it. But I know that, commonplace and uninteresting to thos who happen to be spectators, to those wh are under its influence there is no more ma vellous wonder than the power of love.

CHAPTER IV.

My music has advanced a further stage I do not now practise: I play. I have be come fastidious, and look on music as some thing high and spiritual, which common soul degrade to a pastime. I laugh with cor tempt at what I once thought beautiful. unearth from my old music a piece whic

ones was my pride. It is called "The Flowers of the Glen," probably because the air, as typical of the flowers, is minute and difficult to find on account of the glen, as represented by the embellishments, being so large and so thickly wooded. I wonder how any human being with ears could ever have found delight in listening to it. I scorn the very name of "pieces." I touch nothing under a sonata or a fugue, or something with movements to it. By these indications I perceive that it is twelve months since I saw him. By Him of course I mean my little sailor boy. I have not told his name, nor do I mean to. For me he was and always has been Him, and that must be sufficient for others.

He did not ask me to wait, but I am waiting. He did say he would come back, and I know he will keep his promise. I have not pined for him: if I am honest I must confess that for several days at a time I have not even thought of him. I have not considered it wrong to enjoy myself whenever I could get the chance. I am in these respects in opposition to the average love-

"The most charming picture I had ever seen."

stricken maid, but that I cannot help. I have really very little ground for thought. I have a little silvery ball, a polite note not written to me, and the memory of a kiss. But that is enough, and my love is not dead. It but sleeps, acquiring new strength by its repose, and a touch will waken it to fuller life than ever.

I know this, because the touch has come from a clumsy hand. There is nothing so cruel to love as love itself, and this is the hand of love. Somebody else has actually been in attendance by my transcendent charms. I shall not tell you who Somebody is, but he is not like my little sailor boy. The most flattering word he ever said to me was "Dot," whereas Somebody's leisure time must be mainly consumed in constructing phrases expressive of his deep admiration. He is also obsequiously polite, and very much in awe of me. His most daring familiarity is "Miss Dot," and he blushes when he says it. My little sailor boy told me unpleasant truths, and said there was room for improvement. Somebody believes I am far beyond perfection, and that when I was manufactured all the faulty materials were left out by accident. He does not make any secret of

his condition. He is, so to speak, gorged with love; yet he will persist in continuing to come as if glorying in his gluttony. So far from being flattered, I begin to entertain feelings of forgiveness to those who prematurely take on themselves the troubles of another world. But every one else is delighted. I feel conscious that he is aided and abetted by all, and all seem to derive much benefit from his case. Certainly our family do. My younger brothers plunder him continually, and become more and more rapacious as he becomes weaker. I overhear one of them telling him, when he has been more reluctant than usual in submitting to their extortion, "If you don't give me a shilling I'll tell Dot you're awful mean." This threat produces from the victim double the required sum, the extra amount being given with a view to propitiation. My sisters, on being privately requested to furnish my size in gloves, not only give the information required, but supply the fullest details as to their own wants in the same branch, together with an extensive appendix of other articles, which they suggest would be useful to them. It is curious that servants, not hitherto noted for an over-exact virtue, become suddenly afflicted with conscientious scruples, when I hint that I am not at home.

Poor Somebody! I was unhappy with him because I liked him. I should have been very wretched but that in my stupidity I did what was as effective as if it had been an act of the highest diplomacy. Before there could be a mistake I told him the truth, and, good fellow that he was, when he heard me say I liked him very much as a friend, he knew precisely what I meant. It was as though a fence had been raised between us. He never attempted to break it down or get over: yet he had not the courage to run away altogether.

I grew accustomed to him. In fact, I believe I should rather have missed his quiet devotion after a time. I am even now curious to know whether, in that chapter of accidents which occupies so large a part in the book of our lives, whether, if I turned to that leaf, I should not find written a "might have been." To me now it seems impossible; but who shall say what time and the hour cannot run through? They can soften to me the memory of the rudest shock that fate ever dealt me. It came from him—poor Somebody—in his desire to supply me with news that he believed would be as interesting to me as, under the circumstances, it was to him. There was to be a grand wedding at the Squire's—Euphrosynie the bride, and he, my little sailor boy, the favoured groom.

"They have long been engaged," said Somebody, "and have known each other from childhood."

When news of this kind comes I believe it is customary for people to faint; as it was the correct thing I did not do it. I did not change colour; I continued to speak for some time; I do not think that my inflection wavered. But I know that suddenly I forgot Somebody, and the existence of everybody else. I got up without explanation, and quietly walked to my room. I remember going straight to the looking-glass, and examining my appearance for some little time. I noted that my hair was a little untidy, and I arranged it with the utmost care. I was extremely particular as to the exact sit of my hat. There must have been something strange about me nevertheless, for at the bottom of the stairs Somebody was waiting for me, and looking anxious.

"Is there anything the matter?" he said, and he raised his hand gently, as though he would have laid it on my arm.

"Don't touch me. Let me pass." I replied, with such passion that I remarked it myself in an independent way, as though my voice had not formed the words.

He drew back alarmed. "Have I offended you?" he said timidly.

"No."

He came after me to the door, and seemed as if he were about to accompany me. I turned on him with a ferocity which was even more astonishing to myself than it must have been to him.

"Don't dare to follow me or I'll hate you."

Mechanically I sought the spot where all my life I had been accustomed to soothe my anger and relieve my sorrows. But at last I had a grief which required something more than change of scenery to soften. I listened in vain for the plash of the mill-wheel. It was silent, and the water ran idly through the open sluice. I leaned upon the railings of the bridge, and looked into the deep pool beneath. There was a curled and faded leaf blown about on the surface, and I gazed at it intently until I knew by heart all its shades and markings. And still I looked and looked. I did not think of what I had heard; I rather examined myself to see what was its effect on me, or whether it had any effect or not. I asked myself if I was sorry, and I decided that I could not be, or

else I should have felt inclined to cry. Then I remembered that mad people never shed tears, and I wondered whether I was going mad. There were no symptoms of madness in my unnatural calm. I was so collected that I concealed even from myself the raging torrent that must have warred within. I felt glad of the silence around me, glad that the wheel had stopped. The hours went by, and still I looked into the water.

A step sounded near me; I waited for it to pass and leave me alone again. It came behind me and stopped. I felt two hands placed on my eyes, and heard a man's voice, "Guess."

It was Somebody, who, despite my threat, had thus dared to intrude on my grief. I knew then that my calm was but forced. I boiled with rage. I wrenched myself from his grasp and struck at him with all my force. I choked in finding words to crush him.

"How dare you!" and I stopped to find I was mistaken.

It was not Somebody. It was he—my little sailor boy, mine no longer. And this was the meeting which for twelve long months I had dreamt of.

How well I remember that scene! He, quiet as ever, with no expression of amazement, but very grave as he gazed at me; I crouching with passion, leaning back on the quarter-rail for support. He, as ever masterful, and assuming the appearance of right; I, with the worst of weaknesses upon me.

"I told you I would come back," said he bitterly, "and I have come. It seems I need not have troubled my conscience to keep my promise. My reception is warmer than I expected."

His cold, self-assertive tones cut me to the quick. My passion, which needed to find a vent somewhere, turned the flood on him which I had meant to expend on Somebody. I poured out on him all my pent-up feelings, incoherently, violently, unjustly.

He let me run on without interposing until I had completely exhausted myself; then he said quietly—

"I did not suppose you would speak in a reasonable way. But perhaps you will try and listen to reason, even if you cannot speak it."

"I will not listen to anything; you have no excuse for what you have done. I see now what your object was when you told me you could not ask me to wait. You wished to taunt me with having left me free, so that I might have no hold upon you."

"If you will not listen, that puts an end to the whole matter. I simply tell you that you are mistaken. I might use if I chose a much harsher expression."

"I have made a mistake that will cost me dearly—a mistake to believe you serious, to trust in you when I felt that what I was doing was not right; to wait through all these months happy in half a promise to keep me from despair."

"Well," said he, at length somewhat roused, "if you have made up your mind, it is useless to argue with you."

"Quite," I replied. "Let it end."

There was evidently a conflict of passion in his mind too. He walked hastily away for a dozen steps, then came as hastily back. He came quite close to me and spoke most earnestly.

"Look here, Dot; I'm not going to let my impulse or your passion make us both unhappy. I assure you there is some mistake. Perhaps it is my fault that I have been silent all this time, but believe me I thought I was doing right. For the sake of the few happy moments I have spent with you here, let me at least know what this means."

My passion, which had been purely a spasmodic outbreak, was fast giving way to an inclination to cry.

"I cared little for your silence," said I. "I could have endured that, but I have heard the news."

"Well," said he eagerly, "and don't you see how that alters things? I shall not have to trouble any more about money now. Frozzie and I are able to agree at last."

"So I have heard," I replied, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm, "and I congratulate you both."

"Both?" he repeated. "Good heavens! you didn't suppose that Frozzie was going to marry me?"

"Not you!" I stammered; "but the name, and you've known each other since you were children?"

"I told you there was a mistake," he said, and his face grew bright. "You poor little Dot, I don't wonder that you treated me as you have done."

He took hold of both my hands in his, and, though inclined to doubt I would have withdrawn them, held them tightly.

"Thank goodness, I'm not the only man in our family. Because Frozzie did not like me, there was no reason why she should not like my brother. She has liked him to some purpose, for she has got the figure to like

him too. So, Dot, the only thing left for us is to follow their example."

"Are you sure you have not forgotten me all this time, and that it's all true?"

"True, Dot, as I ever hope to be."

"Quite—quite true," said I, just as I would have done to my mother years ago, with childish confidence in her word.

And he answered, as she would have done—"Yes, Dot, quite—quite true."

I hid my face in his coat and sobbed as if my heart would break. He folded me in his arms and let me cry, for he knew that mine were tears of joy.

The mill-wheel, as if moved with sudden sympathy, began to turn, and sang to me a happier song than ever I had heard before. I hear that song now as I have heard it for these many years. I hear it as my old friend has sung it to me through all Time's shadows and sunshine. I hope that we shall hear it —my sailor boy and I—when its earthly music, silenced here, shall rise again for us in everlasting harmonies.

CHARLES J. CORKRAN.

HOME LIFE AMONGST THE LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES.

By A LANCASHIRE PARSON.

IT was one of the theories of Charles Kingsley, I believe, that the close, confined work of the mill was bearing its evil fruit in the reduction of both the height and the physical vigour of the men of Lancashire; and it is noticeable to even the most unscientific eye that there is a marked difference in physical development, both for height and strength, between the inhabitants of the manufacturing and the agricultural parts of the county. This, unhappily, is not the only penalty Lancashire pays for its commercial prosperity, and it would excite more remonstrance only that we have all got too reconciled to the ugly fact—that the demands of our modern life are met by the suffering and the pain of our fellow-men. But when we purchase our prosperity by the sacrifice of that home life, proverbially sacred to Englishmen, around which our holiest traditions are clustered, and by the demoralization of the men and women of the next generation, it may be fairly questioned if we are not getting our prosperity at too great a cost. To thousands of children in this populous county who are growing into the human bone and muscle of our future trade and manufacture the word "home," in its ordinary English sense, is a word that is practically meaningless, and is slowly but surely getting elbowed out of their vocabulary altogether. It might be defined as a red-brick house opening off a narrow street and containing four or five little rooms, rented by two persons whom the child seldom sees in daylight, and known respectively as "father" and "mother;" which is locked up in the morning when the mill-bell goes for work, and is open again at night when he gets his supper and goes to bed. It will be borne in mind that I am not writing of the lazy, thriftless sections of the population, common to every large town, and from which the criminal classes are regularly recruited, but of the honest, well-doing, hard-working mill operatives—the class of people by whom the wealth of Lancashire is made. The writer of this article has no wish to draw a picture in dark colours, and he has no benevolent hobbies to ventilate. He will a "round unvarnished tale deliver," describing without a touch of exaggeration things as they exist in the large town in which his lot is cast, and trying, with a scrupulously faithful hand, to show the social and domestic side of that enormous prosperity, of which big bales of cotton and splendid machinery are the unquestioned symbols. The district in which I perform my pastoral functions may be said to be exclusively inhabited by mill-hands; there is not a house anywhere about bigger than my own, and nothing meets the eye but the monotonous double rows of little red-brick cottages, so fatiguing to the eyes, forming themselves into long narrow streets paved with rough stones, relieved here and there by a tall black chimney shooting up into the sky and remorselessly puffing out its volumes of black smoke, as if it had laid a wager with its rival of the next mill that it could beat it in polluting the atmosphere, utterly regardless of the shower of "blacks" they send down, to the distraction of the tidy housewife and the enthusiastic gardener. But our town must not be supposed to be one of the worst of the manufacturing class, for, on the contrary, it is allowed on every hand to be one of the best, and you might live in one quarter of it without knowing, except for the occasional waves of smoke that darken the atmosphere when the wind is in a certain direction, that you

were near manufacture at all. The natives of the place are very proud of their county history and aristocratic traditions, and it was a long time before they would condescend to notice the encroachments of spinning and weaving, and allow themselves to be classed as a manufacturing town; and as things are we can still boast of a good sprinkling of county families in our neighbourhood. There can be no doubt that this has acted beneficially on the operative portion of the community; and if the disease that is eating into the sanctity of our domestic life has spread to us we have still the comfort, such as it is, that we are not the worst.

Early marriages are nowhere so common as in the prosperous manufacturing districts, a fact which one's observation alone could substantiate were it not so amply proved by the returns of the Registrar-General. Boys and girls not out of their teens, but earning big wages and having their feeling of independence prematurely developed by the absence of home life, get united in holy wedlock at a time of life when, in the higher ranks of society, they have not left school nor begun to think of a calling. Nineteen and twenty are very usual ages for getting married, and even two and three years younger are not so infrequent as they ought to be, while the pale faces and half-developed looks make it a spectacle painful to look upon; the result being that men and women are elevated into the dignity of grandparents before they have well entered middle life.

Saturday is the favourite day for getting married because it is a short one, and the ceremony can be got through with a minimum of loss—a thing certain to be considered by a thrifty operative. The town is paraded for a few hours in cheap tawdry finery of glaring colours, which can never serve any useful purpose again; perhaps one of the watering places is visited if it be fine; and on Monday morning by the stroke of six the newly married couple may be found at their looms in defiance of all poetry and romance, and the wear and tear of life begin with them once more in real earnest. Marriage makes no alteration in the position of the wife so far as mill work is concerned; she puts in her ten hours a day now as she did before. Indeed she has incomparably the worst of the bargain, for when the day's work is over, it is her privilege to light the fire at home, get the supper ready, and do the necessary household work, while it is the prerogative of the husband to use his leisure according to his own sweet will. When the time comes for the baby to be born, the mother-expectant withdraws from the mill for a few weeks, and when she is well enough to resume her place at the loom, the baby is placed in the care of some old crone, who is past work herself and eke out sufficient to live on by taking charge of five or six of these luckless babies for the consideration of a shilling or two a week, according to the age. The stipulations in the bargain are very exact: the child is not to be brought before six in the morning, nor remain after six at night, while the old body is relieved altogether on Sunday of her duties as deputy.

The evils of this mode of life must suggest themselves to every reflective mind, yet it is easier to name them than point out the remedy. The child being deprived of its mother's care, seldom seeing her during its waking hours, there is no chance of that instinctive attachment and bond of affection being formed which insensibly grow up between mother and child, and constitute the very life and strength of a mother's influence. Can any one be surprised at the prevalence of infant mortality, where such a state of things exists, to such a degree as to be sometimes quite alarming? During a fortnight's cemetery duty in the early autumn, and in the absence of any epidemic, out of nineteen funerals only four were over the age of seven, and the large majority were mere infants. The proportion in this instance was no doubt above the average; but it points to a very serious condition of affairs. There is no place in the three kingdoms where the Crèche would be so serviceable, but in these manufacturing towns it is practically unknown, and it is a pitiful sight to see the little toddling things, dirty and neglected-looking, too young for the notice of the School Board authorities, filling the long narrow streets and catering for their own amusement, with no open door to run into or mother's voice to cheer them, and conveying to a stranger an impression of belonging to a much lower social grade than is really the case, for they are the children of hardworking, honest, respectable people, of whom nevertheless the plain truth must be told, that they sacrifice their offspring for gain. As soon as the proper time comes they are sent to the day-school, then in due course they are drafted into the mill as half-timers, and finally, at an age cruelly too young for such close confining work, when they should still be alternately in the school-house and playground, legal rights are claimed for them, and they are doomed to ten hours a day in

the mill. The big wages that can be earned by lads and lassies no doubt form the temptation to this mercenary conduct on the part of the parents, who, acting in this way with their children, are only following out the course that was pursued with themselves, and it would be worse but for the merciful restraints of modern legislation.

Early marriages are to be expected under the baneful influences of a system where every appliance exists to force on unnaturally self-dependence from the very cradle onwards; but early marriages are not the only injurious results from a state of things that makes boys and girls men and women too soon.

Married women seldom think of forsaking the mill while their family is increasing, unless indeed the number of little children, who must not be left altogether without some one to take care of them, should be so large as to make it as cheap to stay at home as to pay a substitute, and their only hope of release is from some of the elder children being able to supply their mother's place. I could name more than one case, where the aggregate yearly earnings of the family are nearer three than two hundred pounds. Still the mother trudges off to the mill daily along with her husband and her grown-up sons and daughters. The other day in my pastoral rounds I called on a woman who had lost a daughter from dyspepsia—a very common ailment amongst the families of the mill hands—and in the course of conversation it came out that her age was forty-eight (of which forty had been spent in the mill), and that the death of the girl had disappointed a long-cherished hope of release from her life-long drudgery, which was now indefinitely postponed, until at least a little girl of ten had grown old enough to take her place. The mill is the unfailing resort for employment, and is much preferred by the female section of the community to domestic service, on account of the greater freedom and better pay, for a smart young weaver or spinner is soon expert enough to earn 18s. or 21s. per week, besides having her evenings and Sundays all to herself. Talk of money-hunters in the better classes of society, the "lass" with the sturdy frame and the deft hand to earn big wages, like the boy with the cake, will have many friends, anxious to be placed on even a more familiar footing!

There is another phase in the home-life of the operatives that breeds bad results. Unlike the puddlers and furnacemen of South Staffordshire, who seek compensation for their hard work in sumptuous fare, the diet of the operatives is neither wholesome nor nutritious. In the larger proportion of cases, a properly cooked dinner is a luxury only seen once a week; while tea, being convenient to carry and easy to prepare, is the staple article, with such relish to the bread as a rasher of bacon may give. The children at school come off no better than their parents at the mill; and in the home only one meal a day is partaken of by the family together, except on Sunday. If the people of Lancashire are degenerating physically, some of the causes at least will be found in the facts here stated. Yet there is no lack of money, and in no part of the country are excursions and picnics more common, with all the other signs of a rough plenty arising from large earnings. Our gigantic manufacture is doing something worse than that which Mr. Ruskin deplores—defacing our lovely landscapes by its great chimneys and their black smoke, polluting the rivers and poisoning the fish—it is eating slowly but surely into the home life of the nation, casting the children of the working classes on the street, motherless and fatherless in all respects but the name, setting a task to week-day and Sunday-schools they cannot accomplish; and it is doing all this in the name of trade, and thrift, and industry—a terrible sacrifice, covering our boasted civilisation with shame. An inspection of any minister's visiting list will show how prevalent is this evil of absenteeism on the part of the mother, and a few questions put to the children in any day-school will bring out painfully how few of them see their parents except for an hour or two at night before they go to bed. What can be expected of children, morally or physically, who are thus left to their own devices? No one can be surprised that drunkenness with its companion vices should be so fearfully prevalent, for what comfort is there in the people's homes to counteract the attractions of the public-house? Besides the cheerlessness of a house that has been empty all day, there is a want of the womanly tenderness and sympathy that give brightness to the poorest home, for the wife, as well as her husband, has been out all day fighting her own hard battle, and she has nothing to spare for him, for she is as wearied and tired as he is. They are bread-winners equally with their husbands, and, alas! we are almost ashamed to say it, but it is true, in too many cases they are men in every respect but the sex. In observing the young women going to and

from the mill, our mental reflection when watching their rough ways and *mannish* habits has been. "Yes, you have independence, you have your evenings and Sundays free, but you buy them at too high a price."

When you speak on the subject to any large employer of labour, he acknowledges the existence of the evil, but he cannot help you to a remedy; meanwhile it continues its ravages, and those who notice them most do not see how the evil is to be stopped, while they see but too plainly what a barrier it is to the growth of the best interests of the people.

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

By Professor P. A. SIMPSON, M.A., M.D.

II.—IN OUR FOOD.

THE atmospheric impurities which we have already considered are wholly of accidental origin. They consist mainly of products of animal and vegetable life, and of substances incidental to certain trades and manufactures. But in the case of the food we eat, in addition to impurities from disease, putrefactive change, decay, or the accidental admixture of noxious substances, there are various adulterations practised intentionally for the purposes of gain whereby the food becomes more or less poisonous. Let us briefly glance at a few of these sources of impurity, and see to what extent science enables us to detect them. Mr. John Gamgee expresses his belief that as much as one-fifth part of the common meat of the country—beef, veal, mutton, lamb, and pork—comes from animals which are considerably diseased. His investigations go to show that horned cattle affected with pleuro-pneumonia are, much oftener than not, slaughtered on account of the disease, and when slaughtered are commonly eaten, even though the lung-disease has made such progress as notably to taint the carcase; that animals affected with foot-and-mouth disease are not often slaughtered on account of it, but if slaughtered, are uniformly eaten; that the presence of parasites in the flesh of an animal never influences the owner against selling it for food, that carcases too obviously ill conditioned for exposure in the butcher's shop are abundantly sent to the sausage-maker, or sometimes pickled and dried, that some sausage-makers will utilise even the most diseased organs which can be furnished to them. Fortunately, the appearance of good fresh meat is known to most people. It should be firm and elastic when touched, scarcely moistening the finger; it should have a marbled appearance from the ramifications of little layers of fat among the muscles, and no odour beyond that which characterises fresh meat. When allowed to stand for some time the surface becomes dry. Bad meat on the other hand is wet and sodden, and continues so; it has moreover a sickly odour. When the flesh has a deep purple tint, it is probable that the animal has not been slaughtered, or else that it has suffered from some fever. We may lay it down in theory at all events that it is only the meat of healthy animals that have been slaughtered which is fit for the food of man, and yet there can be no doubt that the meat obtained from sickly and even diseased animals has sometimes been eaten with impunity. It is beyond question that the eating of meat of this description has often been followed by poisonous symptoms, but it is equally certain that these are by no means the invariable result. This apparent anomaly has given rise to much controversy, and a solution of it is only to be arrived at by having regard to the exact nature of the disease, and the stage to which it has progressed.

The divergence of opinion as to wholesome meat has been greatest with reference to the pleuro-pneumonia of cattle; an infectious disease, in which the poison is carried off by the lungs. Some authorities have held "that the consumption of the flesh of cattle slaughtered in the early stages of pleuro-pneumonia is perfectly harmless, and that the destruction of such meat is a wasteful expenditure of a material which is capable of supplying a perfectly wholesome animal food." But an overwhelming majority of scientific observers are of opinion that there is no reliable evidence to prove that the flesh of pleuro pneumonic cattle has not produced injurious effects, but, on the contrary, that such results have sometimes followed; and hence that the flesh of animals affected with

this disease in any stage should not, under any circumstances, be permitted to be sold for human food.

The eruptive fever termed "foot-and-mouth disease," although rarely fatal, has been a source of great loss to this country, amounting in the year 1872, according to evidence given before a select committee of the House of Commons, to not less than twelve millions sterling. We have no proof that the flesh of animals affected with this disease has proved injurious to health, but there is abundant evidence that serious mouth affections have frequently been produced in children fed upon milk obtained from such sources. The observations made during various outbreaks of cattle plague, or rinderpest, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, are somewhat conflicting, but it is certain that in all of these a large quantity of meat thus diseased was consumed as food. When injurious results did not follow the eating of such food the disease would seem not to have advanced beyond the earliest stage; but in any case the consumption of such food is never safe except after thorough cooking.

There is a disease called "splenic apoplexy," to which cattle are subject, and there has been much controversy as to whether the flesh of such animals is fit for human food. It certainly has been often eaten with impunity, but, on the other hand, the consumption of it has frequently been followed by disastrous consequences. Moreover the blood of animals in this condition, coming in contact with cuts or abrasions of the skin of persons engaged in the process of killing or cutting up of them, has very frequently caused fatal blood-poisoning. On both grounds, therefore, the flesh of animals dying of this disease should be condemned.

What is termed "Braxy" is a febrile disease which in Scotland is very fatal to sheep. The flesh of sheep dying of this disease is freely eaten by Highland shepherds, and although the custom of steeping it in brine for two months seems to render it comparatively harmless as an article of food, yet such serious consequences have so frequently followed from the use of it, that it must be regarded as a highly dangerous food for man.

There are various forms of animal parasites which occasionally infest the flesh of pigs, oxen, and sheep; and when this flesh is eaten the parasites find a soil suitable not only for life, but even for further development. These parasites may be easily seen by examining the flesh of the animal by the microscope, and sometimes they exist in such numbers that, when the flesh which contains them is cut into, a crackling sound is produced. One of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most deadly of these parasites is the trichina, as found in man. This trichina has its origin in a thread-like worm, varying in length from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, termed the trichina spiralis ($\theta\rho\iota\xi$—a hair), which makes its home in the flesh of any animal, but which is found most frequently in the pig. Of all situations its most favourite seat is the muscles of the eye, and hence the sausage-makers in Germany profess to have these muscles specially examined by an expert before making use of the flesh of the animal. Pork, when infested by the trichina, is generally dark-coloured, owing to the inflammation which this parasite sets up in its immediate neighbourhood; and it is also speckled, owing to the presence of the parasites themselves, which, appearing as small white bodies, are just visible to the naked eye. Although the presence of this parasite is not limited to the flesh of any one animal, its disastrous effects have hitherto been observed only in man. So long as it remains embedded in the muscles of one of the lower animals, it leads a life of idleness and does not seem to produce any serious mischief. But as soon as this meat is used as food for any animal, it finds in the stomach a soil suitable for its development. The slender envelope in which it is encased becomes dissolved by the gastric juice; after a lapse of about a week the development of the germ is complete, and in the course of another month the ova have increased and multiplied a hundredfold. The worms having been thus set free penetrate the stomach, and find their way into every muscle throughout the body. Here they are again encased in slender envelopes, ready as before to propagate themselves in any other animal using this trichinous flesh as food. It is in man, however, that the trichina finds the most congenial soil, and it is here, as we have said, that its most terrible results are noticed. In a few days after eating trichinous meat symptoms of irritant poisoning make their appearance. After a week or so intense fever occurs, while the migrations of the parasites through the muscles give rise to excruciating pains, or even paralysis from destruction of the muscular tissue. These cases generally end fatally, but sometimes nature arrests the progress of the worms by barricading them in slender coverings, in which case the patient may partially or

wholly recover. The smoking or salting of meat does not destroy the vitality of the trichina; the only antidote consists in thorough cooking, whereby, owing to a high temperature, the germs are rendered harmless. But all meat containing animal parasites, which are apt to infest man, should be condemned as unfit for human food.

It may be laid down as a general principle that meat, fish, or poultry in a state of decay cannot be eaten with safety, since symptoms of irritant poisoning have so frequently arisen from this cause. But a little consideration will show us the impossibility of drawing a hard and fast line upon this point. We relish venison which has partially undergone decay, while we at once reject beef or mutton in a similar condition. Again, poultry to be palatable must be fresh, yet we do not scruple to eat game which is far advanced in decomposition. There is no doubt that in many cases we are guided by our palates in determining what food is wholesome for us; for while many of us eat mouldy cheese a Chinaman will swallow bad eggs, and some races enjoy fish which we should consider putrid. Even as regards oysters, which are generally relished in proportion to their freshness, it is sometimes a matter of taste. For example, it is recorded of the first monarch of the House of Hanover that he objected to the English native oyster as being deficient in flavour. It was privately suggested by a shrewd courtier that the native oyster should be allowed to become somewhat stale before being brought to the royal table. The king at once recognised the flavour which had always pleased him so much at Herrenhausen, and gave orders that in future he should always be supplied from that particular bed. The absence of evil consequences after eating food which has undergone a certain amount of decay is doubtless due in many cases to the completeness of the cooking process; but this does not militate against the general rule that food in any stage of decay is unwholesome and should be avoided. Of late years there have been many cases of poisonous symptoms arising from the use of canned meats. The cause appears mainly to have been improper methods of canning, or of the use of meat that was tainted before being canned. An examination of the outside of the can is our only available guide as regards this class of article. The head of the can should be slightly concave, whereas if it be convex it shows that decomposition has commenced within the can. Sometimes through careless soldering the preserved articles become contaminated with lead, and poisoning by this substance is the result.

There is a not infrequent form of accidental poisoning, owing to the action of certain foods upon copper vessels when these are used for culinary purposes. It has been found that metallic copper undergoes no change by contact with water unless air is present, in which case a salt of copper is formed. But if the water contain an acid such as vinegar, or common salt, or if there be oily or fatty matter in contact with the metal, a copper salt is freely formed, and the liquid or fat acquires a more or less green colour. If the copper vessel be kept perfectly clean, and the food prepared in it be allowed to cool in vessels not made of copper, there is not much risk of its acquiring a poisonous impregnation; nevertheless, no acid, saline, fatty, or oily liquid should be prepared as an article of food in a copper vessel. When jams and jellies are prepared in copper vessels and allowed to cool in them a green crust of verdigris may be observed to form on the copper vessel, just above where the acid syrup comes in contact with the air. This source of danger has been met by causing the copper vessels to be lined with tin, but the tin in time becomes corroded, and then the copper surface is exposed to the action of any acids contained in the food. Domestic poisoning by means of copper was formerly advocated by the authors of cookery books, who advised that in the cooking of certain vegetables a few halfpence should be boiled with them "to give them a fine green colour." This principle has been too often adopted in the preparation of pickles and preserved green fruits, the bright green colour being found to have a great attraction for consumers, and there have been numerous instances of poisoning in this way. An easy method of detecting copper impregnation in pickles and preserved fruits consists in the insertion of a clean steel needle, which after a time by galvanic action will become coated with copper.

Milk is perhaps the most important article of food entering into daily use, since it forms the entire, or almost entire, food of children at an age when they are but little able to resist any tampering with their nourishment; but the purity of milk has also an important bearing upon the health of the community at large, since in addition to adulterations which it occasionally contains, it is now known to be a ready absorbent of certain poisonous emanations producing dis-

ease or death in persons using it as food. The adulterations of milk are few in number, and for the most part easy of detection. It was formerly supposed that calves' brains were added to milk to impart richness and consistency to it. But apart from the fact that the supply of calves' brains would be wholly insufficient for this purpose, the admixture would require very clever manipulation to prevent detection by the purchaser. It is equally unlikely that chalk is a frequent adulteration of milk, for the chalk, from its weight and insolubility, would at once sink to the bottom of the vessel, where its presence would easily be recognised. Practically the adulteration of milk consists in the addition of water or the abstraction of the cream in whole or in part, and the sale of the residue as new milk.* But although by the addition of water milk is rendered less nutritious, it does not become poisonous, and we have therefore only to consider under what conditions it may become unsafe as an article of food. Milk sometimes becomes mouldy owing to the presence of a fungus—the Oidium Lactis, or Penicillium—and its use when in that condition has occasionally produced poisonous symptoms of a serious character. Whether the milk obtained from animals suffering from foot-and-mouth disease gives rise in man to any disorders is still a disputed point; at all events it frequently has been made use of without any ill effects being induced. It is certain, however, that pigs are almost invariably seized with the same disease in a few hours when fed with the milk of animals thus affected, and its presence in sheep and hares may be accounted for by their having fed upon herbage tainted with the saliva of diseased cattle. Various epidemics which have occurred in England and Scotland make it quite clear that milk is sometimes a means of conveying the poisons of typhoid fever and of scarlet fever. In the former case it has probably most frequently arisen from the watering of the milk or the rinsing of the milk vessels with foul water containing the elements of the disease; but sometimes it has arisen from the typhoid effluvia being absorbed by the milk. The scarlet fever poison would appear to get into the milk from the skin or throat discharges of persons affected with the disease who were employed in the dairy while ill or partly convalescent.

* Some idea of the extent to which this "cow with the iron tail" is resorted to may be gathered from an ingenious calculation, which goes to show that the number of cows supplying London with milk is not more than sufficient to provide each person with about a tablespoonful of pure milk per day.

III.—IN THE WATER WE DRINK.

The importance of an abundant supply of good water for domestic purposes is, at the present time, a subject which needs no discussion. In spite of the magnitude of the water-works of the Romans, Greeks, and other ancient peoples, their aqueducts, storage reservoirs, and public baths, and in spite of the lavishness of the supply for public uses and in the houses of the rich, it is probable that there never has been such general and widespread interest as there is to-day in the matter of water supply as a sanitary necessity, not only to the community as a whole, but also to the individuals, no matter how poor, who make up the community. Absolutely pure water is never found in Nature's laboratory. The whitest snow, the clearest rain-water, the most transparent ice, all contain air, small quantities of salts, and a little organic matter. Indeed it is only by special processes, carried out with great care, that chemists can obtain water which is chemically pure. Fortunately for us, however, water, which after air, is certainly the most important requirement of our existence, need not be chemically pure. It is sufficient that the impurities in the water we drink, as in the air we breathe, do not exceed certain limits which scientific research enables us pretty accurately to define. Water which exceeds these limits of impurity has long been recognised as one of the most powerful causes of disease, but it is only recently that minute investigation has succeeded in showing the terrible mortality which it inflicts on all classes of the community. There are, moreover, strong grounds for believing that further and more minute research will show impure water to be even a more formidable evil than it is at present known to be. The danger which lurks in foul water varies according to circumstances; it may lead to a fatal result, or it may only produce a general impairment of health without giving rise to any definite disease. The sources of danger consist of (1st) an excess of mineral constituents, and (2nd) the presence of organic matter, either of vegetable or animal origin.

A good drinking water should possess the following physical characters: it should be entirely free from colour, taste, or odour; it should moreover be cool, well aerated, soft, bright, and entirely free from all deposit. But it should be remembered that a water having all these physical characters may yet be more or less polluted by organic matter owing to the proximity of drains and sewers.

Mineral Ingredients.—The *hardness* or *softness* of a water depends upon the amount of mineral ingredients which it contains. These mainly consist of carbonate and sulphate of lime, the former giving rise to what is called *temporary* hardness—it being for the most part removable by continued boiling, whereby it becomes encrusted as chalk upon the inside of the vessel in which the water is boiled; and the latter to *permanent* hardness, because it is not thus removable. A very hard water is injurious for drinking purposes because its power as a solvent for food is impaired, and because it is absorbed by the stomach with greater difficulty than a soft water, thus giving rise to indigestion or dyspepsia.

In addition to the long train of distressing symptoms which are included under the term dyspepsia, there is strong evidence to prove that the habitual drinking of very hard water also gives rise to goitre, a disease associated in many places with that fearful form of idiocy known as cretinism. In many parts of England goitre is found to prevail only in those districts where the magnesian limestone formation is abundant. In some districts in Switzerland the use of certain spring waters of unusual hardness has been followed by the production or augmentation of the disease in the course of a few days, and similar results have frequently been observed in India.

In certain cases mineral compounds have been found to exist in water rendering it more or less unsuitable for drinking purposes. For instance, where iron is present in sufficient quantity to impart a chalybeate taste to the water, the continued use of the latter has been followed by headache, dyspepsia, and various other unpleasant symptoms. But a more frequent as well as a more dangerous impurity, is sometimes found in water which has been stored in leaden tanks, or conveyed through pipes made of that metal. It has been found that absolutely pure water, recently boiled to deprive it of air, has no chemical action on lead, but if free access of the air be permitted, this same water will rapidly form a compound with the lead which remains for the most part mechanically suspended in the water. Water in this condition is undoubtedly poisonous, the extent of the danger depending on the amount of the metallic compound which it contains. But when water has passed for some time through leaden pipes, the inner surfaces of the latter become coated by a hard deposit which protects the metal from further chemical action, and the water then becomes comparatively safe for drinking purposes.

The question as to the action of water upon lead becomes more complex from the fact that a great deal depends upon the constituents of the water itself. As a general rule soft and pure waters act freely upon lead, whereas hard waters, containing a large proportion of lime salts, have no such action. But as there are exceptions to this general rule it would be unsafe to rely wholly upon it, and the question as to the action of any particular sample of water upon leaden pipes can only be satisfactorily determined by actual experiment.

Another source of contamination of water by lead consists in the use of syphons in which aerated waters are now so frequently supplied to the public. These syphons are provided with stop-cocks made of pewter, containing a large proportion of lead. The carbonated water thus, especially after long contact, has frequently been found to contain a dangerous quantity of this metal, thus giving rise to chronic lead poisoning. This danger may generally be avoided by having the syphon-taps coated with pure tin before being used.

It has been pointed out by Wanklyn that the sanitary condition of a locality may be considerably influenced by the metallic constituents in the water supply, and that the beneficial effects which so often result from what is termed "change of air," may in reality be due to the change in the minute metallic impurity in the water of the district selected for residence.

Organic Matter.—The presence of organic matter in drinking water is of greater importance from a sanitary point of view than any of the impurities which we have hitherto considered. Water which contains a large amount of vegetable organic matter is decidedly unwholesome, and is liable to produce not only disease of a dysenteric character, but also ague, and other malarious disorders. But the presence of animal organic matter, whether in suspension or solution, is attended with still greater danger to health. Many waters which have given rise to disease have been found to be more or less turbid, owing to particles of sewage suspended in them. Moreover, disease has frequently been traced to the use of perfectly bright and clear water, where there was no sediment, and where the animal organic matter was held in a state of solution. This decaying animal matter may find its way into wells or streams by percolation

through the soil, from cesspools or other sewage accumulations, thus rendering the water a most dangerous poison. The danger is greatest when the sewage is associated with certain specific diseases, such as cholera or gastric fever, in which case the special poisons of these diseases is readily conveyed and propagated by the water.

The examination of drinking water thus forms a very important portion of the duty of those who engage in the struggle against preventable disease; and let us hope we may see the time, ere long, when the supply of water in purity and plenty shall be looked upon as the business of the State, a measure which would prove a great economy in the end. But pure air and wholesome food are also essential to health; in short, pure water, pure air, and good wholesome unadulterated food, constitute the pillars of the tripod on which rests the "mens sana in corpore sano."

THE VAUDOIS EMIGRANTS IN ALGERIA.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

BY the kindness of the Editor of Good Words I was permitted at the beginning of this year to give its readers an account of a visit paid last summer to the desolate fastness of the French Vaudois—Dormilheuse. Having received from Pastor Brunel, and from two travellers who have visited the colony in Oran, letters and descriptions of the condition of the emigrants, perhaps they may interest other friends of the Vaudois as they have done myself.

It seemed very clear to me last summer that it would be impossible for the inhabitants of Dormilheuse and Minsas much longer to exist there. This opinion is now shared by others much more able to judge than myself, namely, the Pastors and Comité Evangélique de Lyons, and also last, but first as the friend of these mountaineers, the Dean of Ripon. A very sad proof of the truth of this idea, and of the depressing influence of the wretchedness of the lives which they lead, is shown by the fact that a whole family living at Minsas has become imbecile. Thirty years ago the memory of the noble work which Felix Neff had done in these valleys caused the Dean to take upon himself the task—in which he has never since faltered—of providing pastors, churches, and schools for the Valleys, and doing all in his power to assist, both spiritually and temporally, the Vaudois of the Hautes-Alpes. Convinced at last that to gain even a meagre subsistence at Dormilheuse and Minsas was no longer possible, he endeavoured to raise a fund to assist the people, in whom he so long had been interested, to emigrate to a more genial clime.

During a visit paid this August to the Valleys and to Lyons by Dean Fremantle, a distinct plan has been arranged whereby in time *all* the inhabitants of this terrible region will be deported. The plan is this:—

Last year 31 families, consisting of 150 persons, resided at Dormilheuse, of these 31 persons emigrated to Algeria in November; leaving 21 families of 119 persons still in Dormilheuse. Of these 21 families, 10 are in a condition to emigrate; the heads of the remaining 11 are widows, infirm, or imbeciles, leaving 50 or 60 persons whom it would not be well to send to Africa. For these, plots of land can in time be procured at Les Ribes and Pallons, villages situated nearer the entrance to the Valley of Fressinières. There they can support themselves. Thus sooner or later Dormilheuse will be left uninhabited. The church and Felix Neff's house will be preserved as monuments of a devoted life and heroic courage; all the rest of the plateau will be sold to the Department of Woods and Forests. This Department, although it refuses to buy little plots of ground from individual emigrants, is anxious to secure the whole of the land, and to plant it with trees to prevent the floods, and stay the avalanches which have driven, after nearly 300 years, these children of the martyrs from their aerie in the rocks. The money thus realised will pay for the land which will be secured in the habitable parts of the valley.

A reader of Good Words sent me £10 to be spent as I thought most to the advantage of those now left at Dormilheuse. I consulted Pastor Brunel, and this kind gift has given much happiness, for 13 goats have been purchased and presented to 13 families; so quite a little flock scramble about cropping the scanty herbage and wild thyme, and the poor people send through me their warmest thanks to the kind donor.

The fund raised last autumn in England, and a fund of about a third more given by the Protestants in France, realised altogether the sum of £1,428. Of this £521 is needed for conveying the 10 families to Algeria, buil ling their houses and supplying them with the agricultural implements and seed corn. A further sum of £420 has been promised in order to conform to the regulations of the French Government; but the whole of this £941 is not *given*, but *lent* on mortgage on the "concessions," or grants of land in the new settlement, and is to be repaid, without interest, in five years' time.

Now for the story of the emigration.

Nothing struck me so much when amongst them as the quaintness, the old-world look and ways of the Vaudois of Fressinières. It seemed that the turbulent ocean of life had rolled and broken about the feet of the Alps, amongst whose towering peaks these people, three hundred years ago, took refuge, and that to them had only come the distant echo of the noise and tumult raging far below. To people so simple and so utterly unused to change or progress the comparatively short journey to Algeria was a serious undertaking. Oran is the most westerly province of Algeria, and also the most French. Algeria is inhabited by three races, each with its own language, manners, and customs. First the Arabs (called Moors when dwelling in the towns; but still in the country, especially in the great desert to the south, living in their Bedouin encampments, and with their hands ever fidgeting to grasp their swords). Then come the Kabiles, another race, inhabiting, not the hot deserts and scorched lowlands, but the temperate tableland, and not nomadic by habit, but settled peasantry. The Kabiles are very industrious, even the females, contrary to the customary seclusion of the Arab women, work out-of-doors. Lastly in point of numbers—for they only count as three to twenty of the other inhabitants—come the French—the conquering and therefore the dominant race. The spots, marked still by Arabic or Kabyle names, where once their towns stood—as Sidi-bel-Abbès, the largest town of the district of Oran, and which numbers 18,000 inhabitants—are entirely French. The old town was completely destroyed, and a new gleaming villa-like place built in its stead.

Seventy kilomètres, or about forty miles, from Oran stands the village of Trois-Marabouts. It is one day's journey by diligence. This conveyance runs on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and the only way of quitting Oran for Europe is by a steamer which leaves that place but once a fortnight.

On November 16th, last year, our colonists arrived at Trois-Marabouts. They had a very good voyage, and complacently observed, "Only a few women had suffered from seasickness; the *rest* were satisfied and pleased." They looked on this removal as great indeed in all respects. "The few clothes taken cost a great deal," and they clung to some poor sticks of furniture with desperation, and wrote in much trouble on their first arrival that their "possessions" had to remain for three days out of doors. The value of the whole could not be more than £51 Only three of the houses were finished when they arrived at the "far end;" therefore three families were packed into each till the rest of the huts were completed. The sowing season had commenced, and so the settlers were soon at work on the "concessions" secured for them before their arrival.

On the 26th of November they held their first service—a pure, unstained worship, which cannot even call itself Protestant, for it has never been corrupted—the first such service that has been held in that village of Mahomedans and Romanists.

And here it may be mentioned that the Dean of Ripon has returned from his recent visit to Lyons and the Valleys, delighted with the reports he has received of the conduct of the settlers. He is told on excellent authority that one of their number is never seen in a public-house or wine-shop: and he feels assured they will maintain uncorrupted their ancient faith; and hopes that in time the whole village will join their worship. He speaks of the Vaudois as leading a quiet and consistent Christian life. But alas! in every flock are black sheep. And three of the emigrants have proved failures. One of them, Jean Joseph Arnous, turned fainthearted, and longing for his snowy Alps, turned over his fruitful "concession" to another settler and went home again. The second, Alexander Michet, behaved ill. He sold his land to a French colonist for 2,000 f. —having received from the "Comité Evangélique" 1,210 f., he repaid them out of the sale of his grant 905 f., so that the loss has been 305 f.; but the Comité believes that the sale was illegal, and will be set aside by the authorities in Oran, in which case it will be given to another emigrant. This will be no hardship either to the Frenchman who bought it, for when he purchased the ground from Michet it was already sown, and so productive is the land that he has realised

2,500 f., leaving a profit of 500 f. above the purchase money. The third case is the worst of all. This man's name is Daniel Surian; he is a stupid, unenergetic fellow, and though he received 900 f. to assist him, he failed to fulfil the Government conditions, and the grant has lapsed altogether, so that there is a double loss of the money advanced and of the land; but the Comité is in hopes that when the case is brought before the French Government the "concession" will be restored. These three bad men took back to the Valleys "an evil report of the land," and the other intending colonists became depressed and discouraged; but this August two young men from the settlement have come over to gather in their little crops at Dormilheuse, and have told so different a story that they have inspired their friends not only with renewed courage, but with a desire to emigrate also.

Mr. Réveillaud wrote from Bône on the 14th of last April, sending an interesting account of the visit he had just paid to the Colony, and he gives so vivid a description of the country, I offer no apology for translating part of it.

"The diligence which carries mails and travellers from Oran to Tlemcen stops in the middle of its twenty-hours' journey at a little town built in the form of a chess-board (this is like the greater part of the new Algerine towns), called Aïn Témouchen. The pleasant, cultivated governor of the town, whom we had already met on the steamboat from Marseilles to Oran, explained the name to us, which is half Arabic and half Kabyle, and signifies 'Fountain of the Jackal.' A picturesque designation enough, but which, unhappily for our ears, as ignorant of Kablis as of Arabic, loses much of its value. At about three miles from here is situated Trois-Marabouts. It was nine o'clock, and a bed almost soft, in an hotel almost comfortable, received and rested our limbs, stiffened by ten hours in the diligence. At daybreak next morning we were informed that a car was waiting to convey us to Trois-Marabouts. Our friends there had heard of our arrival, and had used the utmost exertion to procure us a vehicle. The attention was touching, but when we saw not only it, but the animal which drew it, and the road over which it was to be drawn, we agreed we much preferred our own legs.

"The morning was superb. The village of Trois-Marabouts (also called the Three Koribas, or Tombs of the Marabouts) is built on a hill, its walls and dome-like roofs, which are white-washed, gleamed in the early light. The up-hill road was bordered by cacti, aloes, hawthorn, and asphodels in flower, and the iris and bindweed filled the air with spring scents. Young Baridon had come to meet us, and told us the particulars of the allotments.

"'Do you see this field, where the barley stands so thick and green? It belongs to my uncle; he has been able to sow eight hectares, and this is all come from it,' he said.

"'The other field you see there not yet completely cultivated belongs to us. We have left till next year the work of pulling up these detestable roots of black palms; they are so hard that they break the ploughshares; and being pressed for time we sowed the cleared places. On the hill you see below there we intend to plant vines next year. Look at the beautiful road the Administration of Bridges and Roads has caused us to make to replace the bad one on which we are walking.'

"'You seem to have settled well in your new country,' we observed.

"'Oh, yes, monsieur.'

"'And you are not afraid of the Arabs?'

"'Certainly not. Though it is true they are great thieves. Three of them tried one night, through a hole in the wall, to get into the house of one of our neighbours, whom they knew was from home. She was certainly away, but a young man-servant was in, and, hearing the noise, got up, and as he was taking down his gun saw the hole in the wall, and the eye of an Arab on the other side. He took aim—the Arab fell dead, uttering awful yells. The thieves received a rough lesson then which will cure them for a long time to come!'

"Talking thus of one thing or another, we arrived at last at the village. What a commotion! Our friends pressed round, welcomed us, fêted us."

M. Réveillaud and his friend visited all the huts or houses of the Vaudois; they found them the most unpretending in the place; they are wooden, whereas most of the other French colonists at the very first were able to build stone houses. However, these huts have been good enough to shelter our friends during the past winter, which has been rather severe for Algeria, but it must have seemed mild indeed to the settlers after the snow, ten feet deep, to which they had been used in the Hautes-Alpes.

He found the emigrants contented, blessing God who had caused them to find this

port of refuge, and ceaseless in their expressions of grateful acknowledgment to those Christian friends who had helped them in their deep distress. In each of the huts M. Réveillaud was expected to listen to the details of the colonisation. They told him all their early difficulties, now successfully overcome—of the hardness of the soil, of how their hearts sank, and then of the purchase of the plough and cattle by the Committee.

Such a one had been able to sow ten hectares, another twelve, a third only eight. They might have done more if they had arrived earlier, and if the rain had not interrupted their work for a time; but then these heavy rains fertilised the land. They hoped for an exceptionally large crop, which would amply repay their labours, and give them courage for the future. (This hope has now been more than realised, the yield having been very large indeed.) The visitors found all the families in good spirits—"only a few old grandmothers are home-sick, and weep when they speak of the Alps; but even these own that the future comfort of their children and grandchildren is more sure by far in their new country than in the poor and cold, though still "beloved valleys."

Two huts belonging to the deserters were closed; but they will not long be uninhabited, for other settlers are now ready to come. It is proposed that all future emigrants from the Hautes-Alpes shall be grouped round Trois-Marabouts, so as to make this a centre of light, and keep the ancient Church compact; so great a feeling of brotherhood and attachment to the old religion could not be expected were the Vaudois to be placed apart in scattered farms, surrounded by Roman Catholic and Mahomedan neighbours. The fraternal attachment has already been touchingly shown in one instance. Baridon, formerly "facteur" of Dormilheuse, has died since his arrival in Africa, and the widow and children were left without a head in this new and strange land. At once all the Vaudois crowded round, with kindly promises and real effective sympathy, and agreed to work for the widow and orphans, and help her with her little farm.

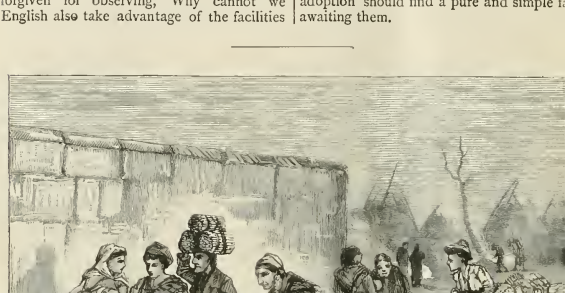
The school-house was finished last May. There are many children in the village, besides the goodly number transplanted from Dormilheuse. The colonists selected "one of our own" (Vaudoise) for the post of mistress over this mixed school of boys and girls. She has received a government license, and already the school is a great success. Not only do all our emigrants' little ones attend it, but those of the Roman Catholic neighbours also. From a religious point of view the little colony is truly, and, we trust, will always remain, a good example to the surrounding population, amongst whom it must exercise a good influence, if it only remains firm to the faith held so long and so bravely in a far different home.

"Already the faithfulness with which our friends observe the repose of the Sabbath," M. Réveillaud writes, "has been remarked in the country. It is known also that every Sunday they assemble, sometimes at the house of one, sometimes at that of another, to celebrate together the worship of the Lord, and 'speaking' in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, giving thanks always for all things unto God the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus our friends supply the absence of the pastors by instructing each other; they spread around them the perfume of the knowledge of the gospel. Without our mentioning the subject, they summoned the whole village to hear us, and we had one of our best meetings there. 'If you are faithful,' we said to them, 'the whole of your village will be Protestant some day.' We sincerely hope that the blessing of God will indeed rest in every way upon this little community of valiant Christians, and that He will bless in the children, to the hundredth and thousandth generation, the fidelity of their fathers, revived by that devoted apostle, Felix Neff. It is not without feeling deeply moved that we took leave of these brave and worthy brothers. At the same time in praying God to bless and keep them we say *au revoir*, for we hope to see them again one day, either at this or the other side of eternal life. But far off or near our hearts are with you and our prayers follow you, dear friends. May the Word of God always be your torch, your light, and your guide! 'Love one another!'"

Since M. Réveillaud's visit M. Elvin, their true and fast friend, the pasteur of Oran, has arranged to visit Trois-Marabouts once a month to minister the sacraments and the Word; and now the Consistory of Oran has advertised for a pastor "of the Reformed Church of France" for Tlemcen, and states the terms offered to candidates; and it is probable these will soon secure an excellent minister. For, excepting Algiers itself, no town in Algeria is more pleasantly situated than Tlemcen. The climate is temperate and much cooler than at Oran. The whole neighbouring country is studded with olive and gigantic turpentine trees, and is very

beautiful. The pastor would be surrounded at Tlemcen itself by a small Reformed Church, well established in the country, and above all very earnest and fervent. We hear that amongst the brethren there he will find "as many coadjutors as friends." When the late pastor, M. Duproix, died, the entire population followed his body to the grave, and showed sympathy with the Protestant worship. Trois Marabouts can be easily reached from this little town, and in the Vaudois settlement the pastor of Oran and the pastor of Tlemcen would join hands.

I have told all the news we have, up to the date at which I write, of the Vaudois emigrants from Dormilheuse, but may I be forgiven for observing, Why cannot we English also take advantage of the facilities for emigration offered to Algiers by French Government? Algeria is within distance from home, and with such a clin and such a soil surely our national enterp and pluck might find at least as good a f as in the distant ranches of Colorado or sheep runs of Australia and New Zeala The Vaudois colonists would be gre benefited by the higher knowledge and vigorous push of Englishmen. And to yo men leaving our shores to seek subsiste or fortune in a foreign country, surely most unthinking person will confess it good thing that at the same time they sho not be cut off from the religious influen of our happy island, but in the land of t adoption should find a pure and simple f awaiting them.



Going to Market.

RAMBLES WITH THE ROMANY.

By IRVING MONTAGU, Author of "Men we Meet," etc. etc.

II.

On several occasions I revisited my friends at Chelsea, always coming away a little wiser and a little more sympathetic than when I went.

They were all pleased to let me into the secret of their vagrant lives, and when they found that I had no connection, direct or indirect, with Scotland Yard, and that my object was only to make sketches and take not they had only one prevailing idea, that being made famous through the medium both. They told me that they were sadly r ligned by the outside world with reference petty larceny, and that if robberies were co mitted, they were committed, as a rule, eit by the Gorgios who intermarried with t

Romany, or by camp followers, of whom there were not a few, and that the Gipsy proper was as honest as the day. They made a strange distinction amongst themselves between the Christian Romany and others, inferring by *the others* that the majority were, if not atheists, at least very negative with reference to religion at all. "But Lor' bless you, sir," a Christian Gipsy said to me one day, "the Scripture gentlemen as comes amongst us don't do it right somehow in nine cases out of ten—it's very easy to make friends with a Gipsy, *only* you have to do it; give the children some coppers, and the old man a screw of 'bacca, let the wife cross your hand with a bit of silver (and you admit no wrong principle, I take it, by doing this), let her tell you that you were born under a lucky star and that the lines on your right hand indicate a long journey across the sea may be, and then"—well, then you have won your wanderers over and you may mould them to your will. They are exceedingly susceptible of good if approached through the medium of friendliness, which, once established, is as sacred on Chelsea Marshes or Mile-am Common as in Asia Minor. The superstitions of these people are, in their way, unique, especially with reference to the most besetting sins of poor humanity. Swearing, for instance, has a special banshee (a good but exceedingly ugly spirit), who, when the sin lays hold of you, at once springs up and endeavours, by its supernatural grimness, to dissuade you from it; if, however, you persist in it, the spirit assumes a more hideous form, and so goes on increasing in hideousness that you are forced at last to give it up. In like manner drunkenness has its good grim goblin, increasing in ugliness till the dread of it makes sobriety an absolute necessity; thus, sin being the natural condition of man, it's the purpose of these unprepossessing sprites to frighten the Romany into the paths of virtue, and having done so they are supposed to assume their original (comparatively pleasing) aspect.

At Work.

The fondness of Gipsies for pets is one of their special characteristics, naming them generally after some celebrated burglars or other convicts of whose exploits they have heard of or read. At Chelsea there was a shaggy *gri* (horse) known as "Peace," and they were careful to explain that in this they referred to the housebreaker of that name; one small donkey, being young, was called Lefroy, and so on throughout their rather strong contingent of horses, donkeys, and dogs.

Pets.

Not so, however, with their own names, and especially those of the women. The men's were chiefly scriptural ones; perhaps their Eastern origin may account for this. Hope, Charity, Prudence, Honesty, and Patience were common amongst the fairer sex, while heroic names are often taken in some strange way from battles, such as Alma, Magenta, &c., &c. If I am to some extent disjointed in this rough sketch of Gipsy life and customs, it may be because I prefer giving my readers the jottings of my several visits to indulging in the rounded phrase, "of a well varnished tale." Amongst others I made a pencil note of skewer-sellers going to market (*i.e.* to the butchers' shops), to dispose of their supplies, which struck me at once as being a picturesque and characteristic incident worth recording. Working hard from seven o'clock in the morning till late at night a Gipsy occupied at this work makes—so I was informed—about three shillings a day; which is not bad if there are several in family, each to add their mite, and if the demand be equal to the supply. I never entered a tent or caravan without a cordial welcome, and when fortune favoured them, and they were able to indulge in tea or beer, it was always couched in some such greeting as "Mandes (my or our) health to the (no Gipsy equivalent) Tachene (grand) Rye (gentleman)."

Nor is their hospitality confined to the "Tachene Rye;" the poorest beggar receives the same welcome, is asked to share their scanty fare, and is often sent on richer by a few coppers than he came. During the hours of daylight honest Gipsies (and dishonest ones are certainly the exception) work hard enough, but when night closes in they give themselves up with a genuine relish to enjoyment. Tambourines, fiddles, flutes, and castanets are brought out, to which accompaniment they dance or sing till such time as they retire to sleep—"perchance to dream" of burly butchers diving into their tills to pay for untold supplies of wooden skewers. It has been my lot to fraternise with the Romany in many parts of the world. The Gitanos of Spain, the Bohemians (from Boem, old French for Sorcerer) of France, the Zieguner of Germany, the Pharaoh Nepek of Hungary, the Zingari of Italy, and the Turkish and Levantine Tschingenes I have seen much of, and though their occupations are necessarily different; and costumes change with the countries in which they reside, their manners and customs, language and features are the same. Unlike the proverbial snowball which gathers as it goes, they seem to retain to a considerable extent all their old prejudices, superstitions, and other peculiarities. They are, generally speaking, a peace-loving people, seldom known to fight even amongst themselves. On one occasion, however, I happened to be present (quite unintentionally, I need hardly say) at a skirmish near Semlin, in Hungary, between some five or six hundred Gipsies and the local troops. It was on the occasion of a Gipsy fair. I was in their midst sketching, when, for some reason which I took no trouble to inquire into, they were attacked, and resisted most vigorously with staves and long broad-bladed knives. I saw several fall on both sides, and while trying to effect an escape I was taken by the Hungarian troops, only to be released with many apologies some hours afterwards when it was discovered that I was an artist, a wanderer in quest of the picturesque, who had no party feeling or desire to see his name in large type in connection with affairs of which he knew absolutely nothing.

Thus having known the Romany under odd circumstances in many parts of the globe,

I was not sorry to renew their acquaintance on Chelsea Marshes, and if this little sketch of their doings serve no other purpose than that of affording a pleasant half-hour to some of our readers I shall be satisfied, but if it should by any chance tend to their good, and lead to a visit from any one interested in the moral or spiritual welfare of the poor, then I can only say that the philanthropist will be amply rewarded, and I shall be more than delighted that my humble pen and pencil have plied to so good an end.

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

IV.—THE WEDDING FEAST.

WE have a striking group of illustrations in the Bible, borrowed from what was familiar to the people, in the allusions to the marriage ceremony. All its incidents were common. To refer to it was to refer to one of the most ordinary spectacles in an Oriental town; while to us it can never have the same vividness, since we must first become acquainted with customs that differ so widely from our own. We are arrested by the position of sonship, dependence, and obedience that is claimed for our Lord in the very opening of the parable of the Wedding Garment. A certain king "made a marriage" for his son. People were used to regard marriages as made by the parents for the children. It was Abraham who chose a wife for Isaac, Isaac for Jacob, and Hagar for Ishmael.† It is the universal custom of the unchanging East, and it is easy to feel that by using it in the parable Jesus drew our thoughts to the sovereign grace of God. Communion was to be restored with man, a fellowship or intercourse that was to be based on love: and so close and beautiful, so sacred and tender, that it was like the sacredness and affectionate freedom of married life, and could be represented to us by nothing else so well. But God is the sole author of this. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Yet we must never lose sight of the perfect willingness of Christ. He loved us and gave Himself for us.

Marriage in the East is still preceded by betrothal and the ceremonies of betrothal lend it an importance and solemnity almost as great as marriage itself; yet there is not the freedom of intercourse between the betrothed which "engagement" would sanction in the West. There is the formation of a tie so sacred that if it were broken it would be almost as dishonourable as a breach of marriage vows; but the betrothed may scarcely see each other, and the tender age at which betrothal may take place and the sharp separation of the sexes would be pleaded as a sufficient reason. It is in the Old Testament that we read of betrothal, in the New Testament of marriage. The Old Testament is a book of pledges which are ratified in the New. The language of the Old Testament which describes the union between Christ and the Church is as tender and solemn as that of the New, for nothing can be more tender and solemn than the prophecies of Hosea; but the closeness of fellowship which is possible now is there regarded as future. It began when Christ came, and from that time the language is always of marriage and never of betrothal. When Christ came, it was to be united with His people in a closer sense, and in a sense that His people could apprehend. He came as the King's Son to claim His bride. And here there is perhaps a place for those analogies, which the earlier and mystical writers delight to trace, representing in the service of Jacob for Rachel a shadowing of that mysterious service of our Lord Himself whose life and death they claim to be His travail for His spiritual bride, the travail of His infinite and marvellous love. Nor can one altogether pass by the suggestion that as the marriage in the East is at the house of the bride, while the marriage feast is at the house of the bridegroom; so this marriage or union of our Lord with those He came to save took place on earth, which is their home, and to which He came from His home in Heaven. It points, certainly, to a distinction, and to customs which underlie the wedding parable of our Lord and which we must keep in mind when reading similar language elsewhere in the New Testament. For in the New Testament the wedding feast which is spoken of is the feast when the union is perfect; not as with us the feast in the house of the bride, but as in the East in the

* Matthew xxii. 2. † Genesis xxi. 21; xxiv. 4; xxvi. 3.

house of the bridegroom. The marriage is assumed as having already taken place. Paul assumes it in writing to the Ephesians; for the love of Christ, who loved the Church and gave Himself for it, is represented as the love of the husband to the wife, and His nourishing and cherishing the Church as a part of that great mystery of spiritual union;* and in the book of Revelation it is assumed through all the heavenly language of the closing chapters, that the Church is the Lamb's wife.

A certain king, the parable runs, made a marriage for his son. It was celebrated by a royal feast, and the guests were bidden to the palace. God in His infinite mercy sent His Son to unite sinful men to Himself. He sent messengers beforehand to proclaim His purpose and to invite men to that union. It was a feast of the love of God, a feast of communion with God, and the bidding runs through all the Old Testament. Then there comes a further invitation, which is represented as a calling. He sent His servants to "call" them that were bidden. And in the Gospel according to Luke we read in another parable, "A certain man made a great supper and bade many, and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come."† There is a bidding in the Old Testament, a calling in the New; a bidding so long as Christ has not come, a calling when He has come, and suffered, and died, and all things are ready.

And this is in strict accordance with present Eastern customs. When we were in India we were invited to different native entertainments. The invitation was a formal one, and was received some days before; but though it was accepted, we dared not go to the house of our entertainer until he had sent us a second invitation, informing us that all was now ready. It would have been a fatal breach of etiquette. On one of these occasions it was the native Christians who asked us, and we remained in the house of our hosts for some time past the appointed hour, because, though bidden, we had not yet been called. Then the elders of the Christian village came as the messengers, and invited us, in the very words of the Gospel, "Come, for all things are now ready." As these entertainments are mostly in the evening, they came with torches, and we followed while a trumpeter went before; and as it was a great festival the trees were hung with lamps, and fireworks were discharged incessantly; and when we were about to take a low seat, the master of the feast called us up higher, and insisted on our occupying the chief seat that had been prepared for us. On another occasion, when we were asked to the house of one of the chief heathen citizens, the same order was observed, the second messenger came, the servants went before us with their torches, lighting up the broken path and the narrow lanes through which we passed, and the master of the house met us with profuse welcome at the threshold. He was a heathen, yet he asked the Christians, and part of the entertainment he provided was the singing of Christian hymns by boys from the Mission School; and an aged Christian who sat beside me in a place of honour as a guest, mentioned that the last time he had been in this man's house was many years ago when he had gone about some money matters, and that he was ignominiously thrust out into the street because, as a Christian, he had dared to cross the door. Another feature of these entertainments was the number of people; not only those invited, such as Zacchaeus asked to meet Jesus,* but those who stood around when the guests were seated, coming out of curiosity and not hindered, and reminding us how easy it was for the woman which was a sinner to press forward to Jesus in the house of Simon the leper.† But this is by the way. The formal rule of manners which requires the calling as well as the bidding is so strict, that even when the entertainment is next door and the persons well acquainted, I have not found it dispensed with.

In Eastern marriages the bridegroom brings the bride home to the crowning feast; and in India, the bridegroom continues to live with his father, and it is to his father's house that the bridegroom brings the bride. "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you; and when I come again I will receive you unto myself."‡ When Jesus comes again it will be to take home the bride; and every one remembers the touching words that represent the longing of the bride for that advent of our Lord: "The Spirit and the Bride say come;" the Spirit dwelling in the people of God, and kindling their affections until His coming to take them home, stirs in them a longing that they cannot repress, to depart and to be with Christ.§

A mission like that of the bridegroom is naturally one of pomp and joy. He sets out accompanied by friends, the friends of

* *Ephesians* v. 25—27. † Luke xiv. 15—24.

* Luke xix. 7, 11. † Luke vii. 37.
‡ John xiv. 2, 3. § Revelation xxii. 17.

the bridegroom,* among whom John the Baptist reckoned himself, or the "children of the bridechamber," † as Jesus calls His apostles. He "rejoiceth over the bride" whom he is to lead home, and Isaiah says, "So shall thy God rejoice over thee," over all the redeemed whom He leads to heaven.‡ Isaiah also reminds us that he decketh himself with ornaments, and Solomon that he is redolent with perfume; and apparently some allusion is made to this splendour and adornment when, in the nineteenth Psalm, the sun is compared to a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.

Meanwhile the bride has gone with great ceremony to the bath; to which there is a striking allusion in that passage already quoted from the Epistle to the Ephesians, where this washing with water and the consequent purity are referred to the Church, purely prepared for the Lord without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.§ Then she is clothed in raiment of needlework wrought with gold, by the virgins, her companions; her garments, like the bridegroom's, smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia; she adorneth herself with jewels, and binds them on her as a bride; and thus "prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband," she is ready to "go out of her closet," and the virgins her companions follow her, and join the brilliant escort that has already advanced with the bridegroom, and then together they sweep through the night with torches and lamps on to the wedding feast.‖

These processions are often of great splendour. In Canton we met two in one day. The first was headed by poles and banners carried by men, over whose common dress scarlet cloaks had been flung; some gilt chairs followed, sedan chairs with open sides, and in some of them the presents of the bride, and other men with scarlet cloaks, brought up the rear. The second was on a scale of great magnificence, quite blocking the street through which it passed and detaining us for nearly twenty minutes. Here there were bands of musicians playing on curious Eastern instruments; the men in scarlet cloaks as before, probably two hundred of them; then there were about fifty bearers of tablets, and bannermen, and a vast number of huge gilded chairs filled with sweetmeats and other presents; the bride in a wonderfully elaborate and gilded chair, that was closed in with wood all round so that she was invisible, ending the procession, in which I noticed that the men carried lanterns already lighted; for, although it was only afternoon, the party made a large détour to show themselves in the principal streets, always timing their arrival to be at night. Another day I saw the chairs and the scarlet-mantled men gathered in such abundance round the bride's house that they flowed into all the neighbouring streets, and the crowd was so great it needed two detachments of police to keep order. In this instance the bride was setting out, though it was not twelve o'clock; and the journey made is so long, and the rigour with which the veiled bride, in a dress stiff with gold and jewels, is kept shut in the wooden box is so great, that it has happened, when the so-called chair was opened at the bridegroom's door, the bride was dead.

In India the procession is also timed to arrive at night, and there are musicians, dancing girls, and fireworks; and families, no matter how parsimonious, will spend upon the show with a lavish hand, even up to ten and twenty thousand pounds. There the procession starts from the bride's house in the evening, but the bridegroom's share in it arrives at the house during the day. We sometimes saw three or four processions together; the bridegroom looking little more than a child, and riding; the bride in a palanquin; the presents borne on trays; and sometimes large and curious pasteboard figures were carried, as at a carnival.

Splendour and joy predominate: and splendour and joy are suggested by the great marriage day of the parable. The bride is clothed in her brilliant robes. "He hath clothed me with garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." * These festivals make up so much of the outward show of an Eastern city that the Apocalypse represents the height of desolation as reached when the bravery of such shows has passed from the silent streets, when "the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more in Babylon." † Through the streets of time there sweeps one continuous procession up to the "pearly gates of heaven." The car of faith catches songs of joy and melodies of the everlasting chime, and the music of harpers harping with their harps. It is a stately procession winding among races that have withered up and vanished, and then winding on through the races of to-day, winding down through the centuries with the voice of joy and praise,

* John iii. 29. † Matthew ix. 15.
‡ Isaiah lxii. 5. § Ephesians v. 26.
‖ Psalm xlv. 8, 14; Isaiah lxi. 10.

* Isaiah lxi. 10. † Revelation xviii. 23.

and the multitude of them that keep holiday. The centuries look long to us, and dark. The night of sin and the blacker night of persecution are on the earth, and the way is long and dreary. But He who looks from heaven sees only the vast procession of the bridal passing up with its holy psalms and hymns of faith, and not halting until with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, the ransomed of the Lord have all returned to Him.

While some have accompanied the bridegroom to swell the train of his bride, if we return to the bridegroom's house we shall find that others are going forth to meet the bridal party on their return. They wait till evening, and then they pass out with their lamps and torches. The "ten virgins took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom."* There were then two parties waiting for the home-coming of the bride; those who had remained in the bridegroom's house, and those who had gone out some distance to meet the procession. They were both men and women. The men are mentioned in Luke. "Let your loins be girded and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding."† The women are the virgins in Matthew; and readiness is characteristic of both. Their lamps were to be ready for kindling or lighting the moment the procession appeared; they were to swell the brilliance.

The love of brilliant light seems thoroughly Oriental; it belongs to the East of brilliant sunshine, brilliant moonlight, and brilliant flowers. We have often been at entertainments where the amount of honour to the guest seemed proportionate to the oppressive display of oil and gas, and in rajahs' palaces, where from a hundred to three hundred lights were reflected from mirrors in a room of no large size. The day we left Calcutta, the streets of a whole quarter were illuminated from gas candelabra placed closely together; we drove through several of these streets, and saw others branching off, so that probably they would reach in a line for two or three miles. It was in honour of a native wedding, and the expense was all borne by the family; and as we drew near the street where the bridegroom lived, the houses were illuminated as if for a royal entry, and the dwelling itself, which faced a large open court, was a mass of light, while out of the brilliance, besides the native inscriptions, there shone in gas and in English, "Blest be the happy pair."

The lights of the parable were much simpler. In an Arab house a lamp frequently burns all night, so that the absence of light would mean that the house was uninhabited. Job and Jeremiah, the book of Proverbs, and the book of Revelation speak of the absence of this light as a mark of desolation. "The candle of the wicked shall be put out;" and one mark of the desolation of Babylon is that "the light of a candle shall shine no more in her."‡ On the other hand the picture of God's favour is when "His candle shined upon my head;" the promise to David is that "he would have a lamp alway before Me;" and it fills up the portrait of the wise woman, that her candle went not out.† This was probably the little hand-lamp made of earthenware like Gideon's pitcher. But unless on a still night (and nights in the East are more often still than ours) the light from it would scarcely suit in an open-air procession. The torch which is common in India and China would answer better. A knob of clay is fixed on the end of a wooden stick wrapped round about with rags, and when this is saturated in oil the light burns for a long time, while the man who holds it carries a bottle of oil, from which he feeds the dying flame. Our bearers constantly used these lights, and the trimming was simply the pouring of fresh oil and a slight rebinding of the linen; while the difficulty of procuring oil when it was late sometimes compelled us to dispense with light altogether.

Mr. Ward speaks of a procession that he saw near Serampore, when the bridegroom came by water; and near midnight it was announced, almost in the words of the parable, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." "All the persons employed now lighted their lamps and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lights, but it was too late to seek them, and they all moved on to the area in front of the house, and here the bridegroom first sat in the midst of the company, then went into the house, the door of which was immediately closed and guarded by Sepoys; and I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers in vain." MacCheyne describes the bridegroom walking, attended by numerous friends; "the torch-bearers went first, and fed their torches with wood. At the entrance of the

* Matthew xxv. 1. † Luke xii. 35, 36.

‡ Revelation xviii. 23.
† Job xxix. 3; 1 Kings xi. 36; Proverbs xxxi. 18.

street where the bride resided we heard the sound of many female voices, and observed a company of veiled bridesmaids waiting in the balcony to give notice of the coming of the bridegroom. When the bridegroom entered the door was shut, and we were left standing in the street without, in the outer darkness." Neither of these instances reproduces exactly the circumstances that are woven into the parable, but they show details that in their resemblance are almost startling.

The procession having reached the waiting virgins, these join the rest, and the gay crowd moves on, and in India and in Egypt they sing nuptial songs as they enter the house, when the shutting of the door effectually prevents any after-entrance of those who are not ready.

And now that the doors are shut, there is one further scene. The King entered and found the man who had not on a wedding garment. The punctiliousness of dress strikes a stranger in the East. There is a rigour about befitting costume that we with our freer ways and preference for simplicity can scarcely understand. The want of a suitable dress may therefore mean a gross insult; and in a country where these forms are universal, the man who ignores them is without excuse. The vast number of dresses at the disposal of the King are also intelligible in the light. Men's wealth and state are measured by the lavishness of their wardrobe. There are native princes in India whose stores of dresses are incredible; and in China there are vast and lofty houses that tower over all the other buildings, where only dresses are kept; and I remember once when meeting a number of gentlemen in Canton, they put on, as a mark of respect, such splendid clothes that I did not at first recognise them, and many of the suits were borrowed from one of these buildings, where there is an indefinite supply.

The man was thrust out. He had chosen to enter in his own way. And the lesson we are taught is not that such a man could enter heaven, to which there is no way but one, the way of Christ; but that if a man could be supposed to enter without the righteousness of Christ, he could not stay there. His fellow-guests may suspect that he is not a spiritual man, but it is only God who knows; and that man has no place at the supper of the Lamb.

LOCAL MUSEUMS.

What they are, and what they might be.

DURING the past five or six years we have had occasion to visit a good many of the smaller towns in various parts of the country, more particularly in Scotland, and being specially interested in all things antiquarian and geological, the local museum, where such existed, was ever the object of our first concern, and alas! in far too many instances, of our greatest disappointment. Situated in some narrow, unfrequented street, down some yard or alley, or up some rickety back stair, its position is frequently difficult of access, especially to strangers, and often quite unknown to many of the inhabitants who have spent all their days in the town. When found at last, by dint of patient inquiry, the state of matters is not much improved; an old woman keeps the key, and she is probably a street-length off, engaged in gossip or shopping, and an urchin must be paid to go in search of her. The old lady found, the key obtained, and the difficulty of a rusty old creaking lock surmounted, we are face to face with the objects of our search. Not quite so fast though, as the event will show. The guardian of the temple hurriedly departs, returning with a dusting cloth, with which she proceeds to transfer into the atmosphere of the room a half-inch deposit of dust, which, like an unbroken seal, gives proof and warranty that no hand of thief or student has touched these treasure cases for some weeks at least. The monochrome of Isabella colour disappears before the rough and hurried dusting of the ancient dame, but while the natural colours of the objects in the room begin to make their appearance, a ray of sunlight reveals to us a miniature sirocco, and a glance at our good black coat is not calculated to put us in the best of humours. No sooner is the dust nuisance evident to our eyes and throat than we are subjected to another infliction, this time on our ears, and from the old woman's tongue we have now to endure the stereotyped guide-book yarn regarding all the notables in the museum. Commencing like the walk-up-ladies-and-gentlemen showman, she starts by sounding a war-gong from the Eatmealivo Islands, and then delivers

a series of learned disquisitions on a Zulu assegai, a piece of King Charles's oak, a chicken with two heads, a model of Kilsomething Castle, an Eskemo kayak, a Japanese umbrella, the *quart* (!) bowl in which "Willie brewed a *peck* o' maut," and a variety of subjects too tedious to mention. So she proceeds at full steam, till all at once she remembers that she has forgot to put the potatoes on to boil. Thank goodness! we have now a chance of having a look at what we do want to see—the relics of bygone ages—of which there is no lack either, for a superficial glance at the dusted cases reveals a number of bone ornaments, flint arrow-heads, stone battle-axes, fossils, &c., filling all the central cases, with many others stuffed away in the corners of the room. On a closer inspection, however, we find that no proper order or arrangement has been followed, everything being jumbled up without the least propriety or consideration—a "petrified whelk" being side by side with a pair of Chinese ladies' boots and a shark's teeth necklace from the Sandwich Islands. Some excellent specimens of quartz, calcite, and selenite are grouped together as "crystal spar," and only in the cases of common shells and plants and in those containing some stuffed birds and animals are the titles either scientific or correct. Fossils are indiscriminately "petrified shells," or plants or fishes, as the case may be; flint arrow-heads are labelled "fairy darts," and the whole place savours of a medieval taint, ignorance, and superstition, combined with a pseudo-scientific aspect, like the nondescript character of an alchemist's laboratory. We have here a good collection which, if well arranged and rightly used, might do a vast amount of good, but in its present condition it is sad to contemplate, and with a sigh we murmur to ourselves the poet's words:—

> "Oh, for the wizard hand of patient skill
> To bring forth beauteous order from this pile
> Of rich but wild confusion!"

Our cicerone now returns and introduces to our notice a Visitors' Book, wherein we observe that the last entry has been made just three months previous; and on inquiry we are informed that there have been no visitors in the interval, and the total for the bygone year we find without much difficulty, for the number does not exceed thirty. We now inquire the charge for visitor's admission, and receive for answer that common but mean subterfuge of extortioners, "Your pleasure, sir." In this nameless little town where every stranger and visitor is marked, we cannot afford to give less than a shilling, although the museum in its present state is scarcely worth paying a penny to see.

The picture we have drawn, although its shadows may be just a little intensified, is by far too common and too true; and even more numerous are those instances in which the description corresponds not perhaps in every detail, but in some, or possibly most of its prominent features. Such, then, being the present aspect of many of the museums in our smaller towns, and the inhabitants appearing perfectly satisfied that such institutions exist without taking the least trouble, or exhibiting the least desire, to make them serve some really useful end, we are confronted by the question, "Should it be so in Britain?" Nay, my friends. But the physician who probes a wound should always have a remedy at hand, and so in exposing the defects and blemishes of local museums, we have not forgotten this medical memo, for we shall now briefly indicate the means to be adopted for placing these institutions in a sound and flourishing condition.

At the 1880 meeting of the British Association, Dr. Günther thus summed up the objects of museums in general:—

1st. To afford rational amusement to the mass of the people.

2nd. To assist in the *elementary* study of the various sciences.

3rd. To supply the specialist with as much material as possible for original research.

And in the case of local museums we may add a—

4th. To illustrate local industries and the scientific features of the district.

In starting a local museum we consider the best plan is to form a Scientific Society, whose first concern should be to get a suitable room, well lighted and a good deal larger than there seems to be any actual necessity for, the importance of this step becoming evident anon. The next point should be to obtain as many objects as possible for a start, and from the commencement every member should be required to do his best in collecting objects whenever he has an opportunity. It is advisable to have as President some one well up in science, and there are few places indeed, of some thousands inhabitants, where such a person is not to be found. However, in default of such a head, we may assume that most of the members have an elementary knowledge of some (one or more) of the sciences, by means of which, and by the aid of a few standard text-books (which if not obtainable in a local library should be pro-

cured with the first subscriptions of the society) most of the common objects may be named and classified without much difficulty, and to the manifest advantage of the members thus engaged.

It is an excellent plan to meet together for an hour or two on certain evenings of the week, and to apportion to each member a certain division of the work for naming and arrangement. A most important thing to be noted here is that every object should be neatly and correctly labelled, with a clear explanatory notice of name, locality, &c., for the value of a museum arranged on such a system is enormously enhanced thereby. Having obtained a few central glass cases and a few tables or shelves around the walls of the room, and having got the objects duly ticketed and provisionally arranged, the public may be invited to view the newly formed collection.

Thus far we have proceeded on the assumption that the town in question possesses no museum, but as there are so many places where an excellent collection already exists, although in a state of chaos or neglect, we must now discuss the best means for putting things right in such a case. Those desirous of reform should meet together and depute some of their number to confer with the present managers, or rather mismanagers, with the view to forming a Scientific Society or Club, which should have the control of the museum, and of which the present managers will probably have to be allowed free membership.

In most cases, where these custodians possess a spark of public spirit, they will readily assent, and a Society may be immediately formed and the museum put in proper order. Here, however, with considerable accumulation of material, there may be a good deal that is rare and not so easily named or classified, but any scientific man in the neighbourhood or a professor in the nearest university, if approached in a proper spirit, would at once lend any assistance in the naming of such rare specimens.

Having at last got things arranged and ready for the public view, the great consideration is, how are the people to be attracted thither, and induced to come not only once but often? The problem is not very difficult to solve, although in many cases failure has been experienced. In the first place the admission fee must be low, and we would recommend a fixed charge of 1d. to be dropped into a box at the door of the room, the charge being distinctly marked upon the box as also on a sign above the outside door, in a straightforward but inoffensive fashion, with none of "Your pleasure, sir." But even this cheap admission will not be sufficient to attract people frequently, they must have more for their penny, and here we come to the most important feature of our improved museum. People as a rule (exclusive of Macaulay's merest schoolboy class of omniscient mortals) do not know very much about fossils or antiquarian relics, but in every town or neighbourhood there are always individuals who are acquainted with the old-world history of the place, its botany, geology or natural history, or all about the industries of the neighbourhood and the science involved in them. The minister, for example, knows all about the sculptured stones and the old castles, so he must be got if possible to give a simple lecture on prehistoric times, taking as his text a stone axe or an old bone or bronze ornament, explaining the nature and uses of these and cognate objects in the museum. The doctor, again, is up in the botany of the district, so he must be enlisted for an evening to tell the names and the nature of the common wild flowers, and so on with the dominie who knows the geology, and the several worthies who can discourse upon the shells, birds, beetles, butterflies, &c., of the surrounding district, the lecture in every case being illustrated by the specimens in the museum. Occasionally, it will be wise to have a stranger, but as far as possible expense should be avoided, and those in the district who are qualified and willing should always be the mainstay of the system. These lectures should be arranged for once a week throughout the winter months, and they should be preferably not exactly set discourses, but rather familiar explanatory talks with the people, who should be permitted and encouraged to put any pertinent questions to the lecturer at the close, and all such lectures should be delivered in the museum room, which ought to be large enough for this purpose; admission to lecture and museum being included in the 1d.

By means of these lectures, the objects in the cases will be shown to have each a story of their own, and the people in their everyday employments will learn to recognise in the wayside weeds and the seaside shells, much more that deserves attention than may be apparent from a mere inspection of them inside the cases, even though duly named and classified. The scheme we have proposed is neither new nor Utopian, for we have pleasant recollections of a small museum in the famous old Border Burgh which lately

had a well-deserved word of commendation bestowed upon it by the Premier, where for several years such a series of lectures has been given on Saturday evenings with great success. It is needless to enumerate the subjects which might thus be treated of, for every object in the museum may be used as a text or illustration for an endless variety of such "talks with the people," and in the course of a few evenings these lectures, if well managed, will be found to be highly appreciated and largely attended.

Thus far we have advocated the local character of the museum, the feature which of course should have greatest prominence as best accomplishing the first-mentioned object of museums.

But we must now touch upon object No. 2. To afford assistance to the elementary student of science, the museum must possess a typical set of specimens illustrating the various departments of science, and as this is seldom to be had in one locality, such specimens as may be wanting must be obtained by purchase or exchange, and preferably the latter. In most museums there are duplicates of many objects common in the district, and if lists of these were drawn up and published, or sent from one museum to another, an exchange might be effected, to the enrichment of each institution and the saving of a good deal of money in purchasing the necessary specimens. These typical series should be properly arranged in separate cases, and local series should in like manner be kept distinct, while the same plan should be adopted with those special collections which not unfrequently exist, the gift perhaps of some distinguished townsman who has lived abroad and sent home some of his gatherings in foreign lands.

These spoils from far countries and the local specimens which may be characteristic of a special district or formation, afford the material for object No. 3, the specialist's investigations; and in these two classes the member of the scientific society who has mastered the typical specimens and the subject in general will find abundant scope for the exercise of such talent as he may possess for original research.

We have already touched upon the subject of books for reference, and here we would advise the formation of a good general library in connection with the museum, if there be not one already in the town, and the society should likewise endeavour to obtain one or two good microscopes for use in the museum. As opaque objects for the microscope are extremely easy to mount and more popularly interesting than scientific preparations, while there is everywhere abundance of suitable material, a selection should be mounted, and the microscopes be made to yield some revenue by the exhibition of these objects before or after the weekly lecture at 1d. a peep for some few minutes. In this connection we may say one word in favour of astronomy, or rather star geography, and suggest the addition of a telescope to the society's instruments, for it is quite remarkable how few people are acquainted with any but the Pole star, the Plough, and perhaps Orion or the Pleiades. By affording penny peeps at the moon, the planets, and the stars, the public interest in the orbs of heaven might be pleasantly and profitably increased, and the present lamentable ignorance on the subject considerably dispelled.

But we have been digressing somewhat and must return to the equipment of the museum proper, and the only point which remains to be touched upon is one included in class 4, the illustration of local industries. In the Edinburgh Industrial Museum, and that in the West End Park, Glasgow, there are some admirable illustrations of various industries. A penmaker exhibits all the stages in the manufacture of his useful goods; so do the makers of needles, pins, candles, matches, rifles, &c.; while accurate models of factories, mines, and other works afford valuable information and instruction in cases where the buildings, appliances, and machinery are of more interest than the articles produced. The same thing might be done in local museums, and where the museum is properly conducted, and well patronised by the public, local manufacturers will seldom be found unwilling to supply such series of exhibits, which then become an excellent advertisement of their goods; but where the museum door is opened only two or three times a year, of course it cannot be expected that they will present their models or patterns to be thus effectually hidden from the light of day and the public view.

We have purposely confined our remarks to things scientific, for an art gallery is beyond the means of any small community: yet a corner of the local museum may not unprofitably be reserved for art exhibits, and the time is not far off, we hope, when our Government will see the advisability of lending out small typical collections from our national treasure-house of art, South Kensington Museum.

In conclusion we must add one or two suggestions for still further extending the usefulness of such local scientific societies. With the grown-up generation we may have a lively interest in science awakened by means of such a well-ordered museum as we have sketched, but their interest will be to a considerable extent passive, and we must turn to the coming big folks, the present little ones, for our active scientific workers, and it is only of late years that these small but important people have had their true importance recognised as it ought to be. The scientific society should therefore seek to enlist the young folks in the cause of science, and the best way to accomplish such an object is to hold an annual exhibition (admission 1d.) of collections of flowers, shells, seaweed, insects, &c., in fact, everything of the sort except birds' eggs, all being of course local and of the children's own collection. Prizes should be awarded for the best collections, and here as in every other competition among children, the prizes should be numerous rather than few and valuable, that the many may be rather encouraged than disappointed. In these collections there will often be found some specimen which may be wanting in the museum; for these the society should offer a small sum if the exhibitors are willing to part with them, and on the labels attached to them the name of the finder should be added to the name and locality of the object. In fact, in every case it is well to add the name of the donor or finder, for the children will point with delight to the specimens *they* found, which are worthy of a place there. And even grown-up donors will be gratified and encouraged to further giving by such an inexpensive yet appropriate recognition of their gifts.

Of course the true benefits of such exhibitions are something more than a mere knowledge of the objects at sight, and here we see the importance and value of having in our schools teachers who are zealous in the cause of science, and qualified to explain to the children the nature of the various specimens they may collect for the annual exhibition. In several public schools in Aberdeenshire, we know of much good having been accomplished by the teachers encouraging the children to collect objects for a small school museum, which was housed in a spare cupboard in the school. These specimens have formed illustrations for many an interesting object-lesson alike to the infant classes and to the keener intellects of the sixth standard, and in country schools where there is no museum near, and where one could scarcely be got up, these school collections should be encouraged both by teachers and parents, and we feel confident that in a short time the only feeling will be one of regret at not having earlier commenced so interesting and instructive a system of co-operative education.

The somewhat comprehensive scheme we have here proposed for the furtherance of scientific education is no mere visionary one of unattainables. In one town or other throughout the country the greater portion of it has been successfully adopted, one part here, another part there, but there appears to be no reason why the whole of it should not be tried at once with quite as much success. The cause is worthy of an abler pen than ours, and we shall rejoice if these suggestions lead to even one earnest effort to reform some long-neglected treasure-house of science, for with zeal and judgment such endeavour can but issue in success, and success means the enriching of the people intellectually and morally, ay, and much more than that, even leading them "up through nature unto nature's God."

JOHN GRAY.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," "For Lack of Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XLIX.—A BARGAIN.

He hoped that she was also conscious of that fact—conscious of all the sorrow which any serious misunderstanding between them would entail upon Ellie. But as he watched the changing expression of her face, he feared that one of the obstinate moods was coming upon her, and in that case reason would have little sway over her. Yet, shrewd man as he was, he could not fully realise all the considerations which were passing through the woman's mind.

She broke the silence with one short word uttered coldly:

"Well?"

"Well," he rejoined in his quietest way, "I want you to try and help me to avoid the misunderstanding."

"If you will be kind enough to explain what you mean, of course I shall do my best to help you."

This was spoken with that degree of politeness which he knew to be a signal of defiance.

"The explanation will be easy, the difficulty will be to enable you to see the consequences of your own conduct."

"When you have told me what is in your mind, Richard, perhaps I shall understand it."

There was a ring of anger in that and it pleased him, because the voice and manner were natural.

"Then this is it—your conduct in regard to Ellie is doing her much harm and does not reflect credit upon you or upon me."

At that Mrs. Musgrave pulled up again, and sitting bolt upright in her chair she asked sharply:

"Do you mean to question the propriety of my conduct? No one can say that there has ever been anything in it derogatory to your dignity or my own."

"I am afraid that any one who understood as well as I do how you have been courting Mr. Fenwick for your daughter would think that you had sacrificed not only dignity, but self-respect."

"I cannot listen to such an accusation as this," she exclaimed, rising and moving towards the door.

He did not stir from his position, but he said firmly:

"You promised to help me to avoid misunderstanding. I hope you mean it, and if you do, you will sit down again and let us talk this matter over quietly."

"How is it possible for me to talk quietly when you insult me in this way?" she said, turning, but unable to yield so far as to resume her seat.

"Our position is too grave to admit the frivolity of insult," he replied, and his sense of humour rendered him conscious that he had uttered one of those stilted phrases in which Mrs. Musgrave delighted. "There ought not to be any insult in telling you that I do not like the way in which you are acting towards Ellie—and towards me, although that is a minor consideration."

"This is too ridiculous!"

She always fell back on this cry whenever she was unable to answer him. She made a second movement towards the door, and was again restrained by his voice.

"You must listen to me, Euphemia, and with all the earnestness of which you are capable. If you again show that you wish to leave the room before we are done, I shall not ask you to remain. But, bear in mind, that if you do so, my daughter and I will leave the house—and you."

This was not uttered as threats usually are: the tone was one of sadness, not passion. She felt that the chord of attachment was strained to the limit of its bearing power, and that it would snap if a fraction more of weight were put upon it. She knew that, once resolved, nothing could charm him back to the old easy-going ways of their domestic life in which she had certainly been allowed to have very much of her own way, if not all of it. But the mere fact that she had so long held autocratic sway made surrender the more difficult.

And then she had visions of the terrible scandal there would be about her temper if he should really carry out his threat and leave her, taking their daughter with him. She was again dismayed, although not yet submissive.

"Do you not think it is somewhat late to begin your lessons on the law of domestic duty?" she asked bitterly, as she sat down, arranging her skirt so that the folds might lie gracefully around her.

"The lesson has only now become necessary—and that is a compliment to us both, as you will see when you come to think over it."

"I cannot pretend to be in a humour for compliments."

"Do not be afraid that I shall offend you with too many of them. There cannot be any compliment in telling you that you have caused me as much surprise as vexation by your endeavours to force Ellie upon Fenwick. My notion is that no man can value a girl who is as it were flung to him."

"Force her upon him!—fling her to him!" cried the mother indignantly, and yet sufficiently conscious of the truth of the reproach to feel the sting deeply. "The man is madly in love with her."

"I think there is only one person with whom he is madly in love—that is himself. We have nothing to do with that, however: what concerns me is that you induced him to follow you to Cannes, and now by the unlucky coincidence of your return it will appear as if you followed him home."

"We obeyed your own summons, Richard: you cannot blame us for that." (She was proud of being able to score one point in this disagreeable conversation).

"Just so: but would you have obeyed as promptly as you have done if he had not started before the arrival of my letter?"

She would have given a great deal to have been able to answer truthfully that she would certainly have returned the moment she received his emphatic command to do so. But as she was unable to do that, the rebellious spirit, which resents more than anything else being compelled to feel that it is in the wrong, rose again and she would have made another effort to escape from this ordeal. The consequences of such a course, however, were too deeply impressed upon her, and she retained her seat, taking refuge in a reproachful and dignified question.

"Can you doubt it?"

"No," he replied emphatically, and he left her to guess what it was he did not doubt. "But let that pass. The important matter is this: Ellie is yielding to you because she does not want to vex you, although the pursuit of the man is most repugnant and distressing to her. What she does not see, poor child, I do; and I believe that you will be as much vexed as myself when you see it too."

"What is it?"

"Can you not see?—Ellie by obeying you and not sending Fenwick about his business at once is supposed to be manœuvring with you to catch—I believe that is the word used—to catch the new M.P. who happens to be the heir of Cluden Peel."

"Who would dare to imagine such a thing in association with my daughter?"

"Folk will not only imagine it, but believe it and say it if you do not alter your course."

"How can I help Mr. Fenwick being devoted to my daughter? I am proud of it and proud to think that she is in every respect worthy of it."

"That is very right and proper; but at the same time there is no need for your getting the reputation of being match-hunters. Why, even Miss Dinwuddie cannot help jesting at it."

Mrs. Musgrave's face became crimson, but she spoke with lofty scorn.

"You will oblige me by not referring to Miss Dinwuddie. I have been much deceived in my estimate of her character."

"Why, I thought she was almost perfection, according to your last letter."

"I was labouring under a mistake then; now I am glad that she is going home by the afternoon train."

"Oh! . . . I dare say you have good reasons for this sudden change of opinion; but I shall not inquire into them. Should there be any unpleasantness between you, however, I have no doubt that will add spice to the pleasure with which she will describe your little plans to thrust your daughter upon Fenwick."

At that the pride of the mother rose above her discretion.

"My daughter does not require to be thrust upon any one. She has already refused Mr. Fenwick twice!"

"Ah . . . and still he seeks her. Poor bairn, how she must have been worried. I think you should refuse him too, Euphemia."

"Me refuse him?—the man has not proposed to me!"

Had the Fiscal been in his ordinary state he would have closed the interview with a sly expression of his regret that Fenwick could not do so. As it was, he proceeded seriously:

"No, he has not proposed to you, but he is only following Ellie because you encourage him and even urge him to do so."

"I have done nothing more to encourage him than if they had both been only friends who trusted me with their confidence."

"Yes, but you know what mischief meddlesome friends always work in these matters—and meddlesome mothers work more evil than the best of friends."

Mrs. Musgrave would have known how to reply if he had been scolding her, but as he was talking to her in a calm, confidential manner, charging her with no greater offence than excess of zeal, she could not maintain herself in a sarcastic state, or even in a rage, and so was at a loss how to reply. But her dislike for Armour increased the more conscious she became of the weakness of her position and of the unpleasant interpretations which might be placed upon her conduct by outsiders. She took refuge again in a question.

"What is it you want me to do?" she asked helplessly.

"Nothing."

She looked at him as if he had suddenly set aside his gravity and propounded a conundrum.

"I cannot make out what you mean."

"It is simple enough: leave Fenwick to his own devices—don't persuade him that Ellie will change her mind—don't have him for ever dawdling about here—and don't worry our bairn with your blethers about his great position in society and his general fit-

ness to be her guidman. In brief, leave them alone."

Here the poor mother began to detect a strategical movement to thwart her long-cherished plans for her daughter's future, and she called all her cunning to her aid.

"And what will happen then?" she inquired with a forced smile.

"What would have happened long ago if you had not interfered—Fenwick will accept his dismissal and Ellie will regain her health."

"You do not wish me to forbid him the house?"

She fancied that she was leading up cleverly to a climax which would reveal to her husband that he was himself as much at fault in regard to Armour as she was—perhaps—in regard to Fenwick.

"Certainly not," was his answer.

"You do not wish me to tell him that he is not to dine here to-morrow?"

"By all means let him come if you have asked him: but you must remember it is on condition that there shall be no more games at matchmaking."

Then came the grand climax which she had so cunningly prepared.

She was really proud of the cleverness with which she had managed it. Smiling superciliously, Mrs. Musgrave with an air of triumph observed:

"And you, Richard—whilst compelling me to give my friend the cold shoulder—you will give Mr. Armour every opportunity to make sure of our daughter. Is that fair?"

"It would not be fair if I did it. But I have no intention of doing it. The neutrality which I ask you to observe, I shall observe. But now that we have settled about Fenwick there are some things in relation to Armour, which I must explain. When he, finding himself in difficulties, said that he was ready to give up all claim to Ellie, I thought it was a very sensible and honest action on his part."

The Fiscal paused and for the first time moved from his position on the hearth-rug. He went straight to his desk and rested his hand upon it as if about to open the secret drawer.

"Decidedly, a most honourable action," said the wife, smiling, with feelings of self-gratification that she had been the inspirer of the action so praised and of chagrin that it should have obtained so much favour for the man she disliked.

"Yes, a most honourable action," repeated the Fiscal mechanically, whilst his hand still rested on the desk and his chin dropped nearer to his breast; "a most honourable action. That is not what I was going to explain. . . . . I was going to tell you something which may startle you. I have always liked this Armour; and some time ago I found out that he was the son of a person for whom in early days I had a great liking."

There he lifted his head and fixed his eyes on his chief monitor, whilst Mrs. Musgrave's face grew dark. He continued:

"I am not going to tell you any romantic story of my life before I knew you. There is nothing at all in it that is not quite commonplace. . . . The girl married Armour's father. She was unhappy and died. . . . I am glad to be able to help her son. . . . That is all; and now you understand the reasons for the friendliness with which I regard Armour, you will, if you have any respect for me, endeavour to overcome your prejudice. . . . I hope you are not much vexed."

She was neither startled nor shocked, but she was not pleased: however resolutely we may shut our eyes to the old loves of those to whom we are united, there is always a certain degree of bitterness in being reminded that they have existed.

"I do not think that the explanation you have given of your motives for helping him are of a nature to make *me* think the more kindly of him," she said at length coldly.

"Perhaps I should not have told you," he rejoined, his eyes still fixed upon the white judge above the book-case; "for there is another motive and the reason of it will touch you keenly. If I do not act as a true friend to Armour I shall be a dishonoured man and you and Ellie will share in my disgrace."

At that Mrs. Musgrave sprang to her feet with a cry of dismay. It was not his words but his manner which alarmed her.

"Richard!—what are these dreadful things you are saying? You a dishonoured man!—we disgraced! . . . . Oh, you are not well."

He turned towards her a face white almost as the bust on which he had been gazing.

"It is true—I am not well. I need rest and change. A few weeks hence I shall cease to be the Fiscal and then you shall have your fill of travelling, if you like. Meanwhile, make your mind easy: I am not dishonoured and you are not disgraced. There is only one person who can bear witness against me, and he will be silent until you compel him to speak."

"You confuse me—what does it mean—who is that person?"

"Myself," he said with gentle gravity, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. "Will you force me to speak?'

"How can I do that if you wish to be silent?"

"I have no wish to be silent. I am compelled to be so by the will and for the sake of others. You only can open my lips if you persist in your interference between Ellie and her lover.'

"You are trying to frighten me," she said, drawing back and her sympathy disappearing.

"Well, perhaps it is so. I did not mean to say so much as I have done. Try to forget it all except this: I am bound by a promise to the dead to be Armour's friend in good or ill fortune, and you must not interfere between him and Ellie. Leave them to settle the affair for themselves. I will not say a word to one of them until they ask for it. Will you promise the same?"

"Of course it is easy enough to promise to do the same, but Mr. Fenwick comes to me and asks for advice."

"Then advise him to go to Ellie and to take her answers as final. That is what I mean to do with the other. Is it a bargain?"

"I will do as you wish—but you must explain to me all these strange things you have been saying."

"Some day—perhaps. Some day it must be known," he said as his fingers touched the secret drawer, evidently moved by the desire to take out the statement of the incidents at Campbell's farm and to read it to her.

But he left the drawer unopened and went back to the hearth-rug, resuming much of his ordinary manner as he did so.

Mrs. Musgrave had risen. She was pale, perplexed, and altogether confused as to what ought to be her proper action in the singular position in which she was placed. Here was her daughter whose absurd fancy was to be allowed to have its own way, and shut her out from what would have been a most desirable alliance; and here was her husband, whose honour had been held beyond reproach, telling her that he was metaphysically at the mercy of the man she now thoroughly detested. She had suffered more unhappiness during the last year and a half than she had done in the whole course of her life, and it was all due to this man Armour. Yet she was expected not only to be kind to him, but to accept him as her son-in-law if her daughter pleased.

"I'll try to do what you want, Richard," she said in a dazed way; "but you have frightened me. Will you let me go now?"

He took her hand and led her kindly to the door.

CHAPTER L.—A RESOLUTION.

THE shock to Mrs. Musgrave was much greater than she had shown to her husband—much greater than she was willing to admit even to herself. The idea that her husband and, through him, his family, should be under obligations to a person like Armour was more than she could bear.

Up till now she had not had any special dislike to the man, although she had never cared for him. She had received him with courteous civility when he came to Torthorl, and she had endured him whenever he had been thrust upon her elsewhere. But she had never lost sight of the fact that he belonged to a lower grade of creation than her daughter, and that he was no fitting match for her.

But she positively and unreasonably hated him now, when she learned that in spite of his bankrupt position he was the master of their respectability. It was of no consequence to her how that mastership came about. She had been told that she was not to inquire and she was obedient—because she did not want to hear the disagreeable "somethings" which the Fiscal thought had best be kept from her.

She went straight to her room. She would not go down to lunch, excusing herself on the ground of excessive fatigue. Miss Dinwuddie would pardon her. Miss Dinwuddie was quite willing to do so, and sent a thousand thousand good wishes and hopes that she would be quite well again after a night's rest. At the same time she regretted very much the necessity which compelled her to depart without seeing one who had been so kind and good to her. However, she would be back soon, and then she would be able to express her gratitude in person. She was, in fact, her debtor for life for the pleasures which she had provided, and for the happiness with which the memory of these pleasures would store her future life, &c., &c.

But although Miss Dinwuddie could afford to treat these symptoms of ill health with formal courtesies, Ellie could not. She was anxious to see her mother and was glad when Miss Dinwuddie's departure permitted her to do so.

Mrs. Musgrave was really ill this time, and she had gone to bed. After a long journey the digestion is apt to be weak, and at this moment the poor lady felt as if the whole world looked on her with frowning face. Her husband had spoken with a sternness which he had never shown before: she knew that Ellie was not pleased with her, and, worst of all, there was the galling revelation to her own conscience, roused by the Fiscal's sharp words, that she had been deficient in self-respect in her eagerness to secure what she considered the best possible settlement for her daughter. She could only take refuge in that haven of discontented minds—the thought that she had been greatly misunderstood.

And she had been misunderstood, poor lady, although the fault was entirely her own. She had escaped the snares of passion: marriage had been to her little more than an "arrangement" made between two people for their mutual advantage. To be sure there had been a time when a certain halo of romance had glorified the idea of binding herself to another person for life; but that period had long passed before she became Mrs. Musgrave. She had accepted the suitor who had been approved by her father, and until now she had never had any serious reason to repent.

But Armour, the bankrupt paper-maker, as she mentally dubbed him, had altered everything—altered her husband, altered her daughter, and she could not forgive him.

"Are you better now, mamma?" asked Ellie, bending over the bed and arranging the pillow.

The mother hid her face and sobbed.

"I did not mean to be unkind, Ellie. . . . I was doing what I thought was best for you."

"I am sure of that, mamma," was the gentle answer.

"But your father says I have been cruel and that my conduct has been quite disgraceful."

"No, no—he could not say that."

"But he did say it, and it is dreadful. I shall never get over it. Such a thing to be said of me! I always thought that I had been most careful to preserve our dignity!"

"Yes, mamma, but you know people have different notions as to what is dignity."

"Very well, I make no further protest. Marry anybody you please and take the consequences. Only don't blame me afterwards. I will have nothing more to do with it. My heart is broken and I want to rest just now."

Ellie carefully drew the coverlet up to her chin; and then, as she turned away:

"I will try to prevent any noise, mamma," she said with a suppressed sigh as she sat down by the bedside.

Mrs. Musgrave, wearied by travel and excitement, soon went to sleep; and as Ellie watched her, there came the great question which so seldom stares one directly in the face—was she to torture her mother because she wished to please the man whose only claim upon her was her own endowment?

She rose and went to a little writing-table. Paper, pen and ink were ready. Would she write? . . . . Yes, and this was what she wrote:

"*Forgive me, if you can—you will do so if you think with me and if you love me. My mother suffers so much on account of my promise to you, that I am compelled to withdraw it.*

"*I have in some little degree a relief in saying this, as you have yourself declared that you had no wish to insist upon our engagement.*

"*Whatever you do, and whatever becomes of me, I shall always be interested in knowing that you are happy and successful.*

"ELLIE."

Then with much hesitation she folded up the paper, and, finding that her mother still slept, she crept out of the room and gave it to a servant to carry to Thorniehowe.

By that time it was growing dark.

CHAPTER LI.—A GENERAL SURPRISE.

FENWICK had carried out his resolution as announced to Miss Dinwuddie in the billiard-room at Cannes: he had seen Ellie, and he had seen Mrs. Musgrave.

To Ellie he said,

"I have asked for this interview, Miss Musgrave, in order that I may obtain from you a final answer to my question—do you think it worth your while to take me? You have had time enough to consider, goodness knows. I don't want to bother you, but I believe that we could get on together very well, and I know that you would make me very happy. I understand that you are quite at liberty to decide for yourself; and so, you see, I am not going to beat about the bush. I ask you once for all, is there any hope that you will change your mind regarding me?"

There was a great deal of petulance and no degree of dignity in the manner in which he expressed this blunt question. But Ellie pardoned the manner on account of the opportunity it afforded her to dispose of his unappreciated attentions. Indeed, she had

never liked Mr. Fenwick so much as she did at that moment. He had spoken frankly, if somewhat discourteously.

"Do you remember our interview at Torthorl?" she asked.

"Yes, and your reply."

"Then I have to give you the same reply now. I am sorry, Mr. Fenwick—very sorry that you force me to repeat this answer. You can have no idea how much you distress me, or I am sure you would not do it."

He drew breath, fumbled with his hat, and walked to the window sulkily. He looked out at the window, and saw nothing. The rich sloping gardens, the pretty villas, the clear blue sky were invisible to his irritated senses. He was obliged to own that for once he had miscalculated his own powers and misjudged a woman. It was not an agreeable admission, and he swallowed it with more difficulty than he would have done a dose of castor oil.

"Very well, Miss Musgrave," he said, turning to her again; "this is the last time I shall trouble you. When we were speaking about this matter at Torthorl I thought you might change your mind. I see that you cannot. Of course, you will forgive my obstinacy when you know that I have never before urged this question so earnestly. Pardon whatever annoyance I have given you, and, believe me, I shall always be your friend if I may not be your lover."

He bowed and quitted the room, feeling that he had been very much ill-used. He was in fact in a passion when he went to Mrs. Musgrave, and although he managed to control his temper so far as to speak with superficial civility, he could not help some display of the chagrin with which he had received his final dismissal.

"I have come to say good-bye, Mrs. Musgrave," he said coldly. "It's all nonsense for me to stay here any longer. There is a mistake somewhere. Your daughter has made up her mind, and—the fact is I feel very much like a fool."

Mrs. Musgrave was very sorry to see him so much agitated, although even she was aware that his agitation was due to wounded vanity rather than to the despair of a lover.

"You must make allowances for her, Mr. Fenwick. She does not quite know her own mind yet."

"Possibly not; but I know mine," he returned with severe politeness. "She knows her own mind sufficiently well to give me the feeling that it would be waste of time to expect her to change it. I don't mean to try."

"Now, now, my dear Mr. Fenwick, you are going to act very impetuously. If you care about her as I think you do, you will give her time to get over the disappointment she has experienced. I won't allow you to decide in this off-hand way. You must wait a little."

Fenwick took out his watch and looked at the time.

"I don't think it is worth while bothering any more; and from what she has said to me, I believe that it would be a mistake to accept her yes now even if she gave it. I am going by the four-o'clock train."

Mrs. Musgrave would not believe that he was in earnest.

"You have just got into some silly quarrel," she said, smiling pleasantly. "You are not to take the afternoon train, and you are not to go away until you have made it all up."

"I am going by the four-o'clock train," repeated Fenwick.

"Do not be ridiculous—if you can help it. You will do nothing of the kind if you have any regard for me."

"I have a great deal of regard for you, Mrs. Musgrave; but I have some also for myself. Good-bye."

She saw that he was in a passion and made no further attempt to delay him, feeling sure that he would return in the evening. But he did not return, and contrary to all her experience of his character, he did take the four-o'clock train.

Previous to that, however, he had met Miss Dinwuddie; and this was what she wrote in hot haste to her sister:

"Shut your mouth, and open your eyes and all your ears—there never was such fun! What do you think?—Mr. Fenwick has *proposed* to me, and I have said—

"Would you like very much to know what I said? I am not yet quite sure whether it is all a joke or a dream, or some nonsense of that sort. But there is the fact: he said, 'Will you marry me?' And I said, 'Yes, sir, if you please.'

"I don't know how it came about, and he has started for home, so that I have no opportunity of reassuring myself; but as near as I can make out I'll write down what he said and what I said.

"I really never thought that such a thing was possible; but you see it is always the least expected thing that occurs. I told you that he was worrying Ellie, and that I be-

lieved he didn't care a bit about her; and certainly she didn't care about him. But Mrs. Musgrave held him fast and urged him on. Then after that chat we had in the billiard-room, he was really determined to square matters.

"To-day he did it. He saw Ellie; then he saw her mother and then he came to me. I was in the billiard-room making believe to have a game by myself.

"'Oh, I am so glad to see you,' says I, 'for I have just made such a lovely shot. I am quite sure you would have been proud of your pupil.'

"'I can't stay to talk to you about shots,' he said as sulky as possible. 'I want to get away from this insufferable place.'

"'Why, what is the matter, Mr. Fenwick?' was my exclamation as I dropped the cue on the table. 'Are you not well—you are looking very pale.'

"'I don't know whether I am looking pale or not; but I have just discovered that I have been made a fool of—and I don't like it. You won't make a fool of me, will you?'

"He said that so piteously that I really could not resent the way in which, whilst he held my hand, he drew me close to him—just for sympathy of course.

"I could not help feeling interested. You must keep in mind that the mother has all along led him to believe that Ellie would change her mind and accept him. (I don't think they would have done together at all. However, we have no need to consider that now.)

"I do not know exactly what I said to him; but he seemed to be glad to have somebody who cared a little about him and—you can understand it yourself. Here was a poor fellow who was deeply in love. (I wonder if he was deeply in love. My own impression is that he was not. My impression is that he was moved by Ellie in some way that we cannot understand and that he proposed to her because he could not help himself.)

"'Will you take pity on me?—Will you take me for better or worse?—I am sure it will be the worse, but we need not mind about that just now.'

"What could I say to such an appeal?

"There was only one answer and that was—

"'Yes.'

"And so I have accepted him, and so we are going to be married. It will be an awful surprise for Mrs. Musgrave, and she will be fearfully indignant with me. But you can't help these sort of things and we must make the best of it.

"In any case I think Hugh and I will get on together. I am quite sure that he and Ellie never would have done so.

"Now you are not to blame me, I have done what I believe to be a kindly action and before two months have passed Ellie herself will thank me.

"Yours, &c.,
"C. D."

* * * * *

Armour had been waiting so long for some sign that she remembered him that the sight of her handwriting was like a glimpse of sunshine in a day of cloud. He tore open the envelope—the sunshine disappeared and the clouds gathered round him, wrapping him up so close that he could not move for a little while.

Then came the burning passion of the man—the indignation, the disbelief, the madness and bitterness of feeling that he had been mistaken in this woman in whom he had recognised all that was lovely, all that was true.

Of course he had said to himself that if she should change her mind he would not care.

But now?—

The change had come and where were all the promises of self-sacrifice he had given to himself?

Where now the noble pride which taught him to say—"If she cares more for another than for me, she could not have been happy with me, and that would have made me miserable? I ought to be grateful—most grateful to her for having the courage to tell me before it was too late that she had made a mistake. Had I discovered afterwards that she only held to her word because she had given it and not because her heart was with it what agony we must both have suffered!

Might I not have been seized with the passion which destroyed my father and cursed the woman I loved? . . . . I shall tell her that I thank her. I shall wish her with all my heart the happiness which I would have striven so hard to give her.

But he could not do that. The most he could do was to be silent and try with all his might to stifle the bitterness within him.

And the days passed and he was silent.

* * * * *

Will he make no sign? Did he care so little for her—did he think that she cared so little for him that it was not necessary to send one parting word? How cruel he must be—how thoughtless—how without faith he must be! She would never have believed that he could read those icy words and not desire to say something which might take the chill off them. But men are so different from women! They feel nothing:—Women feel everything!

* * * * *

He did not know what to say to himself: he did not know what to say to Grannie. He knew that she was fretting and he knew the cause. But in the bright sunshine of the summer day he passed out from his room into the garden, and there was Grannie seated in her easy chair, and Ellie kneeling, hands clasping hers.

When he appeared, she sprang to her feet in confusion.

"I came to speak to Grannie," she said bashfully.

He put his arms round her and drew her close to him.

"You came to speak to me, Ellie—we shall be happy."

She nestled her head upon his breast with smiling confidence in his prediction.

"I thought we were never to speak together again, Grannie—do you know what's going on? The princess and the lamp are found again."

"Ou, ay, I ken fine," said Grannie gently, "and I'm rael proud. The Lord is aye guid to us when we are guid to oorsels."

* * * * *

They were happy and the Fiscal should have had nothing more to trouble him. But—oh, that terrible "But" which comes like the demon "If" into every life—but conscience followed him and conscience told him that he was doing wrong—wrong to his own child—wrong to the man who was to make her his wife.

Should he do this? He a just man in all ways—should he become by deliberate thought a criminal?

If he remained silent they would be happy. If he spoke they would be miserable. Silence or speech then was his course.

He was only a man and he decided upon silence.

But the great gloom hung over him. He walked about knowing that his agony made others happy and he was silent.

As he passed down the road, riding very slowly, there were the trees making curious shadows across the path; then low down lay the river, glistening in the afternoon sunlight. Before him lay the shadow, and he was going straight into it. Behind him, up on the hill, was the sunlight, and he was passing away from it.

Up the steep hill came a merry ploughboy, whistling at intervals whilst he looked the glad sunlight right in the face, and he passed the man, old in his sorrow, whose head was bowed towards his horse's neck, but whose eyes saw him as he passed.

The boy said to himself:

"Eh, man, but I wish I had your horse."

The man said:

"Eh, my laddie, what life's in you! What would I give to have your step and your faith. . . . . Can I ever find it again? No. The life lies far back that was mine. You, my lad, are walking up into the sunlight, I am walking into the shadow. . . But they are happy. I am glad. . . Suffer what I may—thank God."

* * * * *

The minister had a great discussion with Matthey, and this time they were very near quarrelling in earnest. What the minister said was:

"Look here, Matthey—if you will not behave yourself, I am going to marry Grannie Armour. Then there will be none of your nonsense about the house."

Matthey drew himself up, and with what can only be described as a dignifiedly contemptuous movement of his hand:

"You've been sayin' for ever so many years that you were gaun to get married. I dinna believe you—and what's mair, I'll no allow it. You and me have aye been thegither, preachin' and prayin' for mair nor thirty years, and I'm no gaun to let you gang awa' from me. Noo, just sit doon till I speak to you."

Mr. Moffat, grinning to himself, and enjoying the joke, sat down with every appearance of the utmost humility.

"I'm ready for the sermon noo, Matthey."

"Ah—and I daursay you're thinkin' about next Sabbath. Well, maybe it'll be of use to you. What I was gaun to say is just this—do you no ken that you have been interfering with Mr. Fenwick, and he was a great

friend o' yours, and he and all the Fenwicks of Cluden Peel will be doon upon you. They would never forgive you. Weel," —(here Matthey posed himself lecturing his master, with forefinger raised towards his nose—a movement very common with the minister, and which Matthey had caught) "do you see what it means to me? I'm just gaun to be thrown out o' a comfortable place that Mr. Fenwick meant to gie me."

"And what was that, Matthey?"

"Weel, you're no to be angry, but he said to me that if he married Miss Musgrave I was to ha'e the Hame farm."

"And you would leave me?" cried the minister.

Matthey's brows contracted, and there was a peculiar movement of the muscles of the cheeks as if the man were trying to suppress some laughter.

"Just that. Did you no say that you were gaun to marry Grannie Armour, and do you think it would be possible for me to bide here if you brought a mistress into the house? I just wouldna do it, and if you're thinking about taking a wife there's no reason whatever that I shouldna be thinkin' o' taking a place mysel'. Noo, what do you say?"

The minister sprang up from his seat and placed his hands on Matthey's shoulders.

"I'm going to write a letter, Matthey, and I'll show it to you when it's done. Stay with me."

Matthey obediently arranged things in the room and waited until his master finished the letter.

This was what the minister wrote:

"My Dear Armour,—

"I have just been having a discussion with Matthey, who objects very strongly to my getting married, and if it had not been for his objection it was my intention to ask Grannie to come away and be the mistress of the Manse, simply that you might come home to a clear house.

"However, as that cannot be, and as I have been down to see Grannie, we must just be content to go on as we have been doing all along. Grannie is very happy and much pleased to know that you are happy too.

"For myself I am content to think of you in your great joy with feelings of sincere pleasure; and I believe that all the sins of your forbears are atoned for by the honour of your own life.

"Stick to that—be clean in yourself, and all will be well. I suppose you will think that's a bit from a sermon, but it isn't—it's what I'm really feeling and thinking. I have watched your course from boyhood on through manhood, and when I die I should like to say, as you may do, 'I have wronged no man —or woman either.'

"(Matthey says that that's me speaking to him. Never you heed, it's common sense.)

"Tawtie Pate and Gow, the smith, have made up their minds to have a bonfire when you come back, and it's my opinion they'll burn the mill, on account of its unluckiness. However that may be, I am your sincere and good friend,

"Patrick Moffat."

* * * * *

And so—good-bye.

THE END.

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